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BRITISH INDIA CLASSICS.

EDITED BY

W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. Oxon.

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THOMSON'S SEASONS.

VOL. I.

SPRING, SUMMER.

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1869.

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CONTENTS.

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO SERIES . . . v

PREFACE xv

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE xvi

INTRODUCTION TO THOMSON'S SEASONS:—

LIFE OF THOMSON xvii

CRITICAL REMARKS xxix

SPRING 1

SUMMER 25

NOTES TO SPRING 47

NOTES TO SUMMER 144

INDEX TO THE NOTES IN BOTH VOLUMES . . 197

British India Classics.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

EDWARD E. MORRIS, M.A.

LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

VOL. I.

INTRODUCTION : SPRING : SUMMER.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
OF THE
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GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

FEW WORDS will be needed to explain to those already familiar with Indian education the aim, range, and plan of the present series. Throughout our Eastern empire, from the upper classes of the high schools to the end of the University course in the Master of Arts' degree, English, as a language and a literature, has been made an essential part of the scheme of public instruction. The attempt has been made, with vigour and success, to impart through the medium of English as high a culture as is attained in this country by the study of the Greek and Latin classics. Many obstacles have opposed themselves to such efforts. It will suffice to mention three:—(1), the want of sound, trustworthy, cheap, convenient texts of authors that are, or ought to be read; (2), the labour both to teacher and student of bringing to bear on particular points philological and critical information scattered irregularly over many volumes; (3), the absence of any authoritative and satisfactory grammar or dictionary. A difficulty of another order, less

arduous and now partially overcome, lies in the fact that even in the broadest and most abstract of writers many allusions and many associations foreign to an Oriental may be found, the off-hand explanation of which can scarcely be entrusted to native or even to all English teachers.

It is with a view to remedying in a measure these defects, and after long and careful investigation, that this publication has been undertaken. The general plan of the work may be stated as follows.

In the first place the authors, or extracts from authors to be dealt with, are determined by the selected lists of the Indian Universities, and by the information given in the Reports of the Directors of Public Instruction. Standard classical authors, whose productions are likely to be read frequently and universally, will first receive attention, whilst the restrictions of copyright will for the present impose another limit.

The second point is the choice of a text to reprint from. Care is to be bestowed on discovering what the writer himself considered to be the most satisfactory presentation of his work. This must be reproduced without any unwarrantable change of orthography, punctuation, or arrangement. In some cases it is impossible to pursue this course, and it becomes necessary to compare and collate different editions, throwing various readings into an appendix. Of the volumes now before the public, Scott and Thomson's

Seasons have been treated according to the former system, the other—namely, Gray's poems—according to the latter.

Thirdly, it is intended that each volume should commence with an introduction biographical and critical, or at all events with some brief notice to prepare the student's mind for the contents of the book. The utterance of any new and unsupported judgment will be, as far as possible, avoided, but the opinions of differing critics must be stated and weighed. It is hoped that in any case some notion will be conveyed of an author's relation to England's intellectual history, even if his absolute merits are wrongly estimated.

The fourth and most important part of the task is the preparation of the commentary. Each annotator is, of course, responsible for his own work, and the strict uniformity which a single mind might observe will be well sacrificed for accumulation of knowledge and economy of time. It is the business of the Editor to see that different volumes do not cover the same ground, and that references to books both within and without the series are correct and harmonious, to bear constantly in mind the necessities and capacities of Indian students, and to maintain certain general principles of order in the progress of the series.

The notes are lexical, grammatical, literary, or explanatory of difficulties in the matter. A due proportion must be kept up between these different elements,

but it is obvious that this proportion, as well as the quality of the notes, should vary according to the character of the author and the stage of educational advancement at which he would be read. Points requiring notice in Scott may be passed over in the case of Gray, whilst new classes and new grades of difficulties arise when we come to Milton, Spenser, and Shakspeare, the same shades of distinction holding good with regard to prose writers.

Again, it is useless to presuppose at any level in the present course of instruction a deeper knowledge of English philology or a wider acquaintance with linguistics than is at this moment within the reach of ordinarily intelligent teachers and willing pupils. But a steady forward movement is perceptible in these studies, extending itself into all countries where our language is used or taught, and it is possible that within a reasonable period the facts of English and the discovered Laws of Language may be as familiar in some schools as the Greek Dialects and the Principles of Physics have been in others. With this movement it is intended that these notes should advance—neither falling short of it nor outstripping it. Succeeding volumes, whether addressed to higher or lower students, will be built upon those that have gone before them, and so mistakes will be rectified, misconceptions cleared away, and knowledge placed on a more secure and scientific basis. Inasmuch as the commentary will in many cases con-

matter suited to various stages of education, the teacher must exercise a sound discretion in pointing out to his pupils what is essential for them, and so, too, with regard to the many clues given, the many questions barely opened out, he must follow them up or not according to his own judgment and ability. Though sufficient information is supplied for the purpose of comprehending the author, yet the notes have been compiled throughout on the supposition that students are in command of the most ordinary manuals, and that teachers have access to some small library. Perhaps, indeed, there will be no presumption in remarking that, so far as the governmental schools are concerned, the nucleus of a library ought to be insisted upon as indispensable, wherever the teaching of English is carried beyond the merest elements, and that some small proportion of the annual income should be devoted to the purchase of books. The aids absolutely requisite for the proper use of these notes have been reduced to the lowest number possible, but the student must have within reach the smaller dictionary of Ogilvie, Webster, or Chambers (Etymological); Angus' or Latham's Handbook of the English Language; Adams' or Latham's English Grammar (that contained in Angus' Handbook will barely suffice); a manual of analysis such as Morell's; and copies of the works of a few of our greatest writers. A longer list of books for the purpose of reference will be given hereafter.

In treating etymological questions, due care has been exercised to follow up the history of a word as far as possible, rejecting the *à priori* method of Menage, Skinner, and even more modern authorities,—to illustrate and strengthen established principles such as Grimm's Law,—to avoid imparting an unfair bias in matters as yet under dispute, such as the radical and imitative theories.

The grammatical portion of the notes has been dealt with from the point of view of Greek and Latin scholarship. Dogmatic and pedantic rules are shunned or pointed out by reference only, whilst it is hoped that some light has been brought to bear on real syntactical difficulties from the laws of natural grammar and the analogy of other languages. In this department, too, the historical mode of enquiry will be adhered to, so far as it has been advanced by the published labours of philologists.

With regard to literary comments and general explanations, it is not easy to speak definitely. The main object has been to state what is put forward in clear simple language, and to support it by reference to received authorities. The pursuit of world-wide thoughts, common-places, turns of phraseology, and peculiarities of style, up to their ultimate origin, has not been altogether neglected, and accuracy has been aimed at in all that relates to history, geography, or science.

It remains to add that the mechanical details of

the work have received their proper share of attention. Type, paper, binding, and size are selected and determined upon with special reference to the means and requirements of the class of students for whom the series is designed, and it is hoped that a volume has been produced serviceable for school-boys and at the same time not unsuited to college use.

In introducing a series of this kind, it is usual to offer some remarks upon any existing works that occupy the same field. These shall be as brief as possible. The numerous annotated editions of standard English authors which the Universities' Local Examination Scheme has called into being, seem to fall naturally under two groups—the volumes already issued from the Clarendon Press and the cram-books got up for middle-class schools. Both classes of works are addressed to English teachers and English pupils only; but even setting aside that fact, neither of them satisfies the needs of India in other respects. The aim of the former is too high, whilst the range of the latter is far too low. The British India Classics are intended to fill a middle position between the two, in matter approaching the one, in mode of treatment rising to within a little of the other. It is possible that a publication carried out on such a plan may find favour in some English schools, and this possibility has not been lost sight of in the execution of the work.

In conclusion, the Editor would wish to assure all who are engaged or interested in Indian education that any suggestions or information conducive to the improvement of the series will be thankfully received by him through the medium of the publishers.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

1700. *Thomson born.*
1726. *Winter.*
1727. *Summer. Sir Isaac Newton.*
1728. *Spring.*
1729. *Britannia.*
1730. *Autumn. Hymn. Seasons collected.*
1734–6. *Liberty.*
1738. *Agamemnon. Works, in 2 vols.*
1739. *Edward and Eleonora.*
1740. *Alfred.*
1745. *Tancred and Sigismunda.*
1746. *Castle of Indolence. Authorized edition of Seasons.*
1748. *Thomson died.*
1749. *Coriolanus* (*posthumous*).

INTRODUCTION.

I.—LIFE OF THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON was born Sept. 11, 1700, at Ednam in Roxburghshire, of which village his father, the Rev. Thomas Thomson, was minister. It is not far from the source of the river Tweed, which on that account the poet (A. 889) calls his "parent stream." Not long after his birth his father removed to Southdean in the same county, near "the sylvan Jed," a tributary of the Tweed, which he celebrates in the same passage. It should be noticed, then, that he was a native of that charmed Border country, so full of romance and poetical traditions, which, a century later, produced the poetry of Sir Walter Scott. It was within hearing of the Tweed that Thomson was born, and that Scott died.

Having been at first educated at home under the friendly supervision of a kind and accomplished neighbour, Thomson was then sent to the grammar-school of Jedburgh. There he won no great distinction, though he certainly exhibited promise. Of his schooldays an interesting story is told. One day, when toiling over his books, he was heard by his master to exclaim, "Confound the tower of Babel;" and on being asked for an explanation, he replied, "If it were not for the tower of Babel, there would be no languages to learn." It is in-

to escape responsibility, having by careful revision made himself answerable for the whole.

The Editor has also, both in this and in the succeeding volume, received much kind assistance from Mr. Shripad Babaji Thakur, of the Bombay University, whose knowledge of Sanskrit, of English, and of classical literature, has been of great use to him.

The Notes are intended to explain all historical, geographical, and literary allusions, all difficulties in the grammar, unusual use or forms of words, as well as to supply passages parallel either to the thought or to the expression. Etymology has not been neglected: and all kinds of books have been laid under contribution for the information contained in Notes and Introduction.

July 1869.

LIBRARY OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY

PREFACE
TO
THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE TEXT of this edition of Thomson's Seasons is taken from an illustrated edition published by Messrs. Longman in 1842, for which the text was very carefully edited by Mr. Bolton Corney from the authoritative edition of 1746.

The Introduction and Notes have been prepared in accordance with the general design of the British India Classics. This book is published as the third in the series, because it had been previously selected for the First Examination in Arts of the Bombay University.

The Editor, being exceedingly anxious to have the book published in time to be of use in preparation for this examination, found that he was unable to undertake all the work himself, as he would have wished. The notes to "Summer" are chiefly by the Rev. J. Bernard Lewman, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford. The Editor does not, however, say this with any wish

teresting to recall this early distaste, when we come across the affectionate respect with which he uniformly speaks of the classical writers, and the strong form that respect took in the shape of frequent and full imitation.

From Jedburgh school he went to the University of Edinburgh. Whilst he was there, he lost his father under somewhat melancholy circumstances. The inhabitants of the village were alarmed by a ghost: the minister was called upon with due formality to lay it, was frightened, and died of paralysis. Thomson's mother went to live with him in Edinburgh, and remained with him during his stay there. At her death he wrote a poem to her memory:—

> Ye fabled muses, I your aid disclaim,
> Your airy raptures, and your fancied flame:
> True genuine woe my throbbing breast inspires,
> Love prompts my lays, and filial duty fires;
> The soul springs instant at the warm design,
> And the heart dictates every flowing line.

Even as a boy at school, and a young man at the university, he had been known amongst his acquaintances as somewhat gifted with the poetical faculty. The fugitive pieces of his boyhood, however, he made a point of burning every New Year's Day. It was at Edinburgh that he first decided to make poetry the work of his life. It was almost an accident that determined him. The Professor of Divinity, whose lectures Thomson was attending, because he was at that time destined to follow his father in the ministry, set as an exercise for his class a paraphrase of a part of Psalm cxix. Thomson's exercise was so poetical, that Dr. Hamilton, the Divinity Professor, after complimenting him on his performance, told him that if he wished to be of use in the ministry, he must keep a tight rein on his imagination. This remark seems to have turned him against a profession in which his favourite occupa-

tion would only do him harm. He made up his mind to follow the vocation of a poet; and, in order that he might have a wider field, he determined to leave Edinburgh for London.

Thirsting to win for himself a name in the republic of letters, he went to London alone, almost unfriended. A story is told which illustrates the simplicity of his character, and his complete freshness to London ways. Whilst he was walking through the crowded streets, with a countryman's wonder for all he saw around him, his pocket was picked of the handkerchief in which were wrapped up all the letters of introduction that he had brought with him. It was not, however, long before he found friends.

Shortly after his first arrival in London he obtained a situation at Barnet, ten miles from London, as tutor to a little boy of five, whom he had to teach the art of reading. He did not long remain with this family.

He had been writing about Winter in little detached pieces. At the advice of Mallet, an old college friend, he collected them, and gave a unity to the collection. Mallet procured him a publisher. This poem of "Winter," on its first appearance in 1726, was very different from the poem which now bears that name, not being half the length, and containing many lines which now appear in "Autumn." The publication did not at once command success. It would, possibly, have long remained unknown, had it not been admired by a clergyman named Whatley, of known taste, who went about the London coffee-houses, proclaiming its merits. Dr. Spence, also, who was afterwards Professor of Poetry at Oxford, commended the poem in an essay on the Odyssey; and Aaron Hill, a well known critic of the day, helped forward the sale of the poem.

When it was thus made known, its fame at once rose very high, notwithstanding the manifest difference be-

tween it and the poetry then in vogue—perhaps even on account of this very difference. "Summer" appeared in 1727, "Spring" in 1728, "Autumn" and the "Hymn" not until a complete edition was published of the whole of the "Seasons" in 1730.

Meanwhile Thomson was not resting his fame solely on the "Seasons." In 1727 he published a poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, and in 1729 "Britannia," a poem built upon the political events of the day, and owing its popularity to them, unexceptionable in its patriotism, but poor in its treatment, and not poetical in its language. In the winter of 1729 he produced his first play, Sophonisba. No life of Thomson would be complete without the story of the line that damned the play:—

O Sophonisba, Sophonisba, O!

and its easy and somewhat obvious parody by a wag in the pit,

O Jamie Thomson, Jamie Thomson, O!

In spite of the failure of his tragedy, Thomson's fame as a poet spread far and wide. Many were the subscribers to the completed volume of the "Seasons," both in literary and aristocratic circles. Perhaps the most satisfactory result for him was his appointment as travelling tutor to Mr. Charles Richard Talbot, whose father afterwards became Lord Talbot, Lord Chancellor of England. He travelled with his pupil through France to Italy, occupying himself upon the tour with a new poem on "Liberty." In 1733 the young man died, and his father having been made Lord Chancellor, and knowing the affection which his son had entertained for the poet Thomson, made him Secretary of Briefs in Chancery. The office was a sinecure, and had the effect of making the poet very comfortable. In memory of young Talbot Thomson wrote a short poem, which he afterwards

reduced into a sort of preface to "Liberty." In 1736 he removed to Richmond, Surrey, on the river Thames, the beauties of which place he celebrates in "Summer."

Here Thomson sang the Seasons, and their change,

says an inscription in the house in which he lived: a statement not strictly correct, unless we can make the "singing" apply to the correction and enlargement of the poem rather than to its original composition.

At Richmond he published a collected edition of his poems; a play, "Agamemnon," in imitation of the Greek plays; a preface to a new edition of Milton's "Areopagitica," and the tragedy of "Edward and Eleonora," which was, however, not allowed to be represented, because the play was intended to exalt the Prince of Wales, then in opposition, at the expense of the court. Thomson, who had dedicated his early poem on Sir Isaac Newton to Sir Robert Walpole, with a preface of fulsome flattery, had now withdrawn that preface, and thrown himself entirely with the party of opposition. His friend and patron Sir George, afterwards Lord, Lyttelton (Sp. 906), had introduced him to the Prince of Wales, who allowed him a pension of 100*l.* a-year, which he kept until the last year of his life, when it was withdrawn, owing to a quarrel between the Prince and Lord Lyttelton.

Upon the death of Lord Talbot in 1737, Thomson neglected to apply to his successor, Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, for a continuance of his office, and in consequence lost it. His affairs again became embarrassed, or, as he described it himself, "poetical." Shortly afterwards we find him in prison for debt, and released by the kindness of Quin, the actor, who declared that he owed him 100*l.* in return for the pleasure given by a perusal of the "Seasons." Lord Lyttelton again exerted himself in the poet's behalf, and procured for him in 1744 another sinecure office, which he held until his

death, that of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands, which, after payment of a deputy, who did the work, gave him an income of 300*l.* a-year.

In 1740, in conjunction with his friend Mallet, Thomson wrote the masque of "Alfred," to be acted before the Prince of Wales. It contains the well known English song "Rule Britannia," which some critics ascribe to Mallet; but it bears many resemblances to the sentiments, if not to the style, of Thomson. In 1745 a tragedy, "Tancred and Sigismunda," the most successful of all his plays, appeared.

The "Castle of Indolence" was the last work which he published, though the tragedy of "Coriolanus" was brought out after his death. It is written in the Spenserian stanza, and is a very perfect imitation of the manner of Spenser. The most interesting stanza in it for students of his life, is that in which the poet himself is described. He is said only to have written the first line of it himself, whilst his friend Lord Lyttelton filled up the rest.

> A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems;
> Who void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
> On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
> Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain,
> The world forsaking with a calm disdain:
> Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat,
> Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train;
> Oft moralising sage; his ditty sweet
> He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

The poem contains a series of pictures of Thomson's friends. It may be as well to say something of the society in the midst of which he lived, and to which he alludes in W. 547, seq.

Alexander Pope, his neighbour at Twickenham, is the greatest name amongst these friends (S. 1427, W. 550). Lord Lyttelton, his friend and patron (Sp. 301), frequently visited him. Collins, who wrote an elegy to his memory; Mallet, his college friend, who had helped him when he first came to London, and again in the

compilation of "Alfred;" Mr. Robertson, a surgeon, of Kew; Dr. Armstrong, author of the "Art of Preserving Health;" Dr. Murdoch, who afterwards wrote the poet's life; Hammond, a young politician and poetaster (W. 555); and Quin, the tragic actor; all these were amongst his friends and associates.

Thomson was never married. His friends used to impute this to the poverty of his circumstances, and the poet himself pretended to coincide with them. But it was not that he was a stranger to the tender passion. The lady whom he celebrates as "Amanda" (in Sp. 483, and S. 1401), and to whom he also inscribed several short poems, was Miss Young, daughter of Captain Gilbert Young, of Dumfriesshire. Her sister had married Mr. James Robertson, surgeon, of Kew, the friend mentioned above. Mr. Bell publishes a letter which Thomson wrote to Miss Young from Hagley, Lord Lyttelton's seat, in which the poet lays bare his feelings to her. Unfortunately for Thomson, the feeling was not reciprocated. Miss Young married Admiral Campbell: the poet went unmarried till his death.

Thomson died August 27, 1748, of a cold which he caught from exposure on the river Thames, having entered a boat when he was heated with walking. He was buried in Richmond Church; and a monument has been erected to the poet's memory, with an inscription of these lines from S. 1753, applied by him to Philosophy:

> Tutor'd by thee, sweet poetry exalts
> Her voice to ages; and informs the page
> With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
> Never to die.

Lord Lyttelton brought out Thomson's tragedy of "Coriolanus" after his death, with a prologue by himself, which contains a strong eulogy on the poet's character and writings.

Oft in this crowded house, with just applause,
You heard him teach fair virtue's purest laws;
For his chaste muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which dying he could wish to blot.

Critics have been content to accept this praise of Thomson's purity. The last line comes somewhat strangely from the friend who, as his literary executor, struck out many lines from his poems. He refers only to their morality, and this praise is just.

The appearance of the poet has been already indicated in the extract given above from the "Castle of Indolence." Shenstone, a friend, wrote about him on the fly leaf of his copy of the "Seasons:" "He had nothing of the gentleman in his person or address; but he made amends for the deficiency by his refined sense, spiritual expressions, and a manner of speaking not unlike his friend Quin. He did not talk a great deal, but after a pause of reflection produced something or other that accounted for his delay."

Two poets have written odes to the memory of Thomson: Collins, who knew him, and Burns, his countryman.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON,

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

ADVERTISEMENT.—*The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.*

In yonder grave a druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds
May love through life the soothing shade.

The maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer-wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see—the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes;
O vales, and wild woods! shall he say,
In yonder grave your druid lies!

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON

ON CROWNING HIS BUST, AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

By Robert Burns.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod, in frolic mood,
Or tunes Æolian strains between;

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade;

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed;

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:

So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won,
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

II.—CRITICAL.

It will be seen, from the previous life, that Thomson was a somewhat voluminous writer. The book before us, however, is his master-piece. It is upon the "Seasons" that Thomson's fame as a poet will rest; and one of his editors has expressed a wish that it had been fairly within his province to put into the fire all his other poems, with the exception of the "Castle of Indolence."

Thomson, brought up in the country, early gained from his love for it the ideas which afterwards developed into this poem. Whilst still at Edinburgh, he wrote a short poem "On a Country Life," which may be said to contain the "Seasons" in germ. Mr. Bell says that it is like the hasty outline in the sketch-book, jotted down on the spot, compared to the future picture, finished in the studio. The following are the lines in it which suggest this parallel:—

> And as the country rings with pleasant sounds,
> So with delightful prospects it abounds:
> Through every season of the sliding year,
> Unto the ravish'd sight new scenes appear.
> In the sweet Spring the sun's prolific ray
> Does painted flowers to the mild air display;
> Then opening buds, then tender herbs are seen,
> And the bare fields are all array'd in green.
> In ripening Summer, the full laden vales
> Give prospect of employment for the flails;
> Each breath of wind the bearded groves makes bend,
> Which seems the fatal sickle to portend.
> In Autumn, that repays the labourer's pains,
> Reapers sweep down the honours of the plains.
> Anon black Winter, from the frozen north,
> Its treasuries of snow and hail pours forth;
> Then stormy winds blow through the hazy sky,
> In desolation nature seems to lie;
> The unstain'd snow from the full clouds descends,
> Whose sparkling lustre open eyes offends.
> In maiden white the glittering fields do shine;
> Then bleating flocks for want of food repine,
> With wither'd eyes they see all snow around,
> And with their fore feet paw and scrape the ground:

> They cheerfully do crop the insipid grass,
> The shepherds, sighing, cry, Alas! alas!
> Then pinching want the wildest beast does tame;
> Then huntsmen on the snow do trace their game;
> Keen frost then turns the liquid lakes to glass,
> Arrests the dancing rivulets as they pass.

It will be noticed that Thomson had not yet found the suitable vehicle for his poetry, which he afterwards discovered in blank verse. He still writes in the dominant metre of the day—in the metre of Pope. Upon the authority of Collins, we hear that the first hint and idea of the subject also was borrowed from Pope, that the "Seasons" were suggested by Pope's Four Pastorals. A comparison of the poems will show that there is no similarity beyond the titles.

A more certain seed of the poem can without difficulty be found. Very shortly after his arrival in London, Thomson wrote from Barnet to a friend that he had commenced a poem on Winter, produced by "terrible floods and high winds." "Mr. Riccaltoun's poem of Winter," he adds, "first put the design into my head. In it are some masterly strokes which awakened me." The Rev. Robert Riccaltoun was a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, who superintended Thomson's education, and took a great interest in his early poetical efforts. His lines are preserved in Mr. Bell's edition of Thomson. They are headed "A Winter Day," and written in the same metre as Thomson's "Country Life:" though not of a very high order of poetry, many of them are forcible, and it is not difficult to understand their influence on young Thomson.

It is interesting to notice how the Seasons grew. From the germ in "A Country Life," and under the stimulus of his friend's poem, "Winter" is produced, at first consisting of only 400 lines. "Spring" and "Summer" follow published separately. "Autumn" appeared first in the edition in which all the Seasons were collected together. By that time "Winter" was double its first length, some

of its lines had been transplanted into "Autumn;" and the four Seasons were crowned with the Hymn, in praise of God their Creator. This was in 1730. An edition, published fourteen years later, contained more than 1,000 additional lines. It is not worth while for the student to follow the poem through these changes; but it is worth while to notice that the author expended the labours of the file, or, perhaps one would more rightly say, the labours of the forcing-house, upon this poem, whilst he neglected such pains with other poems. Apparently, then, it was upon the "Seasons" that he wished to rest his fame.

It is not difficult to determine Thomson's place in the hierarchy of poets; though perhaps, as in other cases, such an estimate, if based solely on comparison, may not be altogether profitable. He is not amongst the first masters of the art. He is not with Homer, Lucretius, Shakspeare, Milton. He has neither their fire, nor their breadth, nor their music. But, on the other hand, those who have studied his poems will not agree with the detractors who say that he is no poet at all, not even a minor poet, but a man who wrote turgid prose cut into lengths. His faults are apparent enough, but they are not sufficient to degrade him from the poet's choir. An exuberant, sometimes an inharmonious diction, a frequent misuse of words, prosaic commonplaces, in bombastic language, together with the homely and unexalted nature of his subject, prevent him from attaining the first rank. We may say with Wordsworth that he was a real poet, for he had an insight into nature, and a power of so painting it as to make his readers marvel, when he shows them its wonders, that they had never seen them for themselves before.

Poetry requires poetical thoughts, and a poetical language in which to express them. Pope and his school paid all their attention to the vehicle of expression;

Wordsworth and the Lakists, to the thought alone. Thomson lived amid the influence of the first of these schools, but yet was not of it. This is no light praise. Born with the eighteenth century—a century not productive of great poems—and coming sixty years after Milton, and about as many before Burns, he stood aside from the school to which his contemporaries belonged; he paid no worship at the altar where all around were offering incense.

Two reasons may be given which prevent us from classing Thomson amongst great poets—his want of originality, and the subject of his poem.

Great poets are original, Thomson was essentially an imitator; indeed, those passages or those poems in which his imitation is palpable and almost avowed are amongst his best. "Britannia" and "Liberty" are built on no model; his admirers would gladly expel them from his works. The "Castle of Indolence," one of his happiest works, is an avowed imitation of Spenser. His "Agamemnon" is in imitation of the Greek tragedians. In the "Seasons" he has imitated many authors, chiefly Virgil and Milton. Of both he speaks with great respect in the poem; and in the beginning of "Spring" (55) he almost writes himself a follower of "the rural Maro." There are two passages especially which are almost adaptations from the "Georgics" of Virgil, and they are amongst the most spirited in the poem—the praises of a country life at the end of "Autumn," and the approach of the storm at the beginning of "Winter." But though these are more prominent, there are innumerable other imitations, both of thought and of language, which a comparison of the poems will at once display. Previous editors seem hardly to have noticed the extent of Thomson's debt to Milton. He seems not only to have taken from him the vehicle of expression—blank verse—and that with words of approval which seems almost to

have been borrowed from Milton's preface to his poem. (Cf. A. 645 n.) His debt to Milton extends to turns of expression, epithets, unusual words: one might almost imagine Thomson to have read Milton through, pencil in hand, and having marked all unusual words and idioms, to have determined to introduce them all, and to make them his own. Abundant instances of these his obligations will be found in the Notes.

Pope, who gave Thomson much assistance in correcting this very poem, the "Seasons," is said to have remarked that descriptive poetry was a composition as absurd as a feast of sauces. Lessing, in the "Laocoon," also says that description is no part of poetry, but is rather the duty of the painter. The artist deals with many things at rest, the poet with the sequences of action. This is too wide a question for adequate discussion here. Far other poetry than Thomson's would stand or fall with the acceptance or the general condemnation of descriptive poetry. A more moderate verdict would be that the poetry of pure description is not the highest order of poetry. In the description in the "Seasons," however, one must notice that Thomson portrays not nature only, but the effect which nature has upon man. The sight of the blossoms in Spring hurries forward the thoughts of the beholder to the performance of their promise in Summer, and to their decay in Autumn. The approach of the Spring shower suggests feelings of gratitude to God. Not only is the caravan described in "Summer" as overwhelmed by the sand of the desert, but also the effect of this loss upon others, the impatient waiting of the merchant, and the sadness that is spread over the expectant city.

The diction of Thomson is at once a beauty and a defect. His language is not the language of prose: he has much poetical vocabulary, but this very richness often produces a *surfeit*. His luxuriant diction often

becomes turgid. The exuberance which, in his early poems, shocked the Divinity Professor at Edinburgh, reappears in his later poems, to cloy, if not to shock, the taste of his critics. Pope, upon first receiving a copy of the "Seasons," complained of the number and redundancy of the epithets employed; and Dr. Johnson pointed in a marked manner to the same defect, when, having read aloud a long passage to Mr. Shiels, he said, "is not this fine? Well, sir, I have omitted every other line:"* Shenstone said that the "Seasons" would make a fine poem in Latin, with which language the richness of expression and exuberance of epithets would better suit. An edition in Latin verse, executed with more or less success, was published in London in 1775.

The "Seasons" of Thomson is a book which has attained a very wide popularity. One can appeal to most convincing testimony—the number of editions and the sale of copies. It has been translated into the French, German, and Dutch languages, besides the Latin translation to which allusion has been made. Professor Wilson speaks of the condition in which copies may be found in every cottage and ale-house in South Scotland, tattered, thumb-marked, even stinking from long and most familiar use. A recent traveller in Australia† speaks of the general popularity of the book at the Antipodes, though there the seasons are turned upside down. Such popularity is an answer to the question, why this book is selected for study and examination in India. It contains descriptions of English scenery, in a manner which has made the book popular with learned and unlearned alike. Some few lines have been coined, as it were, into current sayings, to attest this popularity:—

And hates that excellence it cannot reach. (Sp. 285.)

* "Boswell's Life, vol. vi. p. 136.

† Sir C. W. Dilke.

To teach the young idea how to shoot. (Sp. 1153.)
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things. (S. 1188.)
For loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most. (A. 205.)
The world prevail'd, and its dread laugh. (A. 233.)

It may be as well to add to these general remarks a few notes upon the metre of Thomson's verse, and the peculiarities of his grammar.

The harmony and unbroken regularity of Thomson's verses are almost without a rival. There is not, perhaps, a single faulty line in all the "Seasons;" the number of feet is always correct, and the rhythm unbroken. We miss, indeed, the polished smoothness of Pope, and the grand roll of Dryden, but he is totally free from all violations of metre, and yet withal there is a certain roughness about his lines which is not unpleasant, such as is found to enhance the flavour of some wines.

Thomson had recourse to alliteration perhaps more frequently than any other poet of established reputation. It is one result of obedience to Pope's canon that "the sound must seem an echo to the sense." Different kinds of alliteration may be distinguished. 1st, the recurrence of words in a line beginning with the same letter; 2nd, of words containing the same sound; 3rd, double alliteration. Examples of the first kind would be—

Sp. 56. From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs.
286. Desponding fear of feeble fancies full.
S. 397. The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
749. The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.
1562. Laws sublimely simple speak thy fame.
A. 537. Pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
W. 905. Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky.

Of the second—

S. 14. And sing the glories of the circling year.
731. And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.
975. And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

For double alliterations—

S. 463. Sits coldly calm, while all the world without.
472, 4. As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides.

It is not, however, only to alliteration that Thomson resorts to carry out the canon of Pope. Witness his storms in "Spring," "Autumn," and "Winter."

The following lines are instances of the sound suiting the sense, without "alliteration's artful aid"—

Sp. 316. A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.
A. 744. When the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore.

In grammatical construction Thomson has a habit, quite unexampled, of introducing epithets, either adjectives or participles or participial clauses, not in strict grammatical form, but in apposition to the words qualified. The effect is to cause the reader to pause for a moment in a sort of parenthetical way to comprehend the allusion, and thus greater force and vividness are given to the epithets chosen.

A few instances will explain what is meant.

Sp. 73, 9. Nor only through the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes.
139. Those deepening clouds on clouds . .
In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,
And, *cheerless*, drown the crude unripen'd year.
S. 6-8. The turning Spring
Averts her blushful face, and earth and skies,
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
114-16. As through thy vast domain.
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
. . . it moves sublime.
167. The briny deep,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam.
401, 2. The pastoral queen . . . rays
Her smiles, *sweet beaming*, on her shepherd-king.

Analogous to this is another construction, common in Thomson, the use of an adjective for an adverb. Examples may be found on every page.

Sp. 155. Gradual sinks the breeze.
S. 11. Fair disclosed.

This use can be fairly justified by the analogy of other languages, especially German, and by strict grammar, for the adjective, when used predicatively, becomes an adverb.

A favourite form of construction with the poet is to throw the verb to the end of the sentence and the line, often preceded by participial clauses.

Sp. 111–13. The raptured eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

S. 1, 2. From brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer *comes*.

Thomson is very happy in applying to objects epithets which logically belong to the predicate, transferring to inanimate things the qualities of living agents. Thus he has

S. 483. Sudden stream.
831. Untoiling harvest.
1049. Frequent corse.
1077. Sullen door.
1078. Cautious hinge.
1356. Sudden bosom.
S. 1671. Panting height.
A. 37. Sudden sun.
415. Early labyrinth.
416. Sullen openings.
W. 978. Daring keel.

and others, employed with much skill.

He is more sparing in the use of those contrasts called by grammarians oxymora. We find in

Sp. 1074. Charming agonies.
1077. Delightful misery.
S. 503. Bright severity.
541. Severe delight.
S. 568. Sadly pleased.
638. Gaily fierce.
643. Dreadful beauty.

A few examples of prolepsis—i.e. applying to a noun an epithet descriptive of the *effect to be produced* by the thing or action—are

S. 679. Frantic juice.
994. Spreading sail.
S. 1656. Shadowy gust.
W. 22. Shadowy gale.

The poet is fond of personifying things: thus we not only find the Seasons thus depicted, but also

Want. (Sp. 881.)
Contentment. (Sp. 896.)
Thunder. (S. 798.)
Drudgery. (S. 1459.)
Industry. (A. 148.)
Melancholy. (A. 1005.)

Thomson uses a great number of compound words, a

usage borrowed chiefly from the German, not uncommon in Milton, Dryden and Pope, but more generally avoided by modern writers.

The following analysis of compound words, which occur in "Summer" alone, may be found of use:—

(*a.*) With noun.

(1.) And another noun.

198. Eagle-wing. (Cf. W. 20, eagle-pinions.)
291. Parent-heaven.
403. Shepherd-king.
494. Monarch-swain.
1461. Palace-stone.

[This usage is very common in German. Cf. also Sp. 745. Parent-guides. A. 803. Giant-sons. W. 240. Labourer-ox. Spenser, F. Q. I. i. 8. Builder-oak. Scott, L. of L. i. 224. Warrior-oak. See n.]

(2.) And present participle:—

248. Beauty-beaming.
668. Fever-cooling.
767. Sun-redoubling.
836. Life-sufficing.
1122. Tempest-loving.

(3.) And past participle:—

344. Tempest-wing'd.
459. Forest-crown'd.
461. Woodbine-wrought.
549. Tempest-beaten.
892. Heart-shed.

(*b.*) With adverb, or adjective used for adverb.

(1.) And adjective:—

80. Wildly-devious.
222. Full-udder'd.
851. Fair-diffusive.
1622. Richly-gorgeous.

(2.) And present participle:—

5. Ever-fanning.
26. Seldom-meeting.
726. Never-resting.
908. Close-lurking.
1160. Wide-flaming.

(3.) And past participle:—

63. Soon-clad.
171. Much-transported.
407. New-shorn.
875. Ill-fated.
1237. Most-favour'd.

Thomson also uses some strange forms of adjectives. Of adjectives ending in "ive" he is inordinately fond.

The termination is said to be equivalent to the Latin bilis—which is contracted from habilis—and gives to the word to which it is appended the meaning of possessing the power of exercising the quality or attribute denoted by the adjective. Many of his examples are quite allowed and received: such as "pensive," "festive," "oppressive." The following are the most uncommon :—

Afflictive. (S. 612.)
Amusive. (Sp. 216, 770. S. 1660. A. 757.)
Concoctive. (A. 408.)
Conjunctive. (S. 1776.)
Creative. (Sp. 879. S. 19, 319, 1193, 1564. A. 1016.)
Diffusive. (S. 371, 1229. A. 657, 882.)
Directive. (A. 1148.)
Effusive. (Sp. 144. S. 1732.)
Eruptive. (S. 1130.)
Excursive. (Sp. 529. S. 198.)
Infusive. (Sp. 868.)
Intrusive. (W. 207.)
Penetrative. (Sp. 79.)
Prelusive. (Sp. 175.)
Redressive. (W. 360.)
Repercussive. (S. 1162.)

Among compounds of "full," we have, besides others in more general use,

Sp. 837. Friskful.
S. 7. Blushful.
118. Foodful.
433. Forceful.
447. Distressful.
S. 904. Deathful.
1190. Tearful.
1632. Formful.
W. 70. Presageful.
90. Taleful.

We find also their opposites, compounds of "less."

Sp. 316. Shoreless.
480. Successless.
624. Regardless.
1069. Succourless.
S. 273. Dreadless.
1667. Witless.
W. 256. Foodless.

The following adjectives, taken direct from Latin, and in their Latin form, are found :

Sp. 508. Fervent.
649. Pendent.
666. Opponent.
760. Ardent.
1052. Examinate.
S. 199. Potent.
208. Gelid.
214. Tepid.
S. 1000. Latent.
A. 350. Clamant.
693. Turgent.
884. Incult.
962. Lucid.
W. 118. Pallid.
699. Constringent.
710. Luculent.

Other peculiarities, both in the use of words and in constructions, will be found discussed and illustrated in the Notes. It has been thought sufficient here to notice only those peculiarities which are most marked. It will, however, be well to conclude with one caution to the reader of Thomson's "Seasons," especially if he has not been able to study many other English writers. The English of Thomson is not the English of to-day, nor is his diction to be copied, nor in writing English verse is his style to be imitated. This book has great beauties, which have been pointed out; but by one who is learning to write English, it must not in any way be regarded as a model of style.

THOMSON'S 'SEASONS.'

SPRING.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal mildness, come;
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.
And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless; so that scarce
The bittern knows his time with bill ingulf'd
To shake the sounding marsh; or, from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

'At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
The expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy, and white, o'er all surrounding heaven.
Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
White, through the neighbouring fields the sower stalks
With measur'd step; and, liberal, throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.
Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the rural Maro sung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compar'd your insect tribes

Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war, then with victorious hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent scorn'd
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.
Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough!
And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded! As the sea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports,
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be the exhaustless granary of a world!
Nor only through the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes: the penetrative sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming power
At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.
From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs;
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year

By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweetbriar hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far-diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms: where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy; and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.
If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely frost—before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks,
Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft
Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance! on whose course
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff
And blazing straw before his orchard burns,
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls;
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe;

Or, when the envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest:
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.
Be patient, swains; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repress'd,
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.
The north-east spends his rage, and now shut up
Within his iron caves, the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon, round, a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,

And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep-enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumin'd mountain; through the forest streams;
Shakes on the floods; and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert, with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
The hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow

Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not so the swain:
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds the amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A soften'd shade; and saturated earth
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
Rais'd through ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.
Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanist to number up their tribes:
Whether he steals along the lonely dale
In silent search; or through the forest, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nursing mould,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.
But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years, unflesh'd in blood;
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease—

The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.
The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam;
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away,
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the song went round; and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive stole
Their hours away: while in the rosy vale
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more:
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
Was known among these happy sons of heaven;
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Dropp'd fatness down; as, o'er the swelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy;
For music held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Applied their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.
But now those white unblemish'd minutes, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,

Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and reason half-extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd,
Convulsive anger storms at large; or, pale
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells,
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm; whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence.
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.
  Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulf,

And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide-dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.
The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
But now, of turbid elements the sport,
From clear to cloudy toss'd, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.
And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;
Though with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment, and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
For, with hot ravin fir'd, ensanguin'd man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce-drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece; nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger stung and wild necessity;
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.

But man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep—while from her lap
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
Or beams that gave them birth—shall he, fair form!
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd deserves to bleed; but you, ye flocks,
What have you done? ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you who have given us milk
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
Against the Winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
Patient and ever-ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest—shall he bleed,
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
Even of the clowns he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To swell the riot of the autumnal feast,
Won by his labour? This the feeling heart
Would tenderly suggest; but 'tis enough,
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
That must not yet to pure perfection rise:
Besides, who knows, how rais'd to higher life,
From stage to stage, the vital scale ascends?

Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away—
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam—now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,

The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender watery stores, prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonising folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When, with his lively ray, the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky channell'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook;
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow, dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,

Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled infant throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;
Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours: but when the sun
Shakes from his noonday throne the scattering clouds,
Even shooting listless languor through the deeps,
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade;
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash
Hung o'er the steep, whence borne on liquid wing
The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk
High in the beetling cliff his eyry builds.
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Through rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain

Paints in the matchless harmony of song;
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye;
Or, by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in a dream,
Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace—
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold, yon breathing prospect bids the muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy, then,
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah, what shall language do? ah, where find words
Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, though successless, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!
Form'd by the graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy, and the feeling heart:
Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,

And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.
See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide and wild;
Where, undisguis'd by mimic art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Through the soft air the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild-thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.
At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders: now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps;
Now meets the bending sky; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
The ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,

Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace:
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wallflower, stain'd with iron-brown;
And lavish stock that scents the garden round;
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculus', of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks: from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run; and, while they break
On the charm'd eye, the exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin-white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations; nor gay-spotted pinks;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.
Hail, Source of Beings! Universal Soul
Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To thee I bend the knee! to thee my thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew.
By thee dispos'd into congenial soils,

Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
At thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerous-colour'd scene of things.
As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting muse; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame—the passion of the groves.
When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the messenger of morn:
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And woodlark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length

Of notes; when listening philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent: join'd to these
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert; while the stockdove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem,
Softening, the least approvance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.
Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That Nature's great command may be obey'd,
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge

Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others, apart, far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the livelong day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
Her sympathising lover takes his stand
High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light;

A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour. Oh, what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize! Away they fly,
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young;
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites and give them all.
Nor toil alone they scorn: exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
And to the simple, art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
The unfeeling schoolboy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.
Be not the muse asham'd here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,

Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear!
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.
But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
The astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade,
Where all abandon'd to despair she sings
Her sorrows through the night; and, on the bough
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe, till wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.
But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky.
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown:
Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.
'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing through the woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can see
Or wing their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails—their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse—till down before them fly

The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
The plumy burden; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
Till, vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
The acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And, once rejoicing, never know them more.
High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost Kilda's shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young;
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire; which in peace,
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.
Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds.
And ceaseless caws amusive—there, well-pleas'd
I might the various polity survey
Of the mix'd household-kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely chequer'd duck before her train
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet

Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatening, reddens; while the peacock spreads
His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.
While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot: or through the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor the enticing bud
Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.
And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,
He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And groaning deep the impetuous battle mix;
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding thong:
Blows are not felt; but, tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And, neighing, on the aërial summit takes
The exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves

The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream
Turns in black eddies round—such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.
Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind;
How, by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this, the theme
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British fair,
Forbids; and leads me to the mountain brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When disunited Britain ever bled,
Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
Where wealth and commerce lift the golden head;
And, o'er our labours, liberty and law
Impartial watch—the wonder of a world!
What is this mighty breath, ye curious, say,
That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven; and through their breast
These arts of love diffuses? What, but God?

Inspiring God! who, boundless spirit all,
And unremitting energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone
Seems not to work; with such perfection fram'd
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
The informing Author in his works appears:
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
The Smiling God is seen; while water, earth,
And air attest his bounty—which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.
Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing the infusive voice of Spring on man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature? can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, creative bounty burns
With warmest beam; and on your open front,
And liberal eye sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest want. Nor till invok'd
Can restless goodness wait: your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds

Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head;
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of nature works,
And warms the bosom; till at last, sublim'd
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world!
These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
O Lyttelton, the friend! thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the muse, through Hagley Park you stray;
Thy British Tempè! There along the dale,
With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees,
You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
You wander through the philosophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,

Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulf
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The muses charm; while, with sure taste refin'd,
You draw the inspiring breath of ancient song,
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attun'd. Then nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Toss'd by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
In varied converse, softening every theme,
You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
Inimitable happiness! which love
Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few.
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
The bursting prospect spreads immense around;
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams;
Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt
The hospitable genius lingers still,
To where the broken landscape, by degrees
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills—

O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.
Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round:
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:
Dare not the infectious sigh; the pleading look,
Downcast and low, in meek submission drest,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt and roses shed a couch,
While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.
And let the aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints the illusive form, the kindling grace,
The enticing smile, the modest-seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death;
And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.
Even present, in the very lap of love

Inglorious laid—while music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours—
Amid the roses, fierce repentance rears
Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang
Shoots through the conscious heart; where honour still,
And great design, against the oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.
But absent, what fantastic woes, arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life!
Neglected fortune flies; and, sliding swift,
Prone into ruin fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around. The darken'd sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely and unattentive. From the tongue
The unfinish'd period falls; while, borne away,
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades and sympathetic glooms,
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs, there through the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost
Indulging all to love; or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.

Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day;
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlighten'd by degeees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With soften'd soul, and woos the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his; or, while the world
And all the sons of care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly tortur'd heart into the page
Meant for the moving messenger of love—
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhausted nature sinks awhile to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with the enchantress of his soul he talks;
Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retir'd
To secret-winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Through forests huge, and long untravell'd heaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
Back from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach

The farther shore, where succourless and sad
She with extended arms his aid implores,
But strives in vain: borne by the outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision takes, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah! then, instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul malignant sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought;
Her first endearments, twining round the soul
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew;
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins;

While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:
For even the sad assurance of his fears
Were peace to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste.
But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought-meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, consume his nights and days;
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;

Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face—
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various nature pressing on the heart;
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

SUMMER.

From brightening fields of ether fair-disclos'd,
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face, and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom;
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.
Come, inspiration! from thy hermit-seat,
By mortal seldom found: may fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.
And thou, my youthful muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite;
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit,
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal

For Britain's glory, liberty, and man:
O Dodington! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.
With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along
The illimitable void! thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of men
And all their labour'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the Seasons ever stealing round,
Minutely faithful: such the All-perfect Hand
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.
When now no more the alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east—
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue through the dusk, the smoky currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes,
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves

His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock to taste the verdure of the morn.
Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams!
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves; when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning-walk?
But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?
'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourn

Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Informer of the planetary train!
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life—
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit; from the unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.
The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as though thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic-road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Meantime the expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn; while, round thy beaming car,
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd hours,
The zephyrs floating loose, the timely rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed dews,
And soften'd into joy the surly storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.
Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd—
But, to the bowell'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;

Hence labour draws its tools; hence burnish'd war
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of peace
Hence bless mankind; and generous commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.
The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.
The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-transported muse can sing,

Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!
How shall I then attempt to sing of him,
Who, Light himself! in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven,
That beam for ever through the boundless sky:
But, should he hide his face, the astonish'd sun,
And all the extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.
And yet was every faltering tongue of man,
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice;
Even in the depth of solitary woods,
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power;
And to the quire celestial thee resound,
The eternal cause, support, and end of all!
To me be Nature's volume broad display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.
Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.
Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires,
There, on the verdant turf or flowery bed,

By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant heat, dispreading through the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.
Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flushed bloom resign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.
Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
(That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The housedog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretched and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They starting snap. Nor shall the muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song,
Not mean though simple: to the sun allied,
From him they draw their animating fire.
Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,

And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms—or rising from their tombs,
To higher life—by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes,
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatched immediate by the quick-eyed trout,
Or darting salmon. Through the greenwood glade
Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.
But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes; as oft the ruffian shows his front.
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,
And shriller sound, declare extreme distress,

And ask the helping hospitable hand.
  Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.
  Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading even the microscopic eye!
Full nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organis'd,
Waiting the vital breath, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man: for, if the worlds
In worlds enclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,

He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.
Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man whose universal eye
Has swept at once the unbounded scheme of things,
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then, alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.
Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping age is here; and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell;
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet haycock rises thick behind,
In order gay: while heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.
Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that, fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the farther shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow

Slow-move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill—and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous press'd,
Head above head; and rang'd in lusty rows
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp his master's cipher ready stand;
Others the unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns the indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees

Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
The exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the sun without his rage;
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land; her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.
'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all,
From pole to pole, is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending steams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast fancy's blooms, and wither even the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the mower, sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through the unsheltered glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.
All-conquering heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn and look around for night:
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice-happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,

Beneath the whole collected shade reclines;
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm, while all the world without,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
And every passion aptly harmonis'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.
  Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, through the nerves your pleasing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.
  Around the adjoining brook that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
A various group the herds and flocks compose;
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd:

Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.
Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gadflies fasten on the herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.
Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye,
And heart estranged to fear: his nervous chest,
Luxuriant and erect, the seat of strength!
Bears down the opposing stream; quenchless his thirst,
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth;
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening gloom around.
These are the haunts of meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards the inspiring breath
Ecstatic felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Conversed with angels, and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare;

To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily and nightly, zealous to perform.
Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-roused, I feel
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, the abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes: "Be not of us afraid,
Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
From the same Parent-Power our beings drew—
The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life
Toil'd tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
Where purity and peace immingle charms.
Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
By noisy folly and discordant vice,
Of nature sing with us, and nature's God.
Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,
The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade;
A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
On contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."
And art thou, Stanley, of that sacred band?
Alas, for us too soon!—Though rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight

Of human joy, yet, with a mingled ray
Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe;
Who seeks thee still in many a former scene,
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspir'd—where moral wisdom mildly shone
Without the toil of art, and virtue glow'd
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy—who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
Believe the muse: the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.
Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking back,
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.
Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now

Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions, through the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stockdove only through the forest coos,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.
Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air:
There on that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head
By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with the extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.
Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon,
Now come, bold fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the torrid zone:
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.
See, how at once the bright-effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The short liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze

Looks gaily fierce o'er all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
The general breeze, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
Returning suns and double seasons pass:
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays;
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high-waving o'er the hills,
Or to the far horizon wide-diffus'd,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods
Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
Redoubled day; yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze,
Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,

Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmettos lift their graceful shade.
Oh! stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine;
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
Witness, thou best ananas, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!
From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
And vast savannas, where the wandering eye,
Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant Spring; for oft these valleys shift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.
Along these lonely regions, where, retir'd
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas;
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,

Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.
Peaceful, beneath primeval trees that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave,
Or 'mid the central depth of blackening woods
High-rais'd in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant; wisest of brutes!
Oh truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
Though powerful, not destructive. Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall; regardless he
Of what the never-resting race of men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.
Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayest hues
Profusely pours. But, if she bids them shine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
While philomel is ours; while in our shades,
Through the soft silence of the listening night,

The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.
But come, my muse, the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky;
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennaar, ardent climb,
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth;
No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heaven,
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jasmine grove to grove; may'st wander gay,
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There, on the breezy summit, spreading fair
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
From disembowell'd earth the virgin gold;
And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind.
A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes

With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.
How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of noon,
The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crowding fast,
Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy and slow,
With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne;
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.
The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dembea rolls his infant stream.
There, by the naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles
That with unfading verdure smile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along:
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze;
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts

Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.
His brother Niger too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind
Fall on Cor'mandel's coast, or Malabar;
From Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines
With insect-lamps, to where aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower;
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.
Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish moisture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his isles, the branching Orinoque
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees—
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
The mighty Orellana. Scarce the muse
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
The sea-like Plata; to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In silent dignity they sweep along;
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deserts—worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles and Seasons teem in vain,
Unseen and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;

The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe;
And ocean trembles for his green domain.
But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth,
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss,
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
The ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield? their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines?
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun!
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace,
Whate'er the humanising muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the tempered breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man:
These are not theirs. The parent sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannise;
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross; or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,

Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there;
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, the ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which even imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount, by which diffus'd
He throws his folds; and while, with threatening tongue
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate,
Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tiger, darting fierce,
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd;
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell:
These, rushing from the inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerous glare around their shaggy king,

Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fatal food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. The awaken'd village starts;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang, escap'd,
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again:
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.
  Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below:
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds.
At evening to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye; and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual through the tedious night.
Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds;
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Ausonia pours—
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.
  Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot

From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! even the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red æther, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play;
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
Till, with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.
But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
Obeys the blast, the aërial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
And dire ecnephias reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:
Of no regard save to the skilful eye,
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.

Art is too slow. By rapid fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
With such mad seas the daring Gama fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant, labouring round the *stormy cape*;
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold. For then, from ancient gloom, emerg'd
The rising world of trade: the genius, then,
Of navigation, that in hopeless sloth
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The Lusitanian prince; who, heaven-inspir'd,
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.
Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
And from the partners of that cruel trade
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey—demands themselves.
The stormy fates descend: one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; when straight, their mangled limbs
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.
When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious steam; from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Who gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot

Has ever dar'd to pierce—then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of man.
Such as, of late, at Cartagena quench'd
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright; you heard the groans
Of agonising ships, from shore to shore;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse—while on each other fix'd,
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
Silent, to ask, whom fate would next demand.
What need I mention those inclement skies
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
Descends? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape. Man is her destin'd prey,
Intemperate man! and o'er his guilty domes
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.

Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of men—unless escap'd
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose, and loud to Heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society.
Dependants, friends, relations, love himself,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black despair
Extends her raven wing; while to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.
Much yet remains unsung; the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year;
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
The infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;
And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
The expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant muse;
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.
Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove,
Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharged

With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baneful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath:
Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls: but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds—till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts
And opens wider, shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,

Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
The unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-raised. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Caernarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar; with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmaen Mawr heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowdon's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought;
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd: but such their guileless passion was,

As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
The enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in the awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Heavy with instant fate, her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear! it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
The unequal conflict; and, as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
And inward storm! He who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus

To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Mysterious Heaven! that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint resemblance, on the marble tomb
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.
As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky
Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Nature, from the storm,
Shines out afresh; and through the lighten'd air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress.
'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
Most favour'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?
Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. A while he stands
Gazing the inverted landscape, half-afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.

His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and through the obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an easy-winding path;
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.
This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats;
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles; and is oft preserv'd,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even, from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.
Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat;
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of Musidora's cruelty complained.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd—save when it stole
In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice-happy swain!

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For, lo! conducted by the laughing loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he awhile remain'd.
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire;
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah! then, not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival goddesses the veil divine
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, the inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone;
And, through the parting robe, the alternate breast,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But desperate youth,
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view,
As from her naked limbs of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn,
And fair-expos'd she stood—shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood she rush'd: the parted flood

Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
And every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed—
As shines the lily through the crystal mild,
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd, and now with streaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd, and, struggling from the shade,
With headlong hurry fled; but first these lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw: "Bathe on, my fair,
Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye
Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt;
To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood:
So stands the statue that enchants the world;
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careless haste, the alarming paper snatch'd.
But when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mix'd emotions, hard to be describ'd,
Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,
The charming blush of innocence, esteem

And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modesty exalted. Even a sense
Of self-approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:
"Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
Discreet; the time may come you need not fly."
The sun has lost his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature; there to harmonise his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy unison of soul—
To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms—whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores, superior light—
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance,
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
Now to the verdant *portico* of woods,

To Nature's vast *lyceum*, forth they walk;
By that kind *school* where no proud master reigns,
The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport, which the sire
Of love approving hears, and calls it good.
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?
All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Sheen? Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape; now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,
Now to the sister-hills that skirt her plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts its princely brow.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray;
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat,
And stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensberry yet laments his Gay,
And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing muse,
Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames—
Fair-winding up to where the muses haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing god, to royal Hampton's pile.
To Clermont's terrac'd height, and Esher's groves,

Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
On which the power of cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.
Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where the queen of arts,
Inspiring vigour, liberty abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime:
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless—while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves,
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil.
Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: even drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,

Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first,
Or in the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.
Thy sons of glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the splendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,
And his own muses love—the best of kings.
With him thy Edwards and thy Henries shine,
Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,
And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor—
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the maiden-reign?
In Ralegh mark their every glory mix'd;
Ralegh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.

Nor sunk his vigour when a coward reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the muse the gallant Sidney pass,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd;
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russell lies; whose temper'd blood,
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign—
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the British Cassius, fearless bled;
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to the enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful sages and in noble bards;
Soon as the light of dawning science spread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon, hapless in his choice;
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,

With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course. Him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true philosophy, there long
Held in a magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of heaven! that slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to heaven again.
The generous Ashley thine, the friend of man;
Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search,
Amid the dark recesses of his works,
The great Creator sought? and why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakspere thine and Nature's boast?
Is not each great, each amiable muse
Of classic ages, in thy Milton met?
A genius universal as his theme,
Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son,

Who like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;
For thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
Well moralis'd, shines through the gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste; the faultless form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, through the native white
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.
Island of bliss! amid the subject seas
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations; whose remotest shore
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.
O Thou by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white peace, and social love;
The tender-looking charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;
Undaunted truth, and dignity of mind;
Courage compos'd and keen; sound temperance,

Healthful in heart and look; clear chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough industry; activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
While in the radiant front, superior shines
That first paternal virtue, public zeal—
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.
  Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean, smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrité and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.
  For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild the impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch
Who, all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth.
But to the generous still-improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew—
To him the long review of order'd life

Inward rapture, only to be felt.
Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the streams,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At full of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glowworm lights his gem; and, through the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to-night; nor in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose-array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray
Glanc'd from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retain'd
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise
When day-light sickens, till it springs afresh,
Unrivall'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
As thus the effulgence tremulous I drink
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky; or horizontal dart,
In wondrous shapes, by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds,
Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun descends:
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, the enlighten'd few,
Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great: they in their powers exult,

That wondrous force of thought which mounting spurns
This dusky spot and measures all the sky,
While from his far excursion through the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-sustaining Love;
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs
Through which his long ellipsis winds—perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed the eternal fire.
With thee, serene philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er the ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer noon; and pure as that
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day.
Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires
That bind the fluttering crowd; and angel-wing'd,
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or the abyss,
To reason's and to fancy's eye *display'd:*
The first up-tracing, *from the dreary void,*
The chain of causes and effects *to him,*
The world-producing Essence, *who alone*
Possesses being; while the last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.
Tutor'd by thee, hence poetry exalts

Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind,
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!
Without thee, what were unenlighten'd man?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey; and with the unfashion'd fur
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law, were his; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line or dares the wintry pole,
Mother severe of infinite delights!
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still revolving train!
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse: but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or, like the liberal breath
Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears the inferior world along.
  Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confin'd—the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who spoke the word,
And nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns

Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
The obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of fancy's fleeting train;
To reason then, deducing truth from truth,
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

NOTES TO THOMSON'S "SEASONS."

SPRING.

AFTER a short invocation of Spring and a dedication to the Countess of Hertford, the poet describes the passage from Winter to Spring. During Winter, animation is apparently suspended. From this torpor, or sleep like the sleep of death, Spring is an awakening. Its effect is traced first upon the land; and the operations which the land requires are briefly described—ploughing, sowing, harrowing. This naturally leads to a short digression on the Praises of Agriculture, and a wish for its spread in England. The verdure and colours of Spring: its curse, the insects, which however the winds blow away. The glow of the Spring and the brilliance of its herbage recall the Golden Age, when men lived on herbs only, and did not eat the flesh of animals, and when Nature brought forth all things without toil. Those happy times fled: the mark of the time of their going was the Deluge. Since then men have eaten meat. Storms came, and there was no longer a perpetual Spring. The sport of Spring is next described—fly-fishing for trout or salmon (379–442). The flowers of Spring follow, not to be painted by artist or by poet. From the vegetable world (572) the poet passes to the last portion of his subject: love, beginning with the loves of birds, the Passion of the Groves, as he calls it himself; then passing to the love of animals, bulls and horses, and hastening by the fishes, he proceeds to the highest part of his theme. God made all this love. He caused the Spring also to produce love amongst men. ("In the Spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.") Selecting Lord Lyttelton and his wife to illustrate the brighter side, he paints in contrast a most terrible picture of the unsuccessful lover, from which he is drawn to a description of jealousy as another kind of ill-success in love. He recurs, in conclusion, to happy love—lawful and wedded. The husband and wife train up their children in the paths of happiness and virtue.

Gray has an ode on Spring.

ANALYSIS (1—10).—*Introduction and Dedication.*

1. Spring is personified: a sort of Goddess of Spring.

1. *Spring.*] A. S. *springan*, to spread, crack, break. The season when the buds and leaves break forth, open, spring out. Ital. *springare*.

O. Fr. *espringuer*. Old Eng. *springald*, a gay, sprightly youth. Cf. spring, sprinkle, spray; spruce-beer, the beer of Spring.

— *Ethereal.*] Cf. n. 148.

2. Heavenly beings in European mythologies generally descend in clouds; Homer's gods, for instance. The descent from heaven to earth without any sort of vehicle would suggest a clumsy tumble, such as Vulcan had. *Vide* Milton, Par. Lost, i. 740: his account is taken from Homer. A painter, whose art preceded the poet's, would find it impossible to represent the descent of a heavenly being in such a way as to distinguish it from a fall, except by the contrivance of a vehicle or seat, in which the superior being should appear at ease. Clouds naturally suggest themselves, because they are at hand between heaven and earth, and because they float easily about without sudden falls in space.

For the expression "*bosom of a cloud*," cf. Longfellow, Snowflakes:

> "This is the secret of despair
> Long in its *cloudy bosom* hoarded."

Cf. also S. 358.

3. *Wakes.*] For the waking of music, cf. Ps. lvii. 9: "*Awake* lute and harp, I myself will awake right early." Lowell, Legend of Brittany, the description of an anthem: "The clear-voiced choir *awoke*."

— *Shower of Roses.*] The notion of the falling of flowers from the clouds is Oriental. The following passages from Milton should be compared:

> "And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
> *Showered roses.*"—Par. Lost, iv. 772.
>
> "Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
> Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round
> About her glow'd."—Par. Lost, ix. 425.

Cf. also Homer, Iliad, xv. 153.

5. *Hertford.*] Frances Thynne, who married Algernon Seymour, Earl of Hertford, who in 1748 succeeded to a dukedom, and she became Duchess of Somerset. She was one of the ladies of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline, and died in 1754. She was a patron of literature, and even an aspirant to literary honours. Thomson is said to have written a part of the "Seasons" whilst staying at her residence, Marlborough Castle, Wiltshire.

— *Or.*] Either.

7. *Innocence and Meditation joined in soft assemblage.*] In innocent meditation.

9. *Thy own season.*] The season which is dear to youth. Cf. Tennyson, Locksley Hall, 20. Youth is sometimes called the spring-time of life.

— *Blooming.*] Summer is rather the blooming season.

ANALYSIS (11—31.)—*The departure of Winter.*

11. With this passage, compare the scene in the beginning of Virgil's

Æolid, where Æolus is described as commanding the winds, letting them escape at the request of Juno, and bringing them to their prison again at Jove's will.

— *Surly.*] Connected with sourly, from sour; but Wedgewood says, "the original meaning seems to have been *sir-like*, magisterial, arrogant." Cf. 255: "injurious act nor surly deed." S. 125. Lat. *tristis hiems*. Virg., Georg. iv. 135. Cf. Gray's "sullen year."

13. *Howling hill.*] The hill round which the winds had been howling.

15. Softness of Spring after the Winter. Cf., Hor., Od. IV. vii. 1:

"Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis
Arboribusque comæ."

And Song of Solomon, ii. 11: "For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone."

16. An instance of nominative absolute.

— *Livid.*] Because snow becomes dirty when melting over soil.

17. *Mountains . . . green heads.*] Cf. Gray, Bard, i. 33:

"Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head."

The metaphor, head or foot of a mountain, is very common. It has to one place given a name—Piedmont. Cf. L. of L. i. 174, 261 n.

13. The change from one season to another is not sudden in England: and after a season has gone it leaves traces in that which follows it. So, in early Spring, we have mornings and evenings which recall the frosts or the cold winds of winter.

His.] Because Winter is personified: but his was once always used for its.

19. *Eve.*] Even, evening. Germ. *abend*, the time of the *departing* day, or the time when the departing light removes objects from the sight; from Sans. *afa, ara*; Grk. ἀπό; Lat. *ab*; Goth. *af*. The termination ing is the more participial ending to denote time more clearly, as in morn-ing.

21. *Deform.*] Make ugly, unpleasant. Cf. Hor., Od. III. x. 15: "Informes hiemes."

Delightless.] Is a tertiary predicate. Bids sleets (1) deform the day (2) delightless (3).

22. *Bittern.*] Bittour of old English poets, *Ardea stellaris* of Linnæus. It seeks the marshes in April, when it makes its nest. It "shakes the sounding marsh" by a booming noise, which it makes during the breeding season, from which it is called in some parts of England the "mire-drum." Its bill is about four inches long.

Cf. Tennyson, Northern Farmer, 8: "*Butter*-bump." Goldsmith, Deserted Village, 44:

"The hollow-sounding *bittern* guards its nest."

Cf. L. of L. i. 643 n. An absurd etymology is given from *bos* and *taurus*, from its loud, deep cry. Ménage says it is from *vagitaurus*, another form of *mugitaurus*.

24. *Plover.*] Fr. *pluvier*; the bird which "pipes to rain." Ger. *regenpfeiffer*. Wedgewood derives it from the Ital. *piva*, fife, from the bird's shrill call; this joined with *piova*, the old form of *pioggia*, gives directly the German *regenpfeiffer*.

26, 7. *Aries, Bull.*] Signs of the zodiac.

It will be advisable within the compass of one note to explain all these terms. The earth is divided into five zones or belts, two frigid, two temperate, and the centre one torrid zone; which last is cut in two by an imaginary line called the equator, and separated from the temperate zones by the two tropics (Grk. τρέπω to turn). The ecliptic crosses the equator, passing from tropic to tropic, and is the path along which the line appears to travel. (Really of course it is the earth that is moving, whilst the sun, as far as the earth is concerned, is standing still.) The zodiac is a belt of which the ecliptic is the centre, and it is divided into twelve equal parts called signs, which are each of them named after a constellation. The twelve signs of the zodiac are—

Spring. ♈ Aries, the Ram. March 21: Vernal equinox.
♉ Taurus, the Bull. April 19.
♊ Gemini, the Twins. May 20.

Summer. ♋ Cancer, the Crab. June 21: Summer solstice.
♌ Leo, the Lion. July 22.
♍ Virgo, the Virgin. August 22.

Autumn. ♎ Libra, the Balance. September 23: Autumnal equinox.
♏ Scorpio, the Scorpion. October 23.
♐ Sagittarius, the Archer. November 22.

Winter. ♑ Capricornus, the Goat. December 21: Winter solstice.
♒ Aquarius, the Water-bearer. January 20.
♓ Pisces, the Fishes. February 19.

One might compare, to Thomson's disadvantage, the much more imaginative way in which Virgil generally introduces signs or constellations; as when (Georg. i. 32, 36) he speaks of the Scorpion contracting his claws.

29. Cf. Virgil, Æn. vi. 724:

"Principio cœlum ac terras, camposque liquentes,
Spiritus intus alit."

ANALYSIS (32—77).—*Operations of Spring: ploughing, sowing.*

32. *Airs.*] Lat. *aurœ*, breezes. Cf. Moore's Canadian Boat Song, "Grant us cool heavens and favouring airs;" and Sh., Hamlet, I. iv.: "Airs from heaven, or blasts from hell."

— *Unconfin'd.*] Unlimited, spreading generous warmth on all sides.

33. *Unbinding.*] An active participle. For the metaphor cf. Hor.,

"solutus ager;" and Virg., Georg. i. 44: "Zephyro putris se gleba resolvit." Thomson has made an exact translation of a very appropriate word.

35. *Relenting Nature.*] (Lat. *re-lentus.*) That nature is growing soft again. Cf. S. 633; and Pope, Temple of Fame, 4.

— *Steer.*] A young ox, under four years old. Dryden:

"With solemn pomp they sacrificed a *steer*."

So stirk. A. S. *styre.* It is not unconnected with Greek ταῦρος.

— *Lusty.*] Vigorous, full of health. Cf. Ps. lxxiii. 4, "but are *lusty* and strong;" and ciii. 5, "young, and *lusty* as an eagle." Cf. S. 396, 1461.

37. *Loosen'd.*] Adj., referring to frost.

40. Notice the alliteration. The song may either be that of the husbandman, or of the lark, by a figure called hendiadys, the use of two words coupled by "and" to express one idea.

43. *Shining share.*] The share is the blade of the plough, which cuts the ground into furrows. It is polished and made to shine by the friction. Share is derived from a Saxon word, *sceran*, to divide. Another meaning of the word, a portion, or (as a verb) to divide, is shown in the same derivation. Other similar words are shear, and to shear, sharp, shard, a broken or divided vessel; shire, a division of the land.

— *Incumbent.*] Leaning, from Lat. *incumbo.* It is literally the attitude of the ploughman. An incumbent is a man who leans, or depends, on a church for his living. Cf. Milton, P. L. i. 226.

43. *Winds.*] This may refer to the course of the plough, but a furrow should be straight. Possibly it is the turning of the plough up one furrow and back down another. Others think that it is simply used for "finishes up," or that it is purely metaphorical. Or "winds" means raised by means of the share. Fr. *guinder*, to raise by artificial means. Eng. *wind*-lass.

— *Glebe.*] Lat. *gleba*, a clod, which is turned out of the furrow. It is here used of land generally. "*Ascriptus glebæ*," bound to the soil, is used of the church.

44. *White.*] Perhaps used in reference to Virg., Georg. i. 209: "Nudus ara, sere nudus." Perhaps it refers to the large seed-bag, or to the smock-frock of the man. Can it be a misreading for "while," which some editions have?

45, 6. *Liberal, faithful.*] Notice the reciprocation: because the sower sows freely, the ground makes him a loyal return.

47. *Harrow.*] An instrument intended to break the clods, level the ground, and so cover the seed. It is a large rake.

— *Shuts scene.*] Cf. W. 1038. The metaphor is from the theatre. The harrow completes the operation, as the curtain ends the drama.

48. Man's part done, God is called upon. It would have been better to have done this at an earlier stage. The development of sown seed is far

more certain without a special interposition of Providence than the sowing, which depends on the humour or sobriety of the sower. Men have too much a tendency to think that what they can understand is done by themselves, whilst that which is beyond their comprehension is the direct work of God. "Omne ignotum pro magnifico."

51. *Temper.*] Lat. *tempero*, rule. It is connected with Greek τέμνω, to cut; *tempus*, time, is a portion cut off: *templum*, a place cut off for worship. Thus it means moderate, by cutting off, or by adding a bit cut off something else. A bed of Procrustes, in which people were reduced to a common rule; the tall men were cut down, and the short stretched. Then came a notion of moderating strength of a liquid, by mixing them. On temper, temperament, etc., cf. note, 346.

55. *The rural Maro.*] Publius Virgilius Maro, now commonly called Virgil, a well-known Roman poet, was born at Andes, a village near Mantua, in North Italy, Oct. 15, B.C. 70. His longest poem is an Epic called the Æneid, upon the adventures of the Trojan Æneas. With this exception, his poems are chiefly concerned with the country life, hence the epithet "rural." The Georgics (Gr. γεωργός, a husbandman) were written at the instigation of his patron Mæcenas to encourage agriculture in Italy. The Bucolics are a series of shorter poems or eclogues on the country. He died B.C. 19. Mæcenas was chief minister of Augustus, and both of them were great patrons of literature and the arts. Their time is called the Augustan age of literature.

56. *Wide Imperial.*] Cf. Virg., Æn. i. 21: "Populum late regem."

57. Rome was refined by the cultivation of Greek literature and arts; so that when Rome conquered Greece, there was a sense in which she was conquered by her. Thus Horace says:

"Græcia capta ferum captorem cepit."

Virgil's poems are due to Greek influences. In his Æneid he copied Homer, in his Bucolics the Idylls of Theocritus, a Greek of Syracuse, and in his Georgics the "Works and Days" of Hesiod, a Greek poet of Ascra in Bœotia.

58. *Sacred* plough.] Husbandry primitive, and therefore deified. The pastoral side of farming is, however, earlier.

The following may be mentioned amongst the eminent farmers of earlier times:—

Philopœmen. Cf. W. 494, and note.

Cincinnatus. Cf. W. 512, and note.

Cato. Cf. S. 954 and note, and W. 528.

Regulus (W. 513), not only celebrated for his heroism near the end of the first Punic War, but because he lived frugally on his farm, tilling it with his own hands. In the full career of victory he petitioned the Senate for his recall from Africa, as his farm was going to ruin in his absence. *Fabricius* and *Curius Dentatus* were other Romans of the same type.

In modern times *George Washington*, the first President of the United States of America, came from his farm to serve his country, and retired to it when he had served her well.

Cf. Bacon's Essays, xlvi. : "God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures."

59. *Kings and awful fathers.*] The kingly authority seems to have sprung out of the rule of the father. Cf. Maine's Ancient Law (chap. v.) on "patria potestas." Dryden:

> "When empire first from families did spring,
> Then every father governed as a king."

60. Some, compared with whom you are but as insect tribes that live only for a summer day, have ruled. They will live long in immortal fame; your memory will disappear at once like the flies, and your place shall know you no more. Such insects are called ephemera (Grk. ἐπί and ἡμέρα). Cf. Gray, 1. On Spring, 25–30, and 43, 4.

62. *Held the scale.*] Scales of justice, evenly balancing; a not uncommon metaphor with respect to justice. We speak also of the balance of power in Europe.

65. *Greatly independent.*] A favourite adverb of Thomson's. Cf. 974. Perhaps it does not mean very, but grandly.

66. Relative "which" omitted.

67. *Gen'rous.*] In classical sense. Lat. *generosus*, nobly born. Cf. L. of L. i. 392 n. In feudal times good birth implied all the virtues; but afterwards the word acquired a restricted sense of liberality, in which sense however, it is not used here.

In return for England being mistress of the sea, and thus obtaining the produce of all other lands, she is to send out in return clothes and corn. Whether England is still mistress of the sea, in the sense that she was after the victories of Nelson, may be doubted. She has still a powerful navy, and an enormous mercantile marine; but the exclusive dominion is gone. Clothing she still sends forth to a larger extent than any other nation. Of the cotton manufactures in England Lancashire is the centre, of the woollen the West Riding of Yorkshire. But England has long ceased to be a granary, much less a corn-field of the world. Her supply of corn is too small for herself, and the Corn Laws, which imposed a heavy duty on the importation of foreign corn, were starving the people by prohibiting the increase of this supply. They were repealed, after a long agitation, in 1846. The land which could furnish corn for the country with a smaller population is totally inadequate now for the purpose, notwithstanding the numerous improvements in husbandry. The exhaustless granary of the world would now be rather Russia, or the Valley of the Mississippi, in America.

73. *Pomp.*] Lat. *Pompa*. Grk. πομπή, πομπεύω. Eng. pump, pumpkin, bomb, bombast, are all connected. The radical notion seems to be "swelling." Others say that it is "long drawn out." So of water

through the pump. Pompa was at first a procession, marked with splendour, a Roman triumph. Cf. Macaulay, Prophecy of Capys, xxv. 3. It is then used for any splendour. Here "all the pomp of life" means "all that which contributes to make life splendid."

76. Clothing the nations was the duty of Tyre in the ancient world. Cf. Ezekiel, xxvii. 14: "Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so."

ANALYSIS (78—113).—*The colours of the Spring spread.*

78. The sun is the cause not only of light but of vegetation.

79. *Penetrative.*] Notice the termination. It is not uncommon with Thomson.

82. *Vernant.*] Lat. *vernans*, flourishing in Spring, or as in Spring (*ver*). It is not a common English word. Cf. Ov. Metam. vii. 284: "vernat humus." Others read verdant.

83. Thee, governed by sets.

84. Green, universal robe of smiling Nature. When the ground is not green with grass, and the trees with foliage, Nature cannot be said to smile. The scorching heat of an Indian sun is not a smile.

88. The meadow, kept green in Winter because near the river, has its Spring coat first, then the hill, and then the woods.

89. *To the cherish'd eye.*] For the benefit of the favoured beholder.

90. *Hawthorn.*] Saxon *haeg*, thorn, hedge-thorn. See L. of L. i. 215 n. It is the best hedge-plant in Europe, and when in blossom is very ornamental.

94. *Brake.*] First a female fern, then a thicket overgrown with shrubs and brambles. Uncleared ground.

98. *Liberal air.*] Cf. Tennyson, In Memoriam, 88, 7:

> "And shook to all the liberal air
> The dust and din and steam of town."

— *Liberal, lavish.*] A reciprocation of benefits. The air gives life to the garden freely, and the garden repays loyally with fragrance. Cf. note on 45.

100. *Embryo.*] From Greek τὸ ἐντὸς βρῦον, the fruit of the womb before birth, whilst still within the womb, and before the separate members are formed. So embryo is used generally for something small, which contains within itself the germ of future growth and greatness: the rudiments of a plant, as here: of a thought. Cf. Swift: "The company little suspected what a noble work I had then in embryo."

101. For the contrast between town and country, cf. the passage of In Memoriam (88), a portion of which is quoted above.

105. *Maze.*] Sax. *mase*, a whirlpool; a winding, confusion. Cf. Pope, Essay on Man, i. 6:

"A mighty *maze*, but not without a plan."

107. *Taste the smell of dairy.*] The senses are confused in this metaphor. So Æschylus in the Agamemnon, φαίαν λάμπει—the song shines forth. For the whole question, see Farrar on Language.

108. *Augusta.*] Cf. S. 1410. The Roman name of London. The most ancient name for this city was Tri-now, the New City; it was the capital of the Trinobantes, whose kingdom extended over the country which now forms the counties of Essex, Middlesex, and Surrey. When the Romans came, from this old name they made Troja nova, New Troy, and framed upon the name the legends about Brut and the Trojans, and their occupation of England. However, they also changed the name; Tacitus calls the city Londinium, of which the present name is only a modern form. Later they called it Augusta, on account of its wealth and prosperity, and in honour of Augustus Cæsar. Ammianus Marcellinus calls it Augusta Trinobantum. Augusta was a very common name of Roman towns—Augusta Trevirorum, Trèves; A. Taurinorum, Turin. Gray alludes to the Roman occupation of London, where he describes the Tower (Bard, 87):

"Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame."

Although it pleased some old writers to compare London with Rome, and speak of its seven hills, London really lies on a very flat site. St. Paul's Cathedral, in the heart of the old city, is built on the top of the highest peak within several miles. On the north side, at some four miles from St. Paul's, are moderate eminences, such as Hampstead, Highgate. (S. 1441, "The sister hills that skirt the plain.") The town is rapidly advancing to them with the spread of its buildings; and one must go to Harrow to the north, or Richmond to the west of London, distances of about nine miles, to find an eminence in London's plains from which country may be seen.

110. *White-empurpled.*] White blossoms, mixed or slightly tinged with purple.

— *Shower.*] So Tennyson speaks of the laburnum, as "Dropping wells of fire."—In Mem. 82.

111. *Raptur'd.*] To rapture is a strange verb. It is only used in the participle. Enraptured is common enough. Cf. S. 17, 1333; W. 764.

113. Cf. 183: "Swift fancy fired anticipates their growth."

Yellow Autumn.] That which will be their appearance in Autumn.

ANALYSIS (114—136).—*Insects of Spring.*

114. *Brush'd.*] A not uncommon metaphor of winds. Cf. Lucretius. i. 289:

"Sunt igitur venti nimirum corpora cæca,
Quæ mare, quæ terras, quæ denique nubila cœli
Verrunt, ac subito vexantia turbine raptant."

— *From Russian wilds.*] An east or north-east wind, peculiarly cold and violent in England, prevails in Spring. These lines mean, if the north-east wind comes moist, and brings mildew; or dry, and brings frost. The sentence is incomplete, as there is no apodosis. The real apodosis is to be found in 137.

116. *Clammy mildew.*] The poet has made a mistake. Mildew is not clammy, and it does not come in the Spring, but in the Autumn. Mildew is a thin white substance, which covers the leaves of vegetables, producing decay and so disease. It is popularly believed, and the poet coincides in the belief, that it is caused by fogs and damp. It really consists of minute fungi. Honey dew, with which some believe the poet to have confused mildew, is a viscid juice that appears on the upper surface of leaves; it is clammy, and appears in Spring. *Mildew* seems to be derived from Lat. *melligo*, and that from *mel*, honey. So that there is no wide etymological distinction.

117. *Baleful.*] Cf. note in Gray, Bard, 82. The word has two meanings: (1) destructive, as here, and S. iv.; (2) sorrowful, cf. Milton, P. L. i. 56: "His *baleful* eyes." A frost in Spring is very injurious to vegetation. It comes after the growth is begun, and then kills the plant.

120. *For.*] Seems to be used as giving another reason for the joyless and dead appearance of nature.

— *Engender'd by the hazy north.*] This is another popular error. Insects are engendered from eggs left from the previous year, and are not brought by winds.

121. *Myriad.*] Greek word μυριάς, ten thousand.

— *Insect armies.*] Cf. Joel ii. Speaking of the locusts: "as a strong people set in battle array" (5); "They shall run like mighty men; they shall climb the wall like men of war" (7); "My great army which I sent among you" (25). Cf. note, 165.

Waft.] Not usually a verb neut. There is another reading, "warp;" probably a better reading, as Thomson is a great imitator of Milton, and Milton has (Par. Lost, i. 340):

"Up-called a pitchy cloud
Of locusts *warping* on the eastern wind."

To warp is to move in a bending direction. It is a technical term in navigation.

123. *Blacken'd.*] Proleptic=so as to make the core black.

124. *A feeble race.*] Cf. note, 165; Gray, Progress of Poesy, vi. 42 n.

125. *Sacred.*] Lat. *sacer*, which means accursed as well as holy. Or

sacrifice may be used in its ordinary sense, and may mean "God's chosen instruments of vengeance," referring to Joel, and incidents in the history of the Jews.

Sons of vengeance.] Cf. W. 632: "Sons of riot." Milton, P. L. i. 501.

126. *Corrosive.*] Destroying by degrees. Lat. *con*, and *rodo*, to gnaw. "A fire devoureth before them; and behind them a flame burneth: the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness: yea, and nothing shall escape them." Joel ii. 3.

— *The year.*] Its hopes and produce.

129. *Latent.*] Lat. *lateo*, to lie hid.

130. *Cranny.*] A narrow chink. Cf. Sh., Mid. Nt. Dr., III. i.:

"Through that *cranny* shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper."

131. *Blooms.*] Used for flowers. Cf. Ger. *blume*.

135. *They*, the birds; *them*, the frosty tribe.

136. Skilful farmer is nominative case; scares, verb; little birds, object.

— *Trooping.*] Keeping together in flocks. Small birds live chiefly on insects. It is, therefore, not good policy for farmers to destroy them: birds do mischief, but insects more.

ANALYSIS (137—185.)—*Winds of Spring, followed by perfect calm, and then rain.*

137. *Swain.*] A. S. *swán*, a boy, a young man; then a country man. It is also used in poetry for a lover, as by Pope:

"Blest *swains*, whose nymphs in every grace excel."

138. *In vain.*] These words would naturally suggest the question, "Is anything in vain?" Cf. Tennyson, In Memoriam, 53:

"That not a worm is cloven in vain."

139. *Clouds on clouds.*] An idiom. Cf. 121, "Myriads on myriads;" 149, "Heaps on heaps;" and 1046, "Where rapture burns on rapture." Grammatically it would look as if "on clouds" depended on "keep."

— *Surcharged.*] Overcharged. Cf. Milton, P. L. ii. 837. Sur=super. Cf. surfeit.

142. *Crude, unripen'd.*] Not a repetition. *Crude* is that which has not begun to ripen. *Unripened* is that which has not finished.

143. *North-east.*] Sc. north-east wind. *Shut up*, absolute.

144. *Iron caves.*] This is in allusion to the song of Æolus. Cf. 11.

— *Effusive.*] Pouring out warmth. *South*, south wind.

145. *Vernal.*] Of Spring. *Distent*, past participle of distend, *dis* and *tendo*, stretch; Sansk. *tan*; as if the clouds held water, like a water-skin.

148. *Staining ether.*] Marking the sky. *Scarce*, adj. for adv.

148. *Ether.*] The bright, glowing expanse of heaven; Grk. *αἰθήρ* from *αἰθ-ειν*; Sansk. *idh*, to burn. Cf. Ger. *heiter*; Eng. heat. Adj. ethereal. Cf. S. I.

151. The vapour increasing sails along the sky which it broads, and then deeply mixed together, it rests, a settled gloom, on the horizon around.

— *Horizon.*] (Grk. *ὁρίζω*, I bound), bounding line, limit of space as far as it can be seen. It is defined S. 203, 4, 945.

155. *Gradual.*] Adj. for adv.

158. *Many-twinkling.*] Cf. Keble's Christian Year, 2nd Sunday after Trinity:

"The many-twinkling smile of Ocean."

Keble compares *Æsch.*, Prom. Vinct. 89.—*ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα.*

159. The aspen is a species of poplar, sometimes called the trembling poplar. Cf. Scott's Marmion, VI. xxxi. 3:

"Various as the shade
By the light-quivering *aspen* made."

The floods which look like one broad sheet of glass, without a ripple or a motion, seem as if they had forgotten how to flow, so slow and deceptive is their current.

165. *Plumy people.*] Thomson is very fond of speaking of birds, beasts, fishes, flowers, or insects, as nations or people. Birds are called plumy nations, S. 737; plumy race, W. 137; the glossy kind, Sp. 617; feathered youth, Sp. 729; the swallow people, A. 838; the tuneful race, S. 511; feathery people, W. 87; the tuneful kingdom, W. 1027; fearful race, Sp. 639. Cattle are peaceful people, Sp. 359. Sheep fearful people, S. 378. Gentle tribe, S. 417. Fish are the finny race, Sp. 395; a harmless race, S. 388. Flowers are called the flowery race, S. 212; gelid race of berries, S. 682. Insects are a feeble race, Sp. 124; frosty tribe, Sp. 132; nameless nations, S. 302; unseen people, S. 311; quivering nations, S. 344. Cf. Prov. xxx. 25, 6: "The ants are a *people*, not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer; the conies are but a feeble *folk*, yet make they their houses in the rocks." Joel ii. 5: "The locusts, a strong *people*."

166. *Plumy.*] Feathery. Lat. *pluma*, a feather. Cf. Milton, P. R. iv. 583. Water-fowl are supposed to have a gland, in which they secrete an oil, and with it dress their feathers, making them appear glossy, and enabling them to throw off water. Land birds either have not got this gland, or have a very small one. Virg., Georg. i. 385, speaks of *rores*, "dew-drops," the shape which water takes on the backs of the birds because of the oil. But the very existence of this gland and this oil is disputed. If it is peculiar to water-fowl, it can hardly be intended to keep off the rain.

167. *Strike.*] "Strike up" is a common phrase for beginning music.

167. *Quire.*] Cf. 270 n.

170. *Superior.*] Either nobler than the beasts, or upright, whilst they are not.

171. *Musing praise.*] Cf. Coleridge, Hymn in Vale of Chamouni:

"Mute thanks and secret ecstacy."

172. *Looking lively gratitude.*] Cf. the parallel usage in Greek of βλέπω and δέδορκα. Æsch., Sept. c. Th. 53, 498: Ἀρὴ δεδορκότων, looking battle.

173. *Consign.*] A commercial term; to deliver or commit goods.

175. *Prelusive drops.*] Drops that form prelude to the rain, are precursors of a shower.

179. *Umbrageous.*] Affording shade. (Fr. *ombrageux*; Lat. *umbra*). An *umbrella* is that which gives shade. Cf. Milton, P. Lost, iv. 258:

"*Umbrageous* grots and caves of cool recess."

180. *Hold.*] That is, keep within, remain under. So holding the shore means remaining near it. Cf. Virg., Æn. iii. 668.

182. *Nature's ample lap.*] Cf. Gray, v. 117: "His head upon the lap of earth." See note. The idea is borrowed from Virg., Georg. ii. 326, but has lost its force.

184. *Milky nutriment.*] Sap. Cf. Sansk. *Kshira*, in both senses. Whilst the trees and plants are still being fed by the sap, which is almost colourless, the imagination hastens forward and pictures the results of their growth in their bright colours.

ANALYSIS (186-221).—*Sun-shine and Rain-bow.*

187. *Indulge their genial stores.*] Apparently suggested by the common Latin phrase "genio indulgere."

193. *The illumin'd mountain.*] Proleptic use of the participle, so as to make it illumined.

194. *Shakes on the floods.*] Cf. Tennyson's Princess:

"The long light *shakes* across the *lakes*."

195. *Smoking.*] The distant mist has the appearance of smoke which is unable to rise.

— *Interminable.*] Properly, that which cannot be ended; here, that which seems to have no end. Lat. *in*, not, and *terminus*, an end.

Landscape laughs.] Personification. Cf. Ps. lxv. 14: "The valleys also shall stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing." And Milton, P. L. iv. 165:

"Cheered with the grateful smell old ocean *smiles*."

198. *Wakes.*] Cf. 3.

201. *Lows.*] The noise which cattle make

202 *Zephyr.*] (Lat. *zephyrus*), the west wind, a soft gentle wind, common in Spring. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, v. 16:

"Mild as when *Zephyrus* on Flora breathes."

203. *Refracted.*] To refract is to break the natural course of rays.

204. *The grand ethereal bow.*] The Christian belief on the origin of the rainbow is that after the Deluge God gave the rainbow as a sign that there should never be another universal deluge. "I will put my bow in the cloud." Cf. Gen. ix.

205. *Shoots up.*] Used of simple emission, not necessarily straight: there is a notion of quickness in it, "a shooting star." It also means to grow, as applied to plants, especially of quick growth. Cf. 1158. A branch from a main stock is called a shoot.

— *Every hue.*] The colours of the rainbow are violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. They are all comprised in the unmeaning vibgyor. Sir Isaac Newton discovered, by means of a prism, that every ray of white light is compounded of these seven colours.

208. *Awful:*] Probably not inspiring awe in others, terrible, the commonest meaning of the word; but feeling awe himself, reverent. This was a marked feature in Newton's character.

— *Newton.*] Sir Isaac Newton was born Dec. 25, 1642, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire. He was educated at the Grantham grammar-school, and then at Trinity College, Cambridge. He died in London, March 20, 1728, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He was the greatest of all English natural philosophers: besides the discovery of the theory of colour, to which allusion is here made, his most important contribution to science was the discovery of the law of gravitation, which accounts for the fall of an apple to the ground, as well as the equilibrium of the system of the universe. Thomson had a great reverence for him. Cf. S. 1560. Thomson also wrote a poem "To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton," in which all Newton's discoveries are mentioned, and which forms an excellent parallel to the text:

"E'en light itself which everything displays
Shone undiscovered, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;
And from the whitening undistinguished blaze
Collecting every ray unto his kind,
To the charm'd eye educed the gorgeous train
Of parent colours."

Pope's intended epitaph on Newton is well known:

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said 'Let Newton be,' and all was light."

209. *Prism.*] "A prism of glass is a glass bounded with two equal and parallel triangular ends, and three plain and well polished sides, which meet in three parallel lines running from the three angles of one end to the three angles of the other end."—Newton, Opt.

216. *Amusive.*] Cf. 770 and S. 1600.

220. *Plastic tubes.*] The stalks of a plant contain channels like the veins of a man, by which the sap is conveyed to every part of it.

ANALYSIS (222—271.)—*Herbs and Vegetables suggest the Golden Age.*

224. *Tribes.*] An editor says that Linnæus divided the vegetable kingdom into three tribes, and that Thomson must refer to the subdivisions of these tribes. Editors also say that a calculation of plants has numbered 200,000, but that this number is not large enough.

226. *Rank.*] (A. S. word) originally strong, luxuriant, of grass. Later, it was perhaps connected with Lat. *rancidus*, foul smelling, and then used metaphorically. Cf. Sh., Hamlet, III. iii. 36:

"O my offence is *rank*, and smells to heaven."

And Henry VIII. I. ii. 186. Cf. "in bad odour," "strong," "high."

227. *What the dull incurious weeds account.*] As the sentence is inverted, the sense will vary according to the sense which we attach to the word incurious. It may be active, having no curiosity, or passive, exciting no curiosity. Paraph. What dull people without curiosity call weeds; or what dull people call weeds, not worth inquiry.

229. *Fired.*] As it were, lighted up. Myer's S. Paul:

"Fired with the red glow of the rushing morn."

Nodding.] The trees, or even the grass, being more exposed, are more shaken by the wind.

230. Nature scatters her seeds lavishly, seems to us to waste them. Cf Tennyson, In Memoriam, 54:

"How often out of fifty seeds
She only brings but one to bear."

232. *Nursing mould.*] Earth is regarded as a mother.

233. *Prolific.*] Lat. *prolem* and *facio*. Lit. offspring-making.

234. With this passage cf. Virg., Georg. I. 125–130, from which Thomson borrows his ideas.

237. *Innocence of man.*] The Christian paradise, and Rousseau's "state of nature."

— *Told.*] From *tell*, in the sense of reckon, count. A. S. *tellan*, to count. Cf. the expression to *tell beads*, and Milton, L'All. 67: "And every shepherd *tells his tale*," meaning counts the number of his sheep.

238. *Unfleshed.*] To flesh, sc. to taste flesh, of the first shedding of blood, is used by Sh., 2 Hen. IV. I. i. 149: "Princes *fleshed* with conquest," and Hen. V. III. iii. 11: "And the *fleshed* soldier, rough and hard of heart." Also fleshment, a substantive, the act of fleshing the sword, the first feat of arms. Lear, II. ii. 130; "And in the *fleshment* of this dread exploit, drew on me here again."

238. *Length of years.*] Cf. Solomon, Prov. iii. 15, 16, "Length of days is in her right hand."

— *Surfeit.*] (Fr. *sur, faire*, over-do.) Cramming over-much, used especially of feeding. Cf. 139.

245. *Fumed.*] (Lat. *fumus*, Sansk. *dhûma*, smoke.) Passed away like smoke. This is not a common sense of the word. It is generally used rather of the smoke which shows that there is fire; for instance, of anger, "to fume and fret."

247. *Or.*] Poetically used for either. Cf. 5, 131, 255. Nor, for neither.

— *Wilding.*] From Virg., Georg. ii. 236, "Volentia rura."

The notion is that in these happy days of which the poet speaks, Nature was more at the service of man than she is now, and readier to do his pleasure. "Stubborn," would be the epithet applied to the later land.

249. *Went round.*] Cf. Goldsmith, Deserted Village, 22:

"And sleights of art and feats of strength *went round*."

250. *Stole.*] Cf. Young's Night Thoughts: "Procrastination is the thief of time."

251. *Rosy.*] Cf. Byron's Childe Harold, II. lxxxi. 7:

"Oh love, young love, bound in thy *rosy* band!"

— *Vale.*] As the abode of love. Cf. Tennyson's Palace of Art (end):

"A cottage in the vale."

And in The Princess, p. 167:

"Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height.
What pleasure lives in height? (the shepherd sung.)

. . . . . .

And come, for Love is of the valley; come,
For Love is of the valley; come thou down
And find him."

253. *Full replete.*] This looks at first sight like tautology, or repetition. It may however, be defended. Replete (Lat. *repleo*) means filled, but to fill is used loosely; and when full is added to it, it means filled to the full.

254. There is a Latin proverb: Amantium iræ amoris integratio est, "The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love."

— *But.*] Only.

255. *Injurious act.*] Used in its literal sense = in violation of law and justice, from Lat. *in*, not, *jus, juris*, right. For the poet (line next but one) says:

"For reason and benevolence were *law*."

261. *The clouds dropped fatness.*] Cf. Ps. lxv. 12: "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness: and *thy clouds drop fatness*."

263. *Commixing.*] An old word, meaning to mix together. It is not common now, nor is the similar word, commingle. Sh., Troilus and Cressida, IV. v. 124: "Were thy *commixtion* Greek and Trojan." Hamlet, III. ii. 74: "Whose blood and judgment are so well *commingled*."

— *Secure.*] Adj. for adv.

264. *Emergent.*] Latin form of present participle. Coming forth from.

266. *Meeken'd.*] Made meek. "A word happily coined by Thomson, and is expressively descriptive in sound of the disposition it is intended to convey." Johnson says that he knows no other use of the word. Cf. A. 653.

267. Cf. Congreve, Mourning Bride:

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

270. *Applied.*] (Lat. *applico.*) Added. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 265:

"The birds their quire apply."

— *Quire.*] The spelling is usually choir, but the word is pronounced as it is spelt here. (Lat. *chorus*, a dance, dance-music, music played by several together, or a song, sung in the same way.) It is spelt as here by Milton. So also he had quirister for chorister.

271. *Consonance.*] Tune. Lat. *con*, together; *sono* (Sans. *svana*), to sound.

— *Those prime of days.*] Prime (Lat. *primus*, first) is either a substantive or adjective meaning first: either first in order of time or of merit. First in order of time, prime, the hour for the first service in the Roman Catholic Church. First in order of merit, as in the phrase "the prime of life," meaning its best part. Here the word must be used as an adjective, and in the first sense: "those earliest days of days." Cf. Milton, P. L. i. 506.

ANALYSIS (272—308).—*Change from Golden Age to Modern Degeneracy.*

273. *Golden Age.*] The ancient poets believed that there was a time when complete happiness reigned on the earth. They called it the Reign of Saturn, or the Golden Age. There was no war, no fighting; the earth gladly brought forth her fruits without the labour of men; there was no injustice, no disease, no misery of any kind. Cf. Ovid, Metam. i. 89–112. In the Jewish, and afterwards in the Christian religion, this took the form of a belief in the Garden of Eden; unhappiness and toil, "the sweat of the brow," were the results of Adam's sin. Then came the fall of man, according to the Bible sudden, according to heathen authors by a gradual deterioration. They made a sliding scale of ages, each succeeding age worse than that which preceded it: the silver age, the copper or brazen age, the heroic age, and the iron age, in which they left the world, hoping for a return of Saturn's reign, but with no sign of such return. The modern view of a golden age is to put it in the future rather than in the past, to look forward for it rather than backward.

This view comes from Christianity, and partially from Judaism. The first sign of it is to be found in the Hebrew prophets, in their forward-looking for the coming of Messiah. It is perpetuated in Christianity by the forward-looking of Christians for Christ's return to reign upon earth for a thousand years, which is called the Millennium.

This difference of view with respect to a golden age, leads to two different orders of minds. A golden age in the past produces Conservatives, in the future Liberals. The former believe that change is for the worse; that it is therefore our duty to keep (conserve) what we can of things as they are. The boat is being carried away by the stream, and we must hold it. The latter believe that the general tendency of change is for the better.

> "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."
>
> TENNYSON, Mort d'Arthur.

They are therefore in favour of, and believe in, progress.

On this subject Tennyson's Golden Year should be read. After the poet has sung a song about the good time coming, the golden age in the future, when all men's good shall be each man's rule, then his companion breaks in with—

> "What stuff is this?
> Old writers push'd the happy season back;
> The more fools they, we forward: dreamers both:
> You most, that in an age, when every hour
> Must sweat her sixty minutes to the death,
> Live on, God love us, as if the seedsman, rapt
> Upon the teeming harvest, should not plunge
> His hand into the bag: but well I know
> That unto him who works, and feels he works,
> This same grand year is over at the door."

The golden age of literature is that epoch of a country's history when her literature is richest: as in Roman History, the age of Augustus Cæsar.

274. *Iron times.*] Lat. *ferreus*, iron-hearted. Cf. A. 1294: "an iron race." Sh., K. John, IV. i. 60:

> "Ah! none but in this *iron* age would do it."

275. *Dregs of life.*] The dregs are the remains, left in a cup, after drinking. The *s* in this word is a difficulty. It is either from A. S. *drágan*, drag, draw, drain, what is left after the liquid is drawn off; or from A. S. *drig*, dry; that which, compared with the liquid, is dry.

278. *Poise.*] (Old Fr. *poise, pese*; modern Fr. *poids*, weight. Lat. *pondus.*) It means balance of weights. Equipoise is a common word Cf. Milton, Comus, 410: Cf. A 36; S. 42.

> "Where an equal *poise* of hope and fear
> Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
> That I incline to hope."

282. Two kinds of anger are here distinguished, convulsive or passionate anger, and pale or silent anger. The former is passion, the latter resentment. Anger is not always wrong. It is a passion sometimes dictated by reason. Cf. Butler's Sermons, viii. On Resentment. "Be ye angry and sin not," Ephes. iv. 26.

— *At large.*] At liberty.

283. *Fell.*] Cruel, savage. A. S. *fell.* Old Fr. *fel.* Lat. *felo*, is found in a capitulary of Charles the Bald. Cf. 308: "fell and joyless inhumanity." S. 921: "the keen hyena, fellest of the fell." Macaulay's Horatius, 40. 5: "fell pirate." Cf. felon, as in Liberty, iv.:

"Nought but the felon, undermining hound
Of dark corruption, can its frame dissolve."

284. *Base envy withers at another's joy.*] Aristotle notices the opposite feeling, malignity which rejoices in another's woe. ἐπιχαιρεκακία. Eth. IV. vii. 15. Cf. German, *Schaden freude.* In Rhet. II. ix. 5, Aristotle says that envy and this form of malignity are really the same. Cf. Trench, On Study of Words, p. 29. Christianity says: "Rejoice with them that do rejoice."

288. *Love.*] In Lat. *amor*; bitter, *amarus.*

291. *Never-cloy'd desire.*] Really unselfish love, which is never cloyed nor surfeited with love. Cloy, Fr. *clouer*, Lat. *clavus.* Cf. Eng. cleave, in the sense of cling to.

295. *Grief, of life impatient, into madness swells.*] The belief, apparently, that suicide is always the result of madness. Such an explanation of suicide is probably untrue. It is an act of moral cowardice, shunning the evils of life. But cowardice is not madness. On suicide Cf. Sh., Hamlet, III. i. 55. Hamlet's soliloquy:

"To be, or not to be,—that is the question."

Tennyson, Two Voices, and (a nearer parallel to this passage) Aylmer's Field:

"Friends, this frail bark of ours, when sorely tried,
May wreck itself without the pilot's guilt,
Without the captain's knowledge."

Aristot. Eth. III. vii. 13. v. 11.

301. This unconcern is called Cynicism.

302. *Averting.*] (Lat. *averto*, turn away; Sansk. *vrit*, to turn) usually an active verb, here neuter.

303. *Winding wiles.*] Cf. 727: "Song of winding woe." Wiles, which wind about like a maze, so that they cannot be unravelled. Milton, S. A. 871:

"I thought where all thy *circling wiles* would end."

304. *Coward.*] Here an adjective, usually a substantive. Cf. Sh., K. John, III. i. 158: "the coward hand of France."

305. *Extinct each social feeling.*] Nominative absolute.

— *Fell.*] Cf. 253.

207. *Petrifies.*] Turns to stone. A hybrid word, from Grk. *πέτρα*, rock, and *facio*, make, *fio*, become. Cf. Kálidása Sringára-tilaka, v. 3, where a lover asks his beloved:

"Dhátá
Kánte Katham ghatitaván upalena chetas."

"How is it that the Creator formed your heart of stone?"

ANALYSIS (309—335.)—*The Deluge and its results.*

309. *Old dusky time.*] Old time, of which we are ignorant, because of its indistinctness. Dusk is the period of twilight, after the sun has set, and before its light is fully gone, when nothing is seen distinctly. Cf. Pope's Homer, Il. xxi.: "As soon as night her *dusky* veil extends."

— *Deluge.*] There is a universal tradition of a deluge. An account of it is given in Gen. 6–8.

309. "The description of our author is founded upon what may be termed the philosophical romance of the Rev. Thomas Burnet, who published his sacred theory of the earth, 'Telluris Theoria Sacra,' in 1680. He taught that the earth before the Flood enjoyed a perpetual Spring. (Cf. Virg., Geor. ii. 338: "Ver illud erat, ver magnus agebat orbis.") That it differed from the post-diluvial world by having no sea, no mountains, nor rocks, nor broken caverns, but was one continued and regular mass. The soil was so tempered that it brought forth not only plants but animals, man excepted, who was the immediate handiwork of the Creator. He supposed that the globe consisted of a solid nucleus, surrounded with water, over which was a crust of solid earth. Now, at the Deluge, that is, according to Burnet, 'at a time appointed by Divine Providence, and from causes made ready to do that great execution upon a sinful world,' the crust or outer form of the world fell into the great abyss, the water of which, rushing out, overflowed 'all the parts and regions of the broken earth, during the great commotion and agitation of the abyss.' It would be unnecessary to refute this fanciful hypothesis, had it not been already demolished by the discoveries of modern science."—A. T. T.

310. *Deep-cleft.*] Deeply-divided. Cleft is past part. of cleave.

— *Disparting.*] Cf. S. 709: "The flood disparts." It is here active, and there neuter. It means divide, part into two. Cf. Spenser, Faerie Queene, I. x: "On either side disparted with his rod."

— *Orb that arch'd the central waters.*] The crust of the earth.

— *The orb rush'd into the gulf.*] It is difficult to conceive the poet's meaning. He seems to have been anxious to combine Burnet's theory with the words of Milton. Cf. Par. Lost, xi. 743:

"Down *rush'd* the rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen."

314. *Undulation.*] The movement of waves. (Lat. *unda*, a wave.)

315. *Streaming clouds.*] Thomson adds rain, the usual theory of the

way in which the deluge was brought about, to the fanciful theory of Burnet.

316. *Shoreless ocean.*] Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, xi. 749:

"Sea covered sea,
Sea without shore."

Ovid, Metam. i. 292:

"Omnia pontus erat: deerant quoque littora ponto."

320. *Great Spring.*] Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 244:

"While universal Pan,
Knit with the graces and the hours in dance,
Led on the *eternal Spring*."

Virg., Georg. ii. 338:

"Ver illud erat, ver magnus agebat
Orbis."

Ovid, Metam. i. 107: "Ver erat æternum."

— *Waste of snows.*] Latinism.

321. *Green'd.*] Cf. A. 1260: "Whatever greens the Spring." "God greens the groves." It properly means to make green. So the verbs blacken, whiten, redden: green cannot change because it already ends in *en*. Barlow uses the word. Chaucer also, Rom. of the Rose:

"Certain I am full like indeede
To him that cast in earth his seede,
And hath joy to the new springing
When it *greneth* in the ginning."

— *Fruits and blossoms.*] Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 140:

"Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue."

322. *Social.*] In society, as companions. (Lat. *socius*.)

324. *Zephyr.*] Cf. 202 n.

325. *Nor.*] For neither. Cf. or for either, 5, 247.

326. *Hurricanes.*] Fr. *ouragan*, which is from *orage*. Low Lat. *auragium*; but more probably a South American word.

327. *Sulphurous.*] From Milton, Par. Lost, i. 171–2:

"The *sulphurous* hail
Shot after us in storms."

330. *Springs.*] Motives that lead to action.

331. *The sport.*] In apposition to our drooping days.

332. Indian readers will observe that this rapid change of weather and of season does not apply to their country. One who is only accustomed to the climate of India would marvel at the rapidity with which, in England and other countries of Western Europe, the weather is *tossed* from one extreme to another.

335. "It is scarcely requisite to remark that the description contained in the foregoing paragraphs (317–335) is a pure poetic fiction. The sea-

sons and the phenomena of storms, and thunder and lightning, are inseparable from the constitution of our globe. The seasons are the results of its revolution round the sun; storms and hurricanes are electrical, and connected with the state of its atmosphere."—A. T. T.

ANALYSIS (336—378).—*Vegetarianism.*

336. *Neglected.*] Not culled; used here in its primary sense. It is derived from Lat. *lego*, to gather.

337. *Soul of nutriment.*] Cf. 237: soul of happiness.

340. *Ravin.*] A strong form of rapine. The adjective formed from it is ravenous. Nahum, ii. 12: "The lion filled his holes with prey, and his dens with *ravin*." Sh., Mac. II. i. 24: "the *ravin'd* salt-sea shark."

Cf. Tennyson, In Memoriam, 55:

"Though Nature, red in tooth and claw
With *ravine*, shrieked against his creed."

344. *Steer.*] Cf. 35.

346. *Tempered high.*] High-tempered is a common phrase, but not in this inverted form, nor exactly with this meaning. It here means that they have strong passions. To temper means to mix, to moderate by mixing. (Lat. *tempero*.) Cf. 51, note. According to an ancient doctrine of medicine, man was believed to consist of four humours, black bile, yellow bile, blood and phlegm. The mixture was his temperament or temper; and if they were well mixed, he was called good-humoured, or good-tempered. But as any one of the four was greater than the rest, he was melancholy (Grk. μέλας, black, χολή, bile), or atrabilious (Lat. *ater*, black and *bilis*, bile), choleric (χολή) sanguine (Lat. *sanguis*, blood), or phlegmatic.

354. *Shall he, fair form!*] Cf. Tennyson, In Memoriam, 55:

"And he, shall he,
Man her last work, who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes . . ."

355. *Erect on heaven.*] I.e. without bending. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 288:

"Two of far nobler shape, *erect* and tall."

Ovid, Metam. i. 84:

"*Erectos* ad sidera tollere vultus."

359. *But you, ye flocks, what have ye done?*] Apparently suggested by 2 Sam. xxiv. 17, which was however, spoken metaphorically: "These sheep, what have they done?"

361. *Luscious.*] Sweet, pleasing; prob. from lush, juicy. Cf. Sh., Tempest, II. i. 50: "How *lush* and lusty the grass looks? how green?"

Milton, Comus, 662:

"Shed the *luscious* liquor on the ground."

362. *Plain ox.*] Cf. S. 490.

365. The use of oxen for ploughing has gone out in England.

366. *Pomp.*] Cf. 73 n.

370. A man who abstains from animal food is called a vegetarian. No biographer tells us that Thomson practised what he praises, or was himself a vegetarian. It is merely a poetic fancy here. If the argument from final causes may be allowed, the situation and shape of man's teeth as compared with those of purely herbivorous (herb-eating) or of purely carnivorous (flesh-eating) animals, would disprove the vegetarian's position. Shelley, in his Revolt of Islam, makes his people feed on fruits, not on slain animals:

"Gore nor poison none
This festal kind pollute."

373. *The numbers of the Samian sage.*] Pythagoras, a Greek philosopher, who was born in the island of Samos, in the Ægean Sea, B.C. 570. He taught at Croton, and died at Metapontum, both being in Magna Græcia, in the South of Italy. Thomson has a long account of him in Liberty, Part iii. 62, seq., ending with the following passage, which forms a good parallel to the text:

"He e'en within his tender system took
Whatever shares the brotherhood of life:
He taught that life's indissoluble flame
From brute to man, and man to brute again,
For ever shifting runs the eternal round;
Thence tried against the blood-polluted meal,
And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,
To turn the human heart."

His moral teachings were very pure. He first named the four cardinal virtues; and he taught that virtue was a resemblance to God. But his most famous doctrine is that to which allusion is here made: the transmigration of souls, as a necessary consequence of which he taught the abstinence from animal food. On this doctrine, cf. Sh., Twelfth Night, IV. ii.:

"Clown: What is the opinion of Pythagoras respecting wild fowl?
Malvolio: That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird."

Like all early philosophers, Pythagoras wrote in verse. This is the meaning of the word *numbers*.

376. The doctrine of the gradual perfectibility of men, the law of progress. That which grows quickly does not last. All good growth is by a series of stages. There is similar teaching in Tennyson's In Memoriam.

377. Cf. Liberty, Part iii. 68, continuation of passage quoted above:

"Delightful truth,
Had he beheld the living chain ascend,
And not a circling form, but rising whole."

ANALYSIS (379—442.)—*Spring-fishing.*

383. *Guile.*] Sc. of an artificial, made to appear like a real, fly.

384. Fly-fishing for trout and salmon. The apparatus consists of artificial flies, a pliant rod, horse-hair line, and a thin strong line made of gut. Thomson came from a district which is famed for its fishing (cf. S. 889–891), the banks of the Tweed and its tributaries.

388. *Tortur'd worm.*] Why has the poet pity for the worm, not for the trout?

394. *Potent.*] Lat., *powerful.* It is made up of *pot* (Sansk. *pati*, master, Grk. ποτνια), and *esse* to be.

395. *Finny race.*] Fish. Cf. 165 n.

397. *Chief.*] Adj. used for adv.

— *Curling.*] Sc. the clouds.

398. *Ether.*] The lower atmosphere of the world. Cf. 148 n.

399. *Fount.*] I.e. source. Lat. *fontis*, gen. of *fons.*

403. *Naiads.*] Water-nymphs, deities who presided over springs and rivers. (Grk. νεω; Sansk. *nu*, swim.) Cf. Sh., Tempest, IV. i. 128:

"You nymphs, called *Nayads*, of the winding brooks."

408. *Nice-judging.*] Judging accurately. Adj. again used for adv.

416. *Various hand.*] Hand of varying skill, and possibly of strength, as the size of the fish requires.

419. *Piteous of his youth.*] Latinism.

420. *Vital light.*] Light which gives life. (Lat. *vita.*) Cf. Virg., Æn. ii. 85; xii. 934, 965; and Milton, S. A. 90–1:

"Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself."

424. *Pendent.*] Lat. *hanging.* Cf. Sh., Macbeth, I. vi. 7:

"No jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his *pendent* bed, and procreant cradle."

Milton also uses the word.

— *Monarch of the brook.*] The salmon.

425. *Behoves.*] More commonly *it behoves.* The real nominative to behoves is "to ply your art."

428. *The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.*] His fear, and at the same time his desire to take the bait, are shown in the agitation which he makes in the water, and which produces dimples on its surface.

429. *Shaded.*] Sc. by the cloud. Proleptic use of participle. Whilst the cloud passes over the sun so as to make it shaded.

430. *The death.*] Sc. the hook and bait, which will bring death to him.

433. *Ooze.*] Cf. 83. Soft mud. Johnson connects with Fr. *eaux*;

others with German *asche, wasser*, water. A. S. *wós*, moist. All the *Ouses* are sluggish rivers. Cf. Sh., Tempest, III. iii. 100:

"My son i' the ooze is bedded."

Prior uses it apparently for the spring of a river:

"From his first fountain and beginning ooze
Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows."

It has also a technical sense, the liquor of a tanner's vat. To ooze is to flow out gently.

435. *Flounce.*] Onomatopoetic word, i. e. formed that its sound may suit the sense, roll up and down, plunge. Cf. 824.

Thomson's paraphrase of Ps. civ.:

"Monsters that *flounce* upon the boiling tide."

"After his horse had *flounced* and floundered with his heeles in the soft and clammy mud." "He rages, storms, and *flounces* through the stream."—On a Country Life, 84.

Tennyson's Sea Dreams:

"The dimpled flap of the sea-furbelow *flounce*."

Cf. *frounce*, Milton, II Pens. 123.

ANALYSIS (443—515.)—*General appearance of nature in Spring.*

445. Shooting, even through deep and hidden places which might be expected to be free from his influences, the listless languor which is the result of heat.

446. *Flowering elders.*] "The common Guelder rose, or water elder. It is a shrub found in swampy thickets, flowering early in June. The flowers are in bunches, of that form which botanists term cyme: white, intermingled with green, linear, floral leaves. The fruit is an elliptical, bright red, juicy, bitter berry."—A. T. T.

447. The *lily of the valley* flowers in May. "It is not often found where the poet has placed it, but frequently in groves and woods."—A. T. T. It is regarded as an emblem of modesty.

448. *Balmy essence.*] Object after breathes.

448. *Cowslip.*] It flowers in April and May. Cf. Sh., Midsummer Night's Dream:

"The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see."

Ben Jonson:

"Bright day's eyes, and the lips of cows," (daisies and cowslips).

It hangs its dewy head under the influence of the heat of the sun.

449. *Purple violets lurk.*] The sweet violet that flowers in March

April. The flower is so hidden by the leaves that it is taken as an emblem of modesty. Cf. Sh., Winter's Tale, IV. v. :

"Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath."

452. *Liquid wing.*] Wing that passes through liquid or soft air, cutting it like the arm of a swimmer cuts the water. For the word see Gray On the Spring, "*liquid* noon," where, however, its sense is a little different.

453. *Culver.*] A. S. *culfre.* Old English name for pigeon, still used in Devonshire. Cf. Lat. *columba.* Here it means the rock pigeon. Cf. Spenser, F. Q. vii. 34, 6 :

"More light than *culver* in the faucon's fist."

It is used by Wickliffe in his translation, Gen. viii. 8, Matt. iii. 16.

— *The hawk.*] "The Peregrine falcon, common in parts of Scotland, which makes its nest in high rocks."—A. T. T.

454. *Beetling cliff.*] Beetle : hang out, be prominent. See L. of L. ii. 694 n. ; and Sh., Ham. I. iv. 71 :

"The cliff that beetles o'er his base."

A. S. *beotian*, to threaten.

— *Eyry.*] Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, vii. 424 :

"The eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their *eyries* build."

The word has two meanings, and is spelt in two ways. It means either a nest, or a young brood of hawks. It is also spelt aiery ; but eyry is more correct, as the word is not connected with air, but is derived from A. S. *ey*, an egg. A different account connects the word with the Fr. *aire* ; Lat. *area*, a flat surface of rock where the eagle makes its nest, and then the nests of birds of prey. It may be connected with eyas, a young hawk, but that is a corruption (an eias, a niais) from the Fr. *niais*, Lat. *nidus*. Cf. Dryden, Hind and Panther, Part iii. :

"Some haggard hawk, who had her *eyry* nigh,
Well pounced to fasten and well winged to fly."

And Sh., K. John, v. ii. :

"And like an eagle o'er his *aiery* towers."

Richard III., I. iii. :

"Your aiery buildeth in our *aiery's* nest."

456. *Mantuan swain.*] Virgil. Cf. 55.

459. *Athwart.*] Cf. Sh., Romeo and Juliet, I. iv. 58 :

"*Athwart* men's noses as they lie asleep."

460. *Vocal woods.*] Woods full of voices. Cf. S. 481: "The vocal grove." Cf. Gray, Bard, i. 27:

(Oaks and caves) "*vocal* no more since Cambria's fatal day."

Milton, Par. Lost, v. 204:

"To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made *vocal* by my song and taught his praise."

Milton, Comus, 247: "The *vocal* air."

464. *Soothe.*] Imperative.

471. Cf. St. Matt. vi. 29: "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

479. *Inexhaustive.*] Inexhaustible, which cannot be exhausted. So Sh., Julius Cæsar, II. i. 134:

"The *insuppressive* mettle of our spirits."

And Milton, Lycidas, 176:

"Hears the *unexpressive* nuptial song."

480. *Successless.*] Without success.

483. *Amanda.*] Miss Young. Cf. Introduction.

434. *Graces.*] In heathen mythology, three beautiful sisters who attended on Venus. In Gray, Ode to Spring, the Hours are mentioned as part of Venus' train; and in Milton's Par. Lost, iv. 267, both of them are coupled as dancing together with Pan.

485. Cf. Milton, Il Pens. 31:

"Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure."

489. *Rosy-footed.*] Cf. 1010: "Rosy-bosom'd Spring." S. 122: "Rosy-finger'd hours." Cf. Gray, i. 1 n. And Tennyson, Maud:

"Her feet have touch'd the meadows,
And left the daisies rosy."

491. *Prime.*] Cf. 271.

495. *Irriguous.*] Well watered, full of springs and rills. It agrees with vale. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 254:

"On the flowery lap
Of some *irriguous* valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose."

Cf. Virg., Georg. iv. 32:

"Irriguumque libant violaria fontem."

495. *Lily.*] The daffodil, or Lent lily.

500. *Arabia.*] Famed for its perfumes. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 161:

> "Sabean odours from the spicy shore
> Of Araby the Blest."

Sh., Macbeth, v. i. 59: "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

502. *Takes.*] Lat. *captat.*

508. On bees, cf. Virg., Georg. iv. Bees are of three kinds: queen bee, female, only one in a hive; drones, males; and working-bees, which are of neither gender. Working-bees are of two kinds: nurse-bees, who make the honey and feed the larvæ or young bees; and wax-makers, who build the new comb.

— *Fervent.*] Working hard, so as to glow. Cf. S. 524: "fervent flood." Cf. Virg., Georg. iv. 169: "fervet opus."

511. *Inserted tube.*] The bee is provided with a small proboscis, like the trunk of an elephant, by means of which it extracts honey from the flowers.

514. *Where the wild thyme grows.*] Cf. Sh., Midsummer Night's Dream, II. i. 249:

> "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows."

515. *Yellow.*] They are discoloured by the pollen of the flower, which they gather to make the bee-bread. Cf. S. 628. Sh., 2 Henry IV., IV. iv. 75:

> "When, like the bee, culling from every flower
> The virtuous sweets,
> Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey,
> We bring it to the hives; and, like the bees,
> Are murdered for our pains."

ANALYSIS (516—555.)—*The Garden in Spring.*

517. *Vista.*] Italian word, connected with Lat. *video*, to see, connected with Sans. *bhid*, to pierce, separate. (Cf. Lat. *cerno.*) A long narrow avenue, down which there is a clear view.

529. *Unbosoms.*] 1. Reveal in confidence. Milton, S. A. 678:

> "*Unbosom'd* all my secret thoughts to thee."

2. Open, disclose. Ode on Passion (four lines from end):

> "Would soon *unbosom* all thine echoes mild."

530. *Snowdrop.*] An intensely white flower. It blooms earliest of all flowers, even as early as January.

530. *Crocus.*] A yellow spring flower. It blooms very early—in February and March.

531. *Daisy.*] Day's eye, so called because it opens with the day and closes at sunset. It flowers from March to November. Chaucer calls it "the eiegh of the daie;" Spenser, "the little daizie that at evening closes;" Burns, "the wee modest crimson-tipped flower."

— *Primrose.*] The prime or early rose (Lat. *primus*), "the rathe primrose." It flowers in April and May, so that the name is not quite justly given. It is, however, preserved in other languages. The Latin name is *primula*, Fr. *primevere*, first of the Spring. Cf. *L.* of L. i. 216-n.

— *Violet dark by blue.*] Cf. 449: "Purple violets lurk."

532. *Polyanthus.*] (Grk. πολυς, many, and ἀνθος, flower). It is a variety of the cowslip, and is never found wild.

533. *Wall-flower.*] The cultivated, or bloody wall-flower of botanists.

534. *Stock.*] A flower with dark purple, red, or white blossoms, both found wild and cultivated. "The odour is aromatic, and very widely diffused."—A. T. T.

536. *Anemones.*] Wind flowers. (Grk. ἀνεμος, wind, probably Sans. *an*, to breathe). It is easily moved by the wind. The wood-anemone is the commonest in England; it flowers in March and April.

— *Auriculas.*] (Lat. *auris*, the ear.) A species of primrose, which obtained its name from the peculiar shape of its leaves.

538. *Ranunculus.*] (Lat. *rana*, frog.) So called because, like a frog, it frequents watery places. The *ranunculus Asiaticus* is of a rich red colour.

539. *Tulip.*] A bulbous plant of great beauty. There are a great many varieties, about 600. Tulip, from the Pers. *tulbend*, which means a turban, and was applied by Europeans to the flower from its resemblance to the turban.

"The poet labours under a mistake in stating that the influence of the pollen 'from family diffused to family' is the cause of the variety of colour in tulips: it depends entirely upon circumstances, incidental to cultivation, which are not understood."—A. T. T.

541. *Father-dust.*] Plants were discovered by Linnæus, the Swedish botanist, to consist of two sexes, like animals. The father-dust is the pollen, which is produced by the stamen, and whence the species is reproduced.

— *Break.*] Is the technical term for the emission of this pollen.

— *Florist.*] A man who cultivates flowers. (Lat. *flos, floris*, a flower).

546. *Musk.*] Fragrant.

547. *Hyacinths.*] The oriental hyacinth. The Greeks said that the hyacinth received its name from a beautiful youth named Hyacinthus, of whom Apollo was enamoured. The God killed him by accident with a quoit, and then turned him into the flower that he might always bathe in morning dews and drink the pure air of heaven. Its leaves are supposed to be marked with the Greek words' *aï, aï*, woe, woe, expressing sorrow for his fate.

548. *Jonquils.*] The jonquil is a species of narcissus, indigenous to Spain, but which is cultivated in England. Jonquil, from Lat. *juncus*, from the reed-like articulation of its leaves.

549. *Narcissus.*] Known as *narcissus poeticus.* It is not very common in England, and is found oftener in high ground than on the margin of streams and fountains, where the fable places it. A beautiful Greek youth, who was always admiring the beauty of his own face, and hanging over clear streams and pools to see its reflection (for he lived in days when looking-glasses were not invented), was punished by being changed into this flower, which is supposed still to hang its head over the water.

551. *Carnations* and *pinks* belong to the same genus—*Dianthus*, or flower of God.

552. *Damask-rose.*] Rose of Damascus, a city famous for its gardens. Otto or attar of roses is made in India from the damask rose, the musk rose, and the hundred-leaved rose.

554. *Lines on lines.*] Cf. 121 : "myriads on myriads." 139 : "clouds on clouds."

556. *Universal Soul.*] Cf. Sans. *átman*, soul, as in jagad-átman (soul of earth), an epithet of the Creator.

557. *Essential Presence.*] What is called in Sans. *vedánta*, sat (presence).

— *Hues expression cannot paint.*] Relative omitted. Hues which expression, i.e. language, cannot paint.

ANALYSIS (556—571.)—*Hymn to Creator.*

This hymn breathes the spirit of Pantheism.

562. *Filmy net.*] Cellular tissues of the bark of trees and shrubs.

566. *Juicy tide.*] Sap.

568. *Detruded to the root.*] "In the winter we commonly say that all vegetation is at rest, that the sap ceases to flow, new parts no longer developed, and old parts to enlarge. But this is not exactly true. It appears from experiment that vegetation is at all times more or less active, and that we ought to say that it is languid in winter, and energetic in spring and summer."—Lindley's Botany.

569. *In fluent dance.*] The sap flows quickly. Dance is used of a gay, quick, joyous motion.

571. *Innumerous-colour'd.*] Another instance of the use of an adjective for an adverb, not hidden in the compound. Painted with colours which cannot be numbered. Cf. 608 n.

ANALYSIS (571—788.)—*The passion of the groves; loves of the birds.*

577. *Mazy-running.*] Cf. Milton, L'Allegro, 142:

"The melting voice through *mazes running.*"

578. *Varied verse.*] Proleptic: into my verse, so as to make it varied.

— *Deduce.*] Probably a Latinism. The Latin *deduco* sometimes means to spin, and in that sense is frequently applied to poetical composition. Cf. Ovid, Metam. i. 3–4:

"Ab origine mundi
Ad mea perpetuum *deducite* tempora carmen."

And Hor., Sat. ii. 1, 4:

"Versus *deduci* posse."

— *The first note the hollow cuckoo sings.*] Relative omitted. Note which the cuckoo sings.

579. *Hollow cuckoo.*] This epithet is given to the cuckoo because its note is monotonous. The name also is onomatopoetic, given from its note. The bird is not a nice character: it builds no nest of its own, but drops its eggs into the nests of other birds. Yet every one rejoices to hear its note, because it is the first heard before other birds begin; it is the harbinger of Spring. From the description given of this bird by our poet, as well as from the resemblance of the names, the *cuckoo* is probably the same as the kokil of the Sanskrit poets. In Kâlidâsa Vikrâm A. iv. the king addresses the bird as follows:—Tvâm kâmino madanadûtim udâharanti: "Lovers call you the messenger of love" (Spring being the favourite season of lovers). The bird is supposed to answer, *kah, kah,* "who, who" (this being its note), which the king interprets again, kah ka iti âha, "This (bird) asks 'whom do you mean?'"

580. *Symphony.*] (Grk. *σύν*, together, and *φωνή*, Sans. *dhvani*, from *dhvan*, to emit a sound, a voice.) A singing together, a concert. Cf. Milton, P. L. i. 742; L. of L. i. 15 n.

581. *The passion of the groves.*] Spring is the time for the pairing of birds. The popular belief is that they begin to pair on Saint Valentine's day (Feb. 14). Cf. Scott, Marmion, III. viii. 7; and Sh., Mid. Night's Dream, IV. i.:

"Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?"

And Tennyson, Princess, p. 119:

"Birds that piped their valentines."

One poet has carried on the idea of Spring as love-time for others besides birds. Tennyson, Locksley Hall, 17–20:

"In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast:
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest:
In the Spring a livelier iris brightens on the burnish'd dove:
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

583. *Vital air.*] Cf. 421.

585. *Plume.*] To pick and adjust the feathers.

590. *Lark.*] Sky-lark. Shelley wrote an ode to a sky-lark:

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven or near it
Pourest thy full spirit
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

Sh., Cymbeline, Act II.:

"Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings."

594. *The tuneful nations.*] Cf. 165.

597. *Quiristers.*] Cf. 270 n.

598. *Prodigal of harmony.*] A Latinism.

— *Thrush.*] Throstle or mavis. Lat. *turdus.* It is a bird which migrates to the South of Europe in the winter. It returns early in the Spring, however, and its note may be heard in February.

599. *Wood-lark.*] Smaller, but with a song sweeter though less varied, than the sky-lark.

601. *Philomela.*] Classical name for nightingale. The story was that Philomela, daughter of Pandion, the King of Athens, was turned into a nightingale. This bird sings in the day as well as in the night, but its song is noticed more in the night because other birds are then silent. It sings only in the Spring and Summer months. The poet speaks of the song as if it came from the female nightingale (*her* night): it comes, however, really from the male. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 603:

"All but the wakeful nightingale:
She all night long her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleased."

604. *Blackbird.*] A Spring songster. *Whistle* is intended to express the sound of its note.

605. *Mellow bullfinch.*] The epithet mellow refers to the song of the bullfinch: its natural notes are so soft as to be scarcely audible, but it can be trained to acquire artificial notes.

606. *Linnets.*] The name is said to be derived from the [illegible]

these birds feed on seeds, especially linseed and flax-seed. They are also called flax-finches. Cf. L. of L. ii. 2 n.

607. *Pour'd out profusely.*] Cf. Shelley on the sky-lark:

"*Pourest* thy full spirit
In *profuse* strains of unpremeditated art."

Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 243:

"Nature born
Pour'd forth *profuse*."

608 *Innumerous.*] That cannot be numbered. Lat. *innumerus*. Cf. Æn. vi. 706: "Innumeræ gentes."

611. *Mellifluous.*] Flowing like honey. (Lat. *mel*, honey, *fluo*, flow.) Milton, Comus, 249. Cf. in Sans. *madhu vasati jihvágre* (said of a flatterer generally), "Honey is on the tip of his tongue;" and Hom., Iliad i. 249:

Τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέεν αὐδή.
"And from his tongue dropped language sweeter than honey."

— *Jay.*] (Fr. *gai.*) A kind of crow with elegant plumage, but a harsh grating note.

— *Rook.*] A gregarious, social bird. Its note is called a caw.

— *Daw*, or Jackdaw.] A bird not very unlike a rook.

611. *Harsh pipe.*] The notes of the birds. Cf. Milton, Lycidas, 124: "Scrannel pipes."

— *Discordant heard alone, aid the full concert.*] Cf. Tennyson, Sea Dreams:

"The discord dear to the musician."

612. *Stock-dove.* Cf. S. 615:

"The *stock-dove* only through the forest coos
Mournfully hoarse."

It is the same as the wood-pigeon, and its name is derived from the fact that it was believed to be the original stock from which all the other varieties of the dove tribe took their origin.

614. *'Tis love creates.*] Relative omitted. 'Tis love which creates.

617. *Glossy kind.*] Cf. 165.

618. *Every winning way inventive love.*] Relative omitted. Every way which love.

624. *Regardless.*] Not regarding. Cf. 480, successless.

627. *Approvance.*] The common form of the word is approval.

629. *Rotation.*] Literally wheeling. (Lat. *rota*, a wheel.)

631. *Connubial leagues agreed.*] Nominative absolute.

632. *All as their fancy leads.*] This is in the ballad style. Cf. 728 n.

634. *Nature's great command.*] "Be fruitful and multiply," Gen. ix. 1.

635. *Nor all . . . indulged.*] And that all . . . may not be indulged in vain.

641. Nominative absolute.

645. *Shaggy.*] Cf. 910-n.: "shagged." Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 224: "shaggy hill."

646. *Babbling.*] The murmuring noise which the brook makes as it pours over the stones. Cf. Tennyson's Brook:

"I chatter, chatter, as I go
To join the brimming river."

649. *Pendent.*] Cf. 424.

650. *Domes.*] Nest. Lat. *domus*, a house, home.

652. *Bound with clay.*] Cf. S. Rogers, A Wish:

"The swallow oft beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest."

653. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, i. 767:

"Thick swarmed both on the ground and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings."

Tennyson, Princess:

"The murmurs of innumerable bees."

Homer, Il. ii. 87; Virg., Æn. i. 430; Ibid. vi. 707:

654. *Swallow*, or house-martin.] A bird which builds its nest under the eaves of houses or barns. It does not remain in England for the winter, but migrates to a warmer clime.

— *Sweeps the slimy pool.*] To get clay. Dr. Thomson says that they do not sweep the pool, but get clay anywhere.

656. *Intent.*] Eager, with *mind bent* on it. (Lat. *intendo*, bend.)

661. *Assiduous.*] Cf. W. 143. (Lat. *assideo*; Sans. *sad*, sit close upon.)

666. *Opponent.*] Opposite. Latin form of word. Opponent is generally reserved for opposite in a hostile sense.

670. *Callow.*] A. S. *calo*; Lat. *calvus*; Fr. *chauve*: without hair, or young, tender, unfledged.

672. *Brittle bondage.*] The egg-shell.

679. Nominative absolute. And this having been equally distributed.

680, 681. *Gentle, generous.*] Sc. of noble birth. Cf. 67, note.

683. *Cot.*] Cottage. It is also used of a child's bed.

695. *White-wing'd plover.*] The lapwing or peewit. The latter name is given from the sound of its note. In its solicitude for its young it tries to attract the attention of any one who approaches from its young to itself.

— *Wheels her sounding flight.*] Cf. Gray's Elegy, v. 7:

"The beetle *wheels* his droning *flight*."

696. *Slight.*] Is a cognate accusative after wheels.

698. *Wild duck.*] She covers her nest with hay whenever she leaves it, as long as the eggs remain there.

700. *Heath-hen.*] Water-hen, or moor-hen. She flutters not only over the water, but over the surface of the land.

— *Pious fraud.*] Deceit with a good object: doing evil that good may come, a doctrine of the Jesuits.

701. *Spaniel.*] So called from Hispaniola (Hayti), of which it is a native. An English dog, used for sporting. Cf. L. of L. ii. 70 n.

707. The poet speaks against the practice, common in England, of confining birds in cages.

708. Cf. Sterne's description of the starling, "I can't get out," in the Sentimental Journey.

714. *Chief.* Adjective for adverb.

715. *Her ruin'd care.*] The care of her which would amount to ruin, as she would no longer be able to sing. The nightingale is not often kept in a cage in England, because it cannot sustain the cold of an English winter. In other countries it is caged. Dr. Thomson quotes Russell's History of Aleppo, vol. i. p. 206, to show that nightingales are kept in cages there, and let out to sing at evening parties.

719. *Hard hands of unrelenting clowns.*] Cf. Sh., Julius Cæsar, iv. iii. 72, 4 :

"To wring
From the *hard hands* of peasants their vile trash."

— *Clowns.*] Lat. *colonus*, cultivator. Loon, lown, connected with clod, clot; Ger. *klotz*; Dutch, *klotte*.

722. *Near the mourner to the poplar shade.*] Cf. Virg., Georg. iv. 511 :

"Qualis populea mœrens Philomela sub umbra
Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens, miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœstis late loca questibus implet."

Soph. Antig. 428.

Beaumont and Fletcher, Faithful Shepherdess, v. iii. :

"The nightingale among the thick-leaved Spring
Doth sit alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning."

773. *All abandon'd.*] Cf. Scott, Lady of the Lake, i. 24 :

"*All* unworthy of thy nobler strain."

And Milton, Par. Lost, iii. 137–9 :

"Our great enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted."

725. *Dying fall.*] Sc. fall of the note of music. Cf. L. of L. i. 651 n.

Cf. Sh., Twelfth Night, i. 4. 4.:

> "That strain again! it had a *dying fall*;
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south."

727. *Strain of winding woe.*] This is a different sense of the word from 303, "winding wiles:" that means the winding of a maze, the secret of which cannot be found, Lat. *ambages*; here the winding is like the winding of a horn—a strain of woe repeated over and over again.

727, 8. Notice the alliteration in these two lines.

730. *Ardent.*] Used absolutely. It means longing to be at large.

— *Weighing oft their wings.*] Testing the strength of their wings against the weight of their bodies.

732. *This one glad office more.*] Elliptical sentence. There is this one glad office more to be performed.

734. *In vain.*] Cf. note on 138: "Nature creates nothing in vain."

And Ar. Pol. i. ii. 10: οὐδὲν μάτην ἡ φύσις ποιεῖ.

739. *Nature's common.*] On the common ground of Nature.

743. *Libration.*] Balancing. (Lat. *libra*, a balance.) Cf. 730.

— *The void.*] (Lat. *inane.*) Cf. the Sans. *sûnya*, which epithet is applied to the sky by Indian philosophers.

746. *The surging air receives*
The plumy burden, and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element.]

Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, ii. 927:

> "At last his sail-broad vans
> He spreads for flight, and in the *surging* smoke
> Uplifted spurns the ground."

The passage in Thomson grew out of that in Milton, but is somewhat spoilt. "Surging smoke" is intelligible enough; but why "surging air"? It may be explained by reference to A. 372:—

> "Nor on the *surges* of the boundless air."

The air is compared to the sea, and surges are the waves of the sea, as the poet himself explains by "the waving element."

Cf. also Milton, Par. Lost, v. 269:

> "With steady wing,
> Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
> *Winnows* the buxom air."

— *Plumy.*] Cf. 165 n.

758. *Acquitted.*] Relieved. Acquit is a technical legal term for the release of a person from a charge.

756. *Utmost Kilda.*] The farthest of the Hebrides, or Western Isles of Scotland.

757. This means at the extreme west.

— *Indian worlds.*] America. It was called the West Indies, because Columbus thought that he had found a way to India.

759. *The royal eagle.*] The golden eagle, common in Scotland, especially in the Hebrides.

On the eagle, cf. Job xxxix. 27-29: "Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off."

760. *Strong-pounced.*] Pounce, the claw or talon of a bird of prey. Sp. *punzar*; Fr. *poinçon*; which derive from Lat. *pung-ere.* The pounce of a bird is that by which it seizes on a thing, and consequently perforates it (cf. Eng. punch, puncheon): and a pouncet-box is a box having holes bored in it through which to sprinkle the powder. Cf. Dryden:

"The new dissembled eagle, now endued
With beak and *pounces*, Hercules pursued."

— *Paternal fire.*] Cf. Hor., Od. IV. iv. 5:

"Olim juventas et patrius vigor
Nido laborum propulit inscium."

770. *Amusive.*] Cf. 216.

771. *Polity.*] Grk. πολιτεία, a constitution.

— *The mix'd household-kind.*] Cf. W. 87:

"The household feathery people."

They are called domestic fowls.

772. *Careful hen.*] Cf. St. Luke, xiii. 34. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!"

777. *Chequer'd.*] Chequers are properly diamonds of variegated colour; hence, variegated. The word is also spelt checkered.

778. *Garrulous.*] (Lat. *garrulus*), talkative.

— *The stately-sailing swan.*] This passage is manifestly an imitation of Milton, Par. Lost, vii. 438:

"The swan with *arched* neck
Between her white wings mantling *proudly*, rows
Her *state* with *oary feet*."

780. *Oary.*] A word borrowed from Milton. It means that the swan propels herself with her feet, as a boat is propelled by oars. Cf. Virg. "Remigio alarum."

781. *Bears.*] Used as a neuter verb. Has with, always a particle joined to it, as in text forward. "To bear down on a ship" is a common sea term.

782. *Protective of his young.*] Latinism. Cf. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day:

"Sequacious of the lyre."

— *Turkey.*] A bird of American origin. The Spaniards discovered the bird in Mexico and brought it to Europe. From Spain it was introduced into England. "The familiar name of the bird seems to have originated in an erroneous idea that it came from Turkey."—A. T. T. The French more correctly called the bird *Dinde*, i.e. *d'Inde*, the Indian, i.e. American bird.

783. *Peacock.*] (A strange compound of *pavo*, its Latin name, and *cock.*) An Indian bird, but introduced into Greece at an early date. It used to be considered a great delicacy, but is not eaten now in England.

786. *Cooing dove.*] The dove is always taken as an emblem of amiability, probably because it is easily tamed; but Waterton the naturalist says "the soot-black crow is just as chaste, affectionate, and constant as the snow-white dove itself." Coo is a word formed onomatopoetically to imitate the sound of the note. The French *roucouler* seems a more felicitous word. Cf. S. 615.

787. *Wanton rolls the glancing eye.*] Cf. Kâlidâsa Sakun, A. I. the 'ihalâpâriga drishte,' "the eye with rolling corners," and the 'colavibhramam sikshate,' "learns to cast wanton glances," both spoken of Sakuntalâ.

788. *Changeful neck.*] Cf. Tennyson, Locksley Hall, 19:

"In the spring a livelier iris brightens on the burnish'd dove."

ANALYSIS (789—866).—*Loves of beasts: God inspired.*

790. Cf. Virg., Georg. iii. 209–240, for the effect of love on different animals. And Kalidâsu, Kum. Sambh. canto iii. 35–39.

799. *Careless sense.*] This is not the ordinary use of *careless.* When it is applied to a thing, the sense is passive, e.g. a *careless* expression—uttered without consideration. Here it is used actively and in a sense that does not care for, takes no notice of "the enticing bud."

800. *Wrapt.*] This word should be rapt: wrapt means enveloped. This means fully occupied. It is the notion of being so occupied as to be carried away. (Lat. *rapio.*)

801, 2. Cf. Virg., Georg. iii. 222, 3.

802. The sense is: The bull imagines every knotty trunk to be "his rival gored," and therefore tries to batter it down. *Him*, in line 803, of course means the trunk. For a parallel instance, cf. Kálidás. Méghadúta, v. 4.

803. *Bellowing war.*] Cf. Spenser, Faerie Queene, I. ii. 16: battle between two rams.

Drydon:

"For thee the lion loathes the taste of blood,
For thee the bulls *rebellow* through the wood."

Virg., Georg. iii. 222–3.

806. *Mix battle.*] Latin phrase. Virg., Georg. iii. 220: "Multa vi proelia miscent."

807. *Balmy breathing.*] Cf. 736:

"When nought but *balm* is *breathing* through the wood."

It is rather soon to repent the idea. It occurs again A. 212:

"And *breathes* its *balmy* fragrance o'er the wild."

Virg., Georg. ii. 219.

Fair heifer.] Cf. Virg.: "Formosa juvenca."

808. *Kindling up their rage.*] Cf. Sh., Venus and Adonis, 260.

815. *Takes the gale.*] Cf. Tennyson, Œnone, 10:

"Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and *takes* the morning."

A Latinism (*capiat*), Virg. Ecl. i. 53.

820. Cf. Virg., Georg. iii. 250.

823. *Ooze.*] Cf. 433.

823. *Gelid cavern.*] Cf. 434. Cf. Virg., Georg. iv. 509: "Gelidis sub antris." Gelid is not a common English word, but taken straight from the Latin.

831. *Pounce.*] Cf. 435.

837. *Sublimed.*] Properly refined by chemical action, raised or elevated by heat. Cf. S. 110. Milton, Par. Lost, i. 235.

839. *Far-resounding.*] A translation of the Grk. πολύφλοισβος (Hom. Il. i. 34), but not so expressive. *Waste.* Cf. Cowper, Trans. of Hom.: "the watery waste," viz. the ocean.

845. Cf. S. 1234: "numerous bleat of flocks."

847. *Involved.*] "A word frequently used by Thomson to express [illegible] lively motion. In one instance Pope struck it out."—Bell. Lat. con, together; *volvo*, roll. Cf. S. 343.

[illegible]*ful.*] "Frisky" is the common word.

[illegible] *part of iron war, in ancient barbarous times.*] Like that mentioned in Marmion, III. xxiii. For the word "iron" see line 274.

843. *Disunited Britain.*] When England was divided into many sepa-

rate kingdoms. This is sometimes called the times of the Heptarchy; but as a matter of fact there never were exactly seven kingdoms of the Saxons. These various tribes were always warring one with the other, until they were united under one King—Egbert.

— *Ever.*] Always.

845. Cf. 67–77, anticipations of the longer passage on the praises of England. S. 1400, seq.

852. *Arts of love . . . what but God?*] Cf. "God is Love." Tennyson, In Memoriam (beg.): "Strong son of God, immortal Love."

855. Cf. To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton:

"That power
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole."

S. 42:

"The all-perfect hand
That poised, impels, and rules the steady whole."

Acts xvii. 28: "In whom we live and move and have our being."

856. Cf. John v. 17: "My Father worketh hitherto." Heb. i. 3: "Upholding all things by the word of his power."

858. *Scheme of things.*] Arrangement, constitution, Grk. σχῆμα.

860. *Informing.*] Cf. S. 104: "*Informer* of the planetary train;" and 1754, the passage inscribed on Thomson's Monument in Westminster Abbey:

"*Informs* the page
With music, image, sentiment and thought."

On the sentiment, cf. *Hymn.*

861. *Chief.*] Adjective for adverb.

ANALYSIS (866—903).—*Love amongst the sons of men.*

867. Cf. Virg. Ecl. iv. 1: "Paullo majora canamus."

870. *Serene.*] Uncommon verb; not uncommon as an adjective. Cf. S. 1240:

"That hush'd the thunder and *serenes* the sky."

873. Cf. Heber's Hymn:

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

876. *Unfeeling of another's woe.*] Cf. Pope, Hymn Deo Optimo Maximo:

"Teach us to feel another's woe."

880. *Front.*] Lat. *frons*, forehead. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, ii. 302.

881. *His.*] The sentence being inverted, "his" is put before the word to which it refers, viz. "want."

896. *Beyond the power of kings to purchase.*] Cf. Sh., 2 Henry IV. III. i. beg.

And again, Henry V. IV. i. 253. 4:

"What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect that private men enjoy."

897. *Apace.*] Rapidly, an adverb.

900. *Sublimed.*] Cf. 827.

902. *The present Deity.*] Cf. Dryden, Alexander's Feast; and Virg., Ecl. i. 42:

"Nec tam præsentes alibi cognoscere divos."

— The present Deity, may perhaps mean the presence of the Deity within us. Cf. line 769, "in early spring," meaning in the commencement of Spring, and the common Latin phrases, "summus mons," "media nox," &c.

ANALYSIS (904—962.)—*Lord Lyttelton and Hagley.*

905. *Inform'd.*] Cf. 860.

906. *Lyttelton.*] George, first Lord Lyttelton, was eldest son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, of Hagley, Worcestershire. He was born in January 1709, educated at Eton and Oxford, entered the House of Commons in 1734. At first he belonged to the party of Frederic, Prince of Wales, which then formed the opposition to the government of his father King George II. Mr. Lyttelton introduced Thomson to the prince, who gave him a pension of 100*l.* a year to reward his literary talents, which pension, however, the poet lost when his patron, Mr. Lyttelton, withdrew from the opposition. In 1744 Mr. Lyttelton accepted office under the King, and was appointed a Junior Lord of the Treasury. In 1751 he succeeded his father as Baronet. In 1755 he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchecquer, in which office, however, he was not successful; and when he left it two years later, upon the resignation of the ministry of which he formed a part, he was created a peer. For his marriage *vide* note on 936. When he was in the ministry he gave Thomson a sinecure appointment of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands. Lord Lyttelton had a great regard for Thomson, who often stayed at Hagley; and after the poet's death, when his unpublished tragedy of Coriolanus was brought upon the stage for the benefit of his family, it was Lord Lyttelton who wrote the Prologue.

Many alterations in the Seasons are due to Lord Lyttelton. He was himself an author; he wrote—(1.) The History of the Reign of Henry II. (2.) The Dialogues of the Dead. (3.) The Conversion of Saint Paul. Thomson has a strong eulogy on him in the Castle of Indolence.

908. *Hagley Park.*] Still the seat of the family of Lord Lyttelton. It is in one of the prettiest parts of Worcestershire.

906. *Thy passions.*]
908. *You stray.*]
909. *Thy British Tempe.*]
} This shifting of the pronoun is an instance of careless writing on Thomson's part.

909. *Tempe.*] A valley at the north of Thessaly, famed for its wild and beautiful scenery, where the river Peneus forces its way through the mountains to the sea. Cf. Virg., Georg. ii. 469: "frigida Tempe." Cf. A. 1317.

910. *Shagg'd.*] Johnson gives Milton:

"Grots and caverns *shagg'd* with horrid shades,"

Pope:

"Grots and caverns *shagg'd* with horrid thorns."

For derivation, see S. 600 n.

913. *Vista.*] Cf. 517.

914, *b. Shade of solemn oaks.*] Cf. Sh., As You Like It, II. vii.: "The shade of melancholy boughs."

917. *Various voice.*] Cf. Virg., Æn. vii. 90: "Et varias audit voces."

920. *Purl.*] Vide S. 480 n.

925. *Or.*] For either.

— *Curious.*] Lat. *curiosus*, not used in a bad sense.

930. *Venal gulph.*] Bribery and corruption were not then uncommon in English political life ("Every man has his price" was a saying of Sir Robert Walpole); nor indeed, though there has been a great improvement, have they yet entirely vanished from it.

936. *Thy lov'ed Lucinda.*] Lucy Fortescue, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, Esq., of Fitleigh, in the county of Devon. She married Lord Lyttelton in 1742, and died in 1747. Her husband wrote a monody, to express his regret at her death, with part of which the poet Gray said that he was excessively pleased, though Dr. Johnson entertained a low opinion of it. The following is an extract from it:

"In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we used to walk,
Where oft in kindly talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky.

"Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where the waters glide
Along the valley can she now be found;
In all the wide-stretched prospect's ample bound,
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie."

Lord Lyttelton, however, married again, the daughter of Sir Robert Rich, but was unhappy.

951. This line wonderfully in sound represents its meaning.

954. *Villages embosom'd in soft trees.*] Cf. Milton, L'Allegro, 77:

"Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees."

955. *Surging.*] As an epithet for smoke, borrowed from Milton. Cf. note on 746. Cf. Keble's Christian Year, St. Matthew:

"On the wreathed smoke afar,
That o'er some town like mist upraised,
Hung hiding sun and star."

957. *Hall.*] A word used either for the entrance chamber of a house, or for a house itself, if the house is stately. "The Hall" is in many places the name given to the residence of the squire.

958. *Genius.*] Latin notion.

961. *Cambrian mountains.*] Cambria is the classical name of Wales, so called because the Cymbri lived there. Though this name has disappeared as the name of Wales, it remains for another place where the tribe lived, Cumberland; and in their own language the Welsh call themselves Cymraeg. The Cambrian range occupied the greater part of Wales. Snowdon is at the north, Plinlimmon about the centre. It is at a great distance from Hagley in Worcestershire; and the hills, if seen at all, must be by that part which is called "the Black Mountains," to the west of Herefordshire. Cf. Gray, vii. 8.

963. *Dusky.*] Indistinct. Cf. 309.

ANALYSIS (963—1074.)—*Love.*

970. Cf. Longfellow:

"She gives a side-glance, and looks down.
Trust her not, she is fooling thee."

970. *Purposed.*] Cf. Hor., Od. III. iii. 1:

"Justum et tenacem *propositi* virum."

981. Cf. Milton, Com. 126-7:

"'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report."

988. *Wrapt.*] Should be rapt. Cf. 800, note.

992. *Searchless.*] Unsearchable. Cf. 624, regardless; 480, successless; 947, nameless.

994. *Syren.*] Usually a substantive, here used as an adjective. Grk. Σειρήν. In ancient mythology a mermaid or goddess who enticed men into her power by the charms of music, and then destroyed them. The legend is first found in Homer's Odyssey, xii. 39. Hence used for any enticing woman.

996. Cf. Lucretius, iv. 1115:

"Adde, quod absumunt vires, pereuntque labore.
Adde, quod alterius sub nutu degitur ætas.

Labitur interea res, et vadimonia fiunt;
Languent officia, atque ægrotat fama vacillans.
. . . . . .
Nequicquam; quoniam medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat."

Cf. Horace, Od. I. v. 1:

"Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?"

909. *Amid the roses.*] Byron's Childe Harold:

"O love, young love, bound in thy *rosy* band."

1000. *Snaky.*] The Furies of Greek mythology were snake-crowned.

1001. *Conscious.*] Sc. of. guilt. Cf. in Latin "conscius animus," a mind conscious of guilt, a guilty conscience.

1002. *Great design.*] Ambition.

1004. *Absent.* A very elliptical construction. When he is absent from her.

1010. *Rosy-bosom'd Spring.*] Gray's Ode *to* Spring: "rosy-bosom'd hours." Cf. supra, 489.

1011. *Yon bright arch.*] The vault of heaven.

1016. *Books.*] So conversely, in Tennyson's Maud, when the hero is determined to eschew love, he takes to literature:

"I will bury myself in my books, and the devil may pipe to his own."

1019. *Period.*] A sentence. Cf. A. 17. A period is also used for full stop which ends a sentence.

1021. *Vain bosom.*] Sc. the image of the bosom, not the real.

1023. *Site.*] Attitude, posture, a usage condemned by Johnson.

1025. *Shook.*] Preterite for past participle, shaken.

1033. *Consumes the day.*] A Latinism. Cf. Juvenal, i. 45.

1035. *Fleecy east.*] The east, over which thin fleecy clouds are passing.

1038. *Languish.*] Subs. Cf. Pope:

"The blue *languish* of soft Allin's eye."

1041. *Bird of eve.*] Nightingale.

1046. *Every line with rising frenzy fired.*] Absolute construction.

1047. *If on bed delirious flung.*] An elliptical construction. It looks as if "flung" agreed with sleep. "But if he has flung himself delirious on his bed, sleep," etc.

1049. *All night he tosses.*] Cf. Juvenal, iii. 279:

"Noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Pelidæ, cubat in faciem, mox deinde supinus."

1049. *The balmy power.*] Young's Night Thoughts, vol. iii. p. 3:

"Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Cf. Sh., Mac. II. ii. 39:

"Sleep, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds."

1052. *Exanimate.*] Lat. *exanimis*; half-dead.

1056. *Mimic.*] (Grk. μιμέομαι,) imitative.

1063. *Forests huge.*] Evidently borrowed from Milton, Comus, 423, 4:

"May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds."

1067. *Bending precipice.*] The precipice which seems as if it was about to fall upon him in his dream.

1069. *The farther shore.*] Cf. Virg., Æn. vi. 314:

"Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore."

1072. *Ridgy wave.*] Wave that is like a ridge. The word is used by Scott, Marmion, IV. xxx. 16:

"All the steep slope down,
Whose *ridgy* back heaves to the sky."

Cf. S. 647, used of a mountain, as by Scott.

ANALYSIS (1075—1112.)—*Jealousy.*

1080. *Paradise.*] (Gk. παράδεισος, a park.) An abode of happiness.

1083. *Yellow-tinging plague.*] Jealousy is said to look on things with a jaundiced eye. It is a well known symptom of the jaundice that it causes things seen to appear yellow. Jealousy is said also to have a green eye.

Sh., Oth. III. iii. 165:

"Beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on."

1090. *Giving false peace a moment.*] Giving false peace for a moment not giving a moment to false peace.

1105. *Flames through the nerves.*] Cf. Virg., Æn. iv. 66.

ANALYSIS (1113.)—*The Poet ends with a description of a Happy Marriage.*

"A tasteful critic has not unhappily observed that this charming eulogium and inimitable description of virtuous love and connubial bliss are forcible enough to affect a Dutchman and to reclaim a profligate."—W. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 749:

"Hail, wedded love! mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring.
Founded in reason, loyal, just and pure."

1114. *Gentler stars.*] An allusion to the old world science of astrology; a notion that each person was governed in some mysterious way by the stars under which he was born.

1123. *Preventing.*] Not the ordinary sense of the word, but simply going before; Lat. *præ, venio.* It is often so used in the Liturgy: "prevent and follow us." Cf. Ps. lxxxviii. 13. "Provenient grace," a theological term. The ordinary sense "prohibit" is going before with a view to stop; and this with a view to assist.

1127. *From sordid parents buys the loathing virgin.*] Cf. Tennyson, Aylmer's Field.

1131. *Fierce as the suns they feel.*] Cf. Young's Revenge:

"Children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue."

Byron, Bride of Abydos, I. i.:

"'Tis the clime of the East, 'tis the land of the sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?"

1132. In Eastern countries women are carefully kept apart in the harem. The difference between a Western and an Eastern bride is that the former is a help-meet for her husband, an equal; the latter is his slave.

1137. Cf. 1 John iv. 18: "Perfect love casteth out fear."

1142. *Mind-illumin'd face.*] Cf. Tennyson, In Memoriam, 86:

"When we saw
The God within him light his face."

1153. *To teach the young idea how to shoot.*] Shoot, cf. 205. It is the notion of a bud shooting: a similar idea in the Latin *educare.*
Cf. Tennyson, In Memoriam, 39:

"Her office there to rear, to teach."

1161. Cf. Pope, The Quiet Life.

1171. This comparison of the seasons with man's life is more fully worked out in W. 1029, sq.

1174. *Together.*] Cf. 2 Sam. i. 23: "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

SUMMER.

AFTER inspiration has been summoned, and the poem formally dedicated to a patron, the poet begins to describe a summer's day. As the face of nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is confined to a single day. From this a great many digressions are made, more or less suggested by the course of the description; but from each digression the account of the day is resumed. Whereas in Spring and Autumn we are rather carried from beginning to end of the seasons, in Summer we do not stray beyond the compass of four-and-twenty hours. The poet begins with early morning, dawn, and sunrise. This leads to a digression on the sun and its power, both over other heavenly bodies and over vegetables, animals and insects, appropriately concluded by a hymn of praise to Him who made the sun. The poet passes on to describe the forenoon and its operations—hay-making, sheep-shearing, cattle-tending. Mid-day heat suggests retirement to a grove, which lends suitable reflections. Angels' voices seem to be heard, with their message to men.

It is not, however, in England that the most complete picture of Summer is seen, but in the tropics. The poet, therefore, is led to describe the characteristic features of "the broad belt of the world;" its fruits and herbage, the plumage of its birds, its rivers Nile, Niger, Orinoco, Orellana, Plata. Amidst these beauties, however, civilisation is backward. It is not only a picture of gay colours and Nature's richest gifts that is presented to our gaze. There are darker scenes if we will look on them: the fierceness of the animals, the loneliness of the desert, the caravan smothered by the sand and tortured by the hot wind, the hurricane, the pestilence.

Two incidents of the English Summer, each suggest a story. A thunderstorm, the innocent Amelia struck by lightning. Bathing, the episode of Damon and Musidora. A long panegyric upon England succeeds, in which many different points are touched: her beautiful country seats, her commerce, her youth, her statesmen, heroes, sages, bards; lastly, the women of England. The enumeration suggests a prayer for a blessing upon the country. Sunset, evening, night follow. The wonders of the summer night, meteors and comets, lead the poet to Philosophy who teaches of them: with her praises he crowns and ends his song.

ANALYSIS (1—31).—*Introduction of subject, invocation and dedication to Mr. Dodington.*

1. *Fields.*] Properly land from which the trees have been *felled*; then, as here, open, clear space. "This word field throws us back upon a time when England was covered, as is a great part of America now, with forests; field meaning properly a clearing where the trees have been felled, as in all our early English writers it is spelt without the *i*, feld, and not field, even as you will find in them that 'wood' and 'feld' are

continually set over, and contrasted with one another."—Trench, Study of Words, p. 205. Pope, E. on M. ii. 101:

"The nations of the *field* and wood."

1. *Fields of ether.*] Cf. Dryden:

"Where *fields* of light and liquid *ether* flow."

Milton, Com. 999:

"Up in the broad *fields* of the sky."

Pope, E. on M. i. 41:

"Ask of yonder argent *fields* above."

Ib. iii. 263:

"Sacred seemed the *ethereal* vault."

— *Ether'.*] Cf. Sp. 148 n. Called, 968, "black-red ether;" 1720, 1, "wilds of barren ether." The adj. "ethereal" occurs 124, 774, and Sp. 1.

— *Disclosed.*] The fields of ether part asunder (*dis-claud-ere*) and display to view the unveiled Summer. Cf. inf. 709, "the flood disparts;" 209, "dispreading;" 1138, "discloses wide."

2. *Summer.*] The Sun-season, as Winter is the Wind-season. Grimm derives the word from the Celtic *samh, samhra,* sun. Hence Summer is in all senses fitly termed "Child of the Sun."

4. *Sultry.*] Another form of sweltry. O. Fr. *swelte,* A. S. *sweltan,* to die through heat. Cf. Prov. Eng. "sweal," applied to a candle unduly consumed by the flame. Cf. Spenser, F. Q. i. 7:

"Like a fever fit through all his body *swell.*"

Sh., Mac. iv. i. 8:

"*Sweltered* venom sleeping got."

— *Hours.*] Cf. Gray, i. 1 n. In Homer (who mentions neither their number nor names) they are the door-keepers of Olympus, whose cloudy gate they open and shut. Il. v. 749, seq. In the Od. they are the goddesses of the seasons, x. 469.

6. *Ardent.*] Fiery, full of burning heat. (Lat. *ardeo.*) Cf. Sp. 760 (metaphorical), "*ardent* with paternal *fire.*"

7. *Blushful.*] A very uncommon word, not found in Johnson. Massinger, D. of Florence, iv. 1, has "blushless impudence."

8. *Leaves.*] Subj. is "Spring" in line 6.

10. *Gloom.*] A. S. *glóm,* darkness; Scotch, gloaming (cf. Eng. glum, glumpy). The time of day when the light shines obscurely from below the horizon, like a person looking up from beneath his brows. Du. *glupen.* Cf. "lowring sky," Matt. xvi. 3.

12. *Haunted stream*]. Cf. Milton, L'All. 128, 9:

"Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by *haunted stream*."

— *Haunted.*] Fr. *hanter*. Diez says this word was brought in by the Normans, and comes from the Scandinavian *heimta*, from *heime*, home. Schiller derives it from *hamus*. Fr. *hameau*. Eng. ham, hamlet. In O. Fr. it has the meaning of practised skill; hence it may be connected with hand, hent. See Hent, Gloss. Spenser, F. Q. vol. ii. Clar. Series. In Welsh and Breton *hent* is a road. Cf. Sh., Winter's Tale, IV. ii. 133:

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily *hent* the stile-a."

13. *Channel.*] Other forms are cannl, kennel. Lat. *canalis*, from canna, a reed, hollow tube.

14. *Circling year.*] περιτελλομέναις ὥραις, Soph. O. T. 156. "Circling," cf. 644. Milton, Par. Lost, vii. 342: "days and *circling years*."

15. *Come, inspiration!*] The poet invokes a pure abstraction, and not, as is usual, the poetically embodied form of a muse or god-hermit. Cf. L. of L. i. 296 n.

— *Hermit-seat.*] Unfrequented, solitary. Grk. ἐρῆμος.

16-18. *Dare . . . to steal.*] Except in the sense of "challenge," dare is followed by the infinitive without a preposition.

17. *Raptured.*] Carried away (*rapt-us*), entranced with a notion of pleasure. Cf. Gray, vi. 2 n.; cf. 1333, "raptur'd thought;" 174, "much-transported muse."

18. *Shot.*] Cast rapidly forth. Cf. 479, 603.

18-20. To steal, &c., i. e., a look which would turn me into a poet, and raise all my faculties to such a pitch that my soul should be exalted above—stand, as it were, out of—my body (ἐκ, στάσις).

24, 5. *The gay social sense, &c.*] I.e. the enjoyment of light and pleasant society, tempered and restrained by due regard to propriety, to what is becoming (*decet*).

26. *Chastised.*] Chastened, purified. Lat. *castus*. Sh., A. and Cl. v. ii. 54:

"*Chastised* with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia."

29. *Dodington.*] Commonly called Bubb Dodington, a noted "man about town." Pope alludes to him under the name of Bubo. Pope, Epilogue to Sat. i. 12:

"But Horace, sir, was delicate, was nice:
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of vice."

Born 1691, died 1762. A year before his death he became Lord Melcombe, taking his title from Melcombe Regis, a suburb of Weymouth, and forming with it the parliamentary borough. Horace Walpole has many a fling at "Bubb:"—

"Dec. 29, 1741.—Mr. D. has lost himself extremely by his new turn—(joining the opposition)—after so often changing sides: he is grown very fat and lethargic. My brother Ned says, *he is grown of less consequence, but more weight.*"

"June 18, 1751.—Thank you for the transcript from '*Budò de tristibus.*'"

ANALYSIS (32—42.)—*Introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies, whence the succession of the Seasons.*

32. *World-revolving.*] In allusion to the course of the planets round the sun, and in contrast with the epithet "unwieldy" in next line.

33. *Planets.*] Gr. πλανῆται, wanderers, so called because they are found to change their relative situation among the other stars. Milton, Par. Lost, v. 177:

"And ye five other *wandering* fires."

— *Launch'd.*] Fr. *lancer*; Lat. *lanceare*; Grk. λόγχη. Varro says it is a Spanish word. Eng. lance, lancet. The notion implied is that of a sharp, quick-darting action: and then of length or extension, length without breadth, as it were. Cf. Fr. *élancé.*

34. *Illimitable.*] Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, i. 302: "illimitable ocean." Tennyson, Lucretius, 40: "illimitable inane."

35. *Flux.*] The state of passing away and giving place to others.—Johnson. Lat. *fluere, fluxum.*

36. *Toiling race of men.*] Cf. Æsch., Sup. 882, 3, φύλακα πολυπόνων βροτῶν; Eur. Or. 175: νύξ, ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν.

37. *Labour'd.*] The result of much labour. Cf. Pope, Essay on Criticism, 137:

"And rules as strict his *labour'd* work confuse."

"Labour'd" in sense of enduring much labour, Milton, Com. 290: "the labour'd ox."

40. *Seasons.*] According to Diez from Lat. *satio*, through Fr. *saison.* Others derive the word from Lat. *statio*, It. *stagione.* Cf. Eng. stage in sense of a fixed division or period. Fr. *étage.*

— *Stealing.*] Coming imperceptibly. See L. of L. ii. 532 n. Sh., Hamlet:

"That he would *steal* away so guilty-like."

M. Ado, III. iii. 65: "If you take a thief, let him *steal* out of your company." Cf. 605.

42. *Poised.*] Held in balance. O. Fr. *pois, peiser*; Fr. *poids, peser*; Lat. *pendere.* Milton, Com. 413:

"An equal *poise* of hope and fear."

Dryden:

"Not yet was earth suspended in the sky,
Nor *poised* did on her own foundation lie."

Sh., King John, II. ii. 574 :

"The world, who of itself is *peised* well."

ANALYSIS (43—90.)—*Summer morning: the dawn and sun-rise. Man should rise early.*

43. *Alternate Twins.*] Gemini. Cf. Sp. 26 n. Alternate, each in turn. Cf. 131. The two stars are called Castor and Pollux. In the epithet *alternate* there is no peculiarity of the stars described, only an allusion to the classical story that when one of the twins (Castor) died, Pollux, bewailing his loss, was offered as a consolation by Jupiter either divine honours for himself, or the right to share them on alternate days with his brother. He generously chose the latter alternative.

44. *Cancer.*] See Sp. 26 n. Probably the same as the Sans. karka.

47. *Mother of dews.*] A metaphor borrowed from the Celtic bards.

— *Meek-eyed.*] Cf. Warton to Evening :

"Hail! *meek-eyed* maiden, clad in sober gray."

Milton, Hymn on Christ's Nativity, iii. 2 :

"But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the *meek-eyed* peace."

48. *Dappled*, i.e. *spotted.*] "From 'dab,' a lump of something soft, a blotch or spot: Icelandic *depill*, a spot on ground of different colour."—Wedgewood. Cf. L. of L. i. 461 n. Cf. Sh., Much Ado, v. iii. 26 :

"The gentle day
Dapples the drowsy East with spots of grey."

As you Like It, II. i. 22 :

"Poor *dappled* fools," (of the deer).

Milton, L'All. 43 :

"Till the *dappled* dawn doth rise."

52. *Brown night.*] As opposed to the *black* night of Winter.

— *Pours in apace.*] Cf. Macaulay, Horatius, 3 :

"The horsemen and the footmen are *pouring in amain*,
From many a stately market-place, from many a fertile plain."

Apace.] Cf. Sh., Romeo and Juliet, III. ii. 1 :

"Gallop *apace*, you fiery-footed steeds."

For the *a* in such words as apace, amain, &c., see 86 n. and L. of L. i. 178, 431 n.

53. *Dawny prospect.*] The extended view diversified with lawns, or launds, i.e. open glades. "Du. *laen*, an alley opening between houses or fields. Scot. loan, loaning, an opening between fields of corn left uncultivated for the sake of driving the cattle homeward. Dan. *lane*, an

open or bare place. Welsh *llan*, a clear space: *glan*, an opening in the clouds, hence lawn, as leam from gleam."—Wedgewood. Cf. Gloss. in Morris' Chaucer, Cl. Press Series. Cf. 768: "lawny tops." Cf. "glade," 58.

55. *Swells on the sight.*] Comes grandly, vaguely into sight. Cf. 356.

Cf. Goldsmith, Deserted Village, sub. fin.:

"As some tall cliff . . .
Swells from the vale."

Sh., Prol. to Henry V. 4:

"To behold the *swelling* scene!"

Pope, Rape of the Lock, i. 81:

"These *swell* their prospect, and exalt their pride."

Dawn, another form of day. A. S. *dagian*; Ger. *tagen*; Sans. *ahan*, originally *dahan*, probably from *dah*, to burn.

56. *Dusk.*] Is generally applied to the evening twilight. It is a word of uncertain origin. Wedgewood derives it from "dull," through the Swedish forms dulsk, dolsk, desk. See n. Gray, vi. 62. Cf. Inf. 1123: "dubious dusk."

57. *Fearful.*] I.e. full of fear. Cf. Is. xxxv. 4: "Say to them that are of a *fearful* heart, be strong, fear not." Cf. 1320. In the sense of fear-inspiring, cf. Heb. x. 31.

58. *Awkward.*] Perverted, indirect. "To ring the bells awk is to ring them backward."—Wedgewood. It may possibly be a corruption of A. S. *a-weg*, away. Grimm derives it from "af," Lat. *ab*, Eng. "off," in the sense of deviation, error.

Forest.] Fr. *forêt*; Ital. *foresta*; Sp. Pg. *floresta*: this last form seems to favour the derivation from *flos, flor-is*. The word has also been derived from *foris, forasticus*, exterior, abroad. Grimm will have it to be from the Scav. *bor, perius* (cf. fir, the place of firs): others from Celt. *gores*, waste ground. Cf. Eng. gorse.

Glade.] The fundamental meaning of this word is a passage or opening for the light, through trees, clouds, &c. In Chaucer gleed is a live coal. A. S. *glêd*. Cf. Eng. glow. See above, 53 n. lawn.

61. *Native.*] Natural, untaught, in-born, as opposed to acquired, artificial. Cf. Milton, L'All. 132, 3:

"Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his *native* wood-notes wild."

Spenser has "their *native* musick" of the song of birds. Cf. 144, 1585.

63. *Roused by the cock.*] Cf. Chatterton, Death of Sir C. Baudwin:

"The feathered songster, Chanticleer,
Now winds his bugle horn,
And tells the early villager
The coming of the morn."

Gray, El. 19, 20. Sh., Hamlet, I. i.

66. *To taste the verdure of the morn.*] To enjoy the freshness of the morn, and crop the green grass.

67. *Sloth.*] Subst. of slow. Cf. sloven, slack. Cf. grow, growth.

71. *Aught.*] See n. L. of L. ii. 146.

72. *Oblivion.*] Forgetfulness. Lat. *obliviscor*, forget.

73. *Too short a life.*] This conviction prompted Jacob to speak of his days having been "*few* and evil" (Gen. xlvii. 9.), and lies at the bottom of the proverb: "Ars longa, vita brevis." "Die Kunst ist lang, und kurz ist unser Leben."—Goethe.

75. Cf. Ps. xxxix. 7 (P. B. V.): "Surely man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain."

76. *Wilder'd.*] See n. L. of L. i. 274, 299.

Pope, Stat. Theb.:

"*Wilder'd* in the maze of fate."

Dryden, Kg. Arth.:

"The night has *wilder'd* us."

— *Distemper'd dreams.*] Cf. Sh., Romeo and Juliet, II. iii.:

"Young son, it argues a *distemper'd* head
So soon to bid good-morrow to thy bed."

"Distemper, disproportionate mixture of parts."—T. The word, in painting, appears originally to have been applied when the simple *temperature*, or admixture of colours with water, or with oil, was *altered* by the substitution of one or more ingredients, such as size, &c.—Richardson. Cf. Fr. *altérer*, *désaltérer*.

81. *Yonder.*] And yon, used indifferently as adj. or adv. Here as adv.: as adj. 342, 517. A. S. *geond* (goned, gon'd, or gone—gone, therefore distant.)

— *King of day.*] See Satan's Address, Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 32, seq.

83. *Azure.*] It. *azzuro*, Sp. Pg. *azul*. From Pers. *lazur*. Cf. lapis lazuli.

84. *Illumed.*] Lat. *lumen*. Cf. Sh., Hamlet, I. i.:

"When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to *illume* that part of heaven
Where now it burns."

Cf. 1204. Cf. W. 491 n.

86. *Aslant.*] "The great effect of this adverb in enlivening the imagery of this description and giving it unity and effect is, as Dr. Campbell observes (Phil. Rhet. iii. 1), of the same kind as Milton's happy use of "askant" in his description of the production of the obliquity in the inclination between the plane of the ecliptic and that of the equator, Par. Lost, x. 688."—W. Cf. Sh., Hamlet, IV. vii. 167:

"There is a willow grows *aslant* a brook."

Aslant, i.e. *on* the slant or slope. "The *a* stands for an original 'on.' Thus, asleep is on sleep, aright is onright, away is onweg, aback is onbæc, &c."—Max Muller. Cf. "apace," 52 n.; "aloft," 897.

88. *Shed.*] (1). Properly to shake, then shake off, shake down, spill, scatter. Cf. scatter, shudder. Grk. σκεδ-. (2) To divide, separate, destroy (of life). Goth. *skaiden*, A. S. *sceadan*, Ger. *scheiden*, Lat. *scindere*; Grk. σχίζειν.

(1) Dryden:

"Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And passing *sheds* it on the silent plains."

Pope:

"And the dim windows *shed* a solemn light."

Inf. 1203:

"His eyes compassion *shed*."

(2) Spenser, F. Q. vii. 30–8:

"Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were *shed*."

Cf. Hom., Il. vii. 330: αἷμα . . . ἐσκέδασ' ὀξὺς Ἄρης, and Æsch., P. V. 925: αἰχμὴν τὴν Ποσειδῶνος, σκεδᾷ.

88. *Burnish'd.*] See n. L. of L. i. 262. But see also 136 n.

90. *Prime cheerer, light!*] See the magnificent address to light at the opening of bk. iii. of Par. Lost. Cf. Quarle's:

"All hail! pure light, bright, sacred and excelling;
Sorrow and care, darkness and dread dispelling."

Ps. xxx. 5: "Joy cometh in the morning."

91. *First.*] Cf. Gen. i. 3. And Milton, S. A. 83–5:

"O first created beam and thou great Word,
'Let there be light, and light was over all;'
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?"

92. *Efflux divine.*] Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iii. 6:

"Bright *effluence* of bright essence increate."

Ps. xxxvi. 9: "In thy light shall we see light."

92. *Nature's resplendent robe.*] Cf. Ps. civ. 2: "Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment."

93. *Vesting beauty.*] Cf. Virg., *Æn.* vi. 640:

"Campos æther lumine vestit."

94. *Unessential gloom.*] I.e. gloom which is foreign to the real nature of created things as they passed from the hand of God, which obscures the *reality* of things. Milton, Par. Lost, ii. 439:

"The void profound of *unessential* night."

95. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, viii. 122, seq.:

"What if the sun
Be centre to the world, and other stars,
By his attractive virtues and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?"

Cic. Som. Scip. iv.: "Sol—dux et princeps et moderator luminum reliquorum, mens mundi et temperator."

95, 6. *In whom best seen.*] Cf. St. Paul's Epistle to Rom. i. 20.

ANALYSIS (97—174).—*Power of the sun over heavenly bodies, vegetables, minerals, insect world.*

97-9. Milton, Par. Lost, iii. 583, seq.:

"They as they move
. . . . toward his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turned
By his magnetic beam."

99. *Bourn.*] Low Lat. *bodina*; O. Fr. *bonne*; Eng. bound, boundary. "Probably from the Celtic root *bon*, stock, bottom, root. Bret. *menbon*, a boundary stone; *bonnein*, to set bounds."—Wedgewood. For the insertion of the *r* cf. hurler for huller, &c. Sh. uses it in its exact sense in Temp. II. i. 153:

"Bourn, *bound of land*, tilth, vineyard, none."

And as the boundary between the living and the dead:

"From whose *bourn* no traveller returns."—Hamlet, III. i. 79.

Spenser, F. Q. VI. x. 9:

"My little boat can safely pass this perilous *bourne*."

Milton, Com. 312:

"And every bosky *bourn* from side to side."

100. *Utmost.*] A. S. *ut*, out, outermost. Milton, Par. Lost, i. 74: "utmost pole."

— *Utmost Saturn.*] Considered so in Thomson's time. Uranus, dis-

covered by Herschel in 1781, performs its revolution round the sun in 84 years; and Neptune, simultaneously discovered by Adams and Leverrier in 1846, occupies 164·6 years in its revolution.

101. 'Mercury is generally imperceptible through a close attendance upon the sun, never being at such a distance from him as to appear in a dark part of the heavens.

— *Disk.*] Lat. *discus*, A. S. *disc*, Ger. *tisch*, Eng. disk, desk.

102. *Philosophic eye.*] Cf. inf. 288: "microscopic eye."

104. *Inform.*] To animate, to actuate by vital power.—Johnson. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iii. 593:

"All alike *inform'd*
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire."

Com. 178, 9:

"Where else
Shall I *inform* my unacquainted feet?"

Sp. 905, 860, S. Cf. 1178, 1593, 1614, 1754. Cf. also S. 312, 1632; A. 146.

105. *Quickening.*] Life-giving. "The analogy between sound and movement is nowhere better illustrated than in the origin of *quick*, and the numerous connected forms. The radical image is a quivering sound, the representation of which is used to signify a quivering movement, and thence applied to express the idea of life as the principle of movement. Ger. *quiek*, *quick*, are used interjectionally to represent a sharp, shrill sound, as the squeak of a pig or a mouse, the grating of a wheel, &c. Then passing to the sense of movement to quick, to stir. Du. *quicken*, vibrate. From the motion of mobility to that of life is an almost imperceptible step. Eng. *quick*, active, rapid in movement, having the principle of movement in oneself."—Wedgewood. The word is connected with Lat. *viv-o*, *vixi*, Grk. *βι-ος*, and Sans. *jiva* (to live). Cf. *quicksand*, *quicksilver*, *quickset*, *quick* of the nail, the *quick* and the dead. Cf. Ps. xxii. 30 (P. B. V.): "And no man hath *quickened* his own soul."

— *Cumbrous.*] Fr. *encombre*, It. *ingombro*, Lat. *cumulus*.

106. Cf. Hor., Od. I. xxxiv. 9: "bruta tellus;" Milton, Com. 813: "brute earth."

109. *Inhaling spirit.*] Cf. 240:

"From him they draw their animating fire."

110. *Sublimed.*] Cf. Sp. 827 n.

— *The daily race.*] Cf. Sp. 60-1.

114. *Waits thy throne.*] Attends, accompanies with respect. In modern Eng. waits on. Cf. Dryden:

"He chose a thousand horse, the flower of all
His warlike troops, to *wait* the funeral."

and Pope, Eloisa to Abelard, 77 :

"Let wealth, let honour, *wait* the wedded dame."

It is used, 291, in sense of awaits, sc. waits for.

Domain.] Or demesne. Fr. *domaine*, Low Lat. *demanium*, Lat. *dominus*, from Lat. *domus*, house. Vedic. Sans. *dama*.

115. *Ecliptic-road.*] "The line which the centre of the earth describes in its annual revolution about the sun is called the *ecliptick*."—Locke. "The middle part of the zodiack is also called the *ecliptic* because all *eclipses* (ἐκλείψεις) can only happen when the planets are either in or near this line."—A. Pope, E. on M. i. 202, calls it "the solar walk." Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, x. 671, seq. Cf. 983 :

"The radiant line that girts the globe."

116. *Sublime.*] Cf. Gray, vi. 38 n.

120. A common-hymn, a hymn in common. Cf. The Book of *Common* Prayer. Cf. 187 : "general voice."

121. *In sprightly dance knit.*] Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 267 :

"*Knit* with the Graces and the Hours *in dance*."

122. *Rosy-finger'd.*] Cf. Hom., Il. vi. 175 ; Od. ii. 5. Cf. Sp. 489 n., "rosy-footed." "Rosy-bosom'd hours," Milton, Com. 1006. "Rosy-bosom'd Spring," Sp. 1010. Milton, Par. Lost, v. 1. :

"Now, Morn, her *rosy* steps."

125. *Surly.*] Cf. Sp. 11. Luc. vi. 373 : "hiemes acres." Hor., Od. II. x. 15 : "informes hiemes." Virg. Georg. ii, 373: "indignas hiemes." iv. 136 : "tristis hiemes."

126–7. Cf. Pope, E. on M. i. 133–138, 233–240.

126. *Lavish.*] Fr. *laver, lavasse*; Lat. *lavare*. Cf. Gray, App. i. 14 n.

129. *Flush.*] The original idea is that of a copious, sudden flow of water. It. *flusso*, Fr. *flux*, Lat. *fluxus*, Eng. flow. Cf. blow and blush.

Vernal year.] Either the year which so far consists of Spring, or the young fresh year.

132. *Tresses.*] Cf. L. of L. i. 266 n. The word is connected with trace. The Latin poets are fond of this comparison of leafy woods with a woman's hair. Cf. Hor., Od. I. xxi. 4, "nemorum coma ;" IV. iii. 11 : "spinæ nemorum comæ ;" iv. 7, 2 : "redeunt arboribus comæ." Cf. Cat. iv. 12 ; Tib. I. iv. 30 ; Prop. III. xvi. 28.

134. *Mineral.* What comes from a mine ; which is from Rom. *menare* ; Low. Lat. *minare*, to conduct a thing secretly ; *minare consilium*, to lay a plot. Cf. It. *doccia*, a canal, from *ducere*.

136. *Burnish'd war.*] "Burnish, from bryn, the brim or edge of anything ; then, as sharpening a weapon would be the most familiar example

of polishing metal, the word acquired the sense of polishing."—Wedgewood. For another derivation see L. of L. i. 262 n. Cf. 88.

138. Cf. Tennyson, Ode on Exhibition.

140. *Impregn'd.*] Short form of impregnated. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 499-501:

"As Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he *impregns* the clouds
That shed May flowers."

Par. Lost, ix. 737:

"Words, *impregn'd* with reason."

140, 1. Science has disproved the beautifully poetic idea, here propounded, that the precious stones are formed by the action of light and its concentration in them.—W. Cf. Kâlidâsa. Sakunt. Act II.: "Gûdham hi dâhâtmakam asti tejah," (speaking of religious devotees and precious stones), "For a lustre full of burning heat lies concealed (in them)."

142. *Diamond.*] Another form of adamant. Grk. ἀ, δαμάω, tame; Sans. *dâm.*

— *Let.*] "To suffer anything to take a course which requires no impulsive violence. In this sense it is commonly joined with a particle." Johnson. A. S. *lætan*; Goth. *letan.*

147-50. Cf. Pope, Temple of Fame, 251-4.

149. *Sapphire.*] Cf. Gray, vi. 99 n.

150. *Cerulean.*] Lat. *cæruleus.*

— *Tinct.*] Lat. *ting-ere, tinct-um.*

151. *Purple.*] See L. of L. i. 266 n.

— *Amethyst*-topaz.] Cf. Trench, Study of Words, p. 96. "Amethyst pure purple;" Ruskin, Modern Painters, vol. iii. p. 280, commenting on Scott's Marmion, IV. XXX.

155. *Emerald.*] Cf. Gray, iv. 11 n.

156. *Opal.*] "Known to the Romans under the name of opalus, showing that a Slavonic language was then spoken in Bohemia, whence the gem is still brought. The origin is Pol. *palać*, to glow, to blaze, *opalać*, to burn on all sides."—Wedgewood. Cf. Sans. *upala*, precious stone.

— *Play thy beams.*] Cf. 163 n. Cf. Pope, Essay on Crit. 58:

"*Beams* of warm imagination *play.*"

157. *Flying several.*] In separate directions, from sever. Lat. *separare.* Cf. Milton, Com. 24, 5:

"Which he, to trace his tributary gods,
By course commits to *several* government."

Milton, Par. Lost, vii. 240:

"Like things to like, the rest to *several* place
Disparted."

2 Kings xv. 5: "Azariah was a leper . . and dwelt in a *several* house."

[illegible]59. *Site.*] Position. Lat. *situs*, from *sisto*. Cf. Sp. 1023: "melancholy [illegible]," which use of the word Johnson condemns.

[illegible]61. *Mimic life.*] Imitation of life. Grk. μιμέομαι, imitates.

[illegible]62. *Reluent.*] Shining, reflecting light; a very uncommon word. [illegible] Lat. *relucens*, partic. of *reluceo*, a poetical word, and used in the prose [illegible]he silver age.

[illegible]63. *Play.*] Used of any irregular, sportive motion of air, water, [illegible]nd, and flames of fire. Sh., Taming of Shrew, 1nd. ii. 54:

"As the waving sedges *play* with wind."

Milton, Par. Lost, ix. 1017:

"The exhilarating vapour bland
About their spirits *play'd*."

Pope, Temple of Fame, 56:

"And on th' impassive ice the lightnings *play*."

[illegible]– *Mead.*] Properly land that is *mowed*. A. S. *mæd*, *mǽvan*, to mow; [illegible]lish, *maes*; Lat. *met-*. Aftermath is the second mowing. Cf. n. [illegible]dy, iii. 7.

[illegible]64. *Horror.*] The fundamental idea is that of something sharp-[illegible]nted, bristling, then of the inward impression produced by a trembling, [illegible]ddering feeling. Virg. uses the verb *horrere* of erect ears of corn, [illegible]i. 314): of sharp-pointed hail, (449): of upturned ridges, (iii. 161); [illegible]squalor, (iv. 96). Conington. Cf. φρίσσειν Hom., Il. xxiii. 599; xiii. [illegible]: iv. 382. See n. on A. 400.

Milton, Com. 36, 7:

"This drear wood,
The nodding *horror* of whose shady brows."

Ibid, 438:

"Grots and caverns shagg'd with *horrid* shades."

[illegible]67. *Briny.*] Either from A. S. *brún*, *brym*, the sea; or from A. S. [illegible]re, burning, from the pungent, burning taste of sea water.

[illegible]69. *Horizon.*] Cf. 203, 4; 945; Sp. 151 n.

[illegible] *Verge.*] Lat. *virga*, the wand borne by an officer as sign of his [illegible]ority, hence *verger*. The *verge* of a court was the limit within which [illegible]uthority of the officer of the court extended. Cf. L. of L. ii. 694 n.

[illegible]71. *Much-transported muse.*] Cf. 17 n.

ANALYSIS (175–198).—*All nature sings God's praise.*

175, 180. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, v. 153, seq.: "Thyself, how wond'rous then," &c. "This hymn to the sun, in which some hints are taken from Cowley's Hymn to Light, is one of the sublimest and most masterly efforts of genius."—W.

178. *Ken.*] Cf. L. of L. i. 68 n. As a noun, frequent in Milton, e.g. Par. Lost, i. 59: "As far as angels' ken." "Angels' purer ken" is contrasted with (313) "the grosser eye of man."

179. *Single smile.*] Whose smile alone, unaided by aught else.

180. *Lamps of heaven.*] Milton, Com. 196, 7:

> "The stars
> That nature hung in *heaven*, and filled their *lamps*
> With everlasting oil."

Cf. Pope, Temple of Fame, 743–4:

> "As Heaven with *stars*, the roof with jewels glows,
> And *ever-living lamps* depend in rows."

182. Cf. Ps. civ. 29: "Thou hidest Thy face, they are troubled."

184. *Chaos come again.*] Pope, Dunc. iv. 650:

> "Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
> Light dies before thy uncreating word.
> Thy hand, great anarch, lets the curtain fall,
> And universal darkness buries all."

Sh., Oth. III. iii. 92: "Chaos is come again."

— *Chaos.*] Grk. χάος. (Not mentioned in Homer.)

186, 7. Cf. Ps. xix. 1–4; Luke xix. 40: "If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

187. *General voice.*] Cf. 120: "common hymn." Ps. xix. 3

190. *Quire celestial.*] Job xxxviii. 7. Cf. Milton, Com. 112: "starry quire." Cf. Sp. 270 n.; L. of L. ii. 395 n. It is possibly connected with the Welsh *cor*, and so with Eng. church.

— *Thee resound.*] Cf. Virg., Ecl. i. 5:

> "Formosam *resonare* doces Amaryllida silvas."

192. *Nature's volume.*] The notion is an enlargement of the idea of God as the inspirer of the Bible. He is regarded as the author of another book, Nature, in which those who run may read His glory and His greatness. Sh. speaks in the same way of "sermons in stones." Keble has worked out the idea more fully, Christian Year (Septuag. S.):

> "There is a book, who runs may read,
> Which heavenly truth imparts,
> And all the lore its scholars need,
> Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found."

198. *Spar.*] It. *sorare*, Fr. *essorer*, from the Low Lat. *exaurare* (*ex*, *aura*), to take the air.

ANALYSIS (199—240).—*Forenoon: heat of the day.*

200. *Limpid.*] (Limp, lame, lump). A. S. *limp-an*. The radical signification is the same as that of flabby, flaccid, not having strength to stand stiff; and so supple, pliant. Cf. "limber up."

201. *Fog.*] From the Scand.: Prov. Dan. *fuge*, to rain and blow. O. D. *fok*, snowstorm.

205. *Blush.*] From blow, as flush from flow. Cf. 129 n.

208. *Gelid.*] Lat. *cool*. Cf. 461: "gelid cavorns." Virg., Ec. x. 42: "gelidi fontes."

209. *Dispreading.*] Cf. Spenser, F. Q. i. 4:

"Full of Argus eyes their tails *dispreaden* wide."

Cf. "disparts," 709; "disclosed," 1.

211. *Tepid streams.*] Contrasted with "gelid founts," 208; v. sup. 6.

213. *Shed.*] Cf. 88 n.

— *Parching.*] Junius derives the word parch from περικαίω, Skinner from *percoquere*. Richardson connects it with *perish*. Others from Fr. *percer*, pierce (i. e. by the sun's rays). "Perhaps contracted from *peraresce*, Lat. *perarescere*, to grow dry; but cf. also Rus. *pdritj*, to scorch."—Webster.

215. *Azure veins.*] So the Spanish grandees boast of their "blue blood."

216. *Follower of the sun.*] Sun-flower. Helianthus annuus.

217, 219. "It is wonderful how this poetic fiction originated: the plant neither turns its flower to the sun, nor can it close its petals in the manner described. If we examine a bed of sunflowers at any period of the day we shall find them looking in every direction."—A. T. T. It is an instance of the vitality of an error, because it is not tested. So learned men puzzled themselves for a reason why a full bowl of water would not overflow when a fish was put into it. When at length the fish was put in, the water overflowed at once.

222. *Udder.*] A. S. *ûder*, Ger. *euter*, Lat. *uber*, Grk. οὖθαρ, Sans. *ûdhas*, from *ud*, to swell.

224. Cf. Pope, E. on M. iii. 151, seq.

225, 6. Cf. Gray, Bard, vii. 23-6.

230. *Convene.*] Lat. *convenio*, generally used actively; to *convene* a meeting.

— *Fowl.*] Ger. Vogel, from *fliegen*; Eng. fly.

232. *Greyhound.*] Cf. L. of L. ii. 777 n.

— *Vacant.*] Having no duty to perform, out of work. So "a *vacant* mind," Goldsmith, Des. Vill. 122.

233, 4. Cf. Æsch., Eum. 131:

ὄναρ διώκεις θῆρα, κλαγγάνεις δ' ἅπερ
κύων μέριμναν οὔποτ' ἐκλιπὼν πόνου.

Lucr. iv. 988, seq.:

"Venatumque canes in molli sæpe quiete."

Dryden, Cock and Fox, 339:

"Hounds in sleep will open for their prey."

237. Cf. 111; Gray i. 28, 4.

ANALYSIS (241—351).—*Insects of summer.*

242. Cf. Gray, i. 28:

"Float amid the liquid noon."

247. *Swarming.*] A. S. *swearm*; Ger. *schwärmen*, from the same root as *schwirren*; Sans. *sur*, to resound. Cf. 289: "swarms with life." Cf. Eng. swear, sword. In sense of climbing, cf. Eng. swerve and worm.

248. *Parent.*] I.e. the sun (cf. 240), whose beams bring the beauties of the creation into light.

250. *People.*] Cf. Pope, E. on M. i. 27:

"What varied beings *people* every star."

The opposite verb is found in Milton, Par. Lost, vii. 151:

"To have *dispeopled* Heaven."

251. *Fatal instinct.*] That proceeds from fate, ordained by fate, without any reference to the sad results of an action, which is its prevalent sense.

260. "The curling of the leaves of plants usually depends upon insects depositing their eggs in the punctures made by their ovipositors; or on their rolling up the leaves and fastening them with thread spun from the body of the winged insect."—A. T. T.

261. *Employs.*] Subj. "task," in line 258.

262. *Dairy.*] Deyry, from old word still found in Chaucer, (Nonne Prest's Tale, 26): a servant in husbandry, mostly a female, whose duty it was to make cheese, butter, &c.—Wedgewood. Swed. *deja*, or *dairy-maid*; O. Swed. *dia*, to give suck, *di-barn*, a nurse child; Sans. *duh*, to milk (cf. *dug*). Grimm derives the word from A. S. *dairim*, *dærim*, the red of early day, the dawn, the milking time.

263. Cf. Hom., Il. ii. 469–471.

265. *Weltering.*] Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, i. 78.

269. *Spider.*] I.e. the spinner. Cf. spin, spindle.

270. *Mixture.*] Sc. of cunning and ferocity.

271. *Carcasses.*] Low Lat. *carcasium*, Fr. *carcasse*, L. It. *carcame* and *arcame*, from Lat. *arca*. *Carquois* is from the same root.

272. *Waving snares.*] Cf. Pope, E. on M. iii. 103:

"Who made the spider parallels design?"

273. *Dreadless.*] Void of all fear, unsuspecting. Lat. *securus*.

274. *Ruffian.*] O. E. *ruffin*, *rouffin*, from Lat. *rufus*; red-hair being associated with the notions of rude strength and violence. Cf. Sp. *rufo*; Gor. *raufer*, a brawler.

276. Cf. Pope, E. on M. i. 117, 8:

"The spider's touch, how exquisitively fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the *line*."

277. *Fangs.*] Cf. Gray, ix. 10 n.

278. *Grimly pleased.*] Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, ii. 845–6:

"He ceased, for both seemed highly pleased, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile."

283. *Muses.*] Fr. *muser*, It. *musare*. Diez derives it from Low Lat. *muso* (Fr. *museau*), stand dreaming open-mouthed: others from *mussaye*, to mutter. Littré connects it with the Swiss patois *musen*, to be sad. Cf. Gos. *musse*, bemused, overcome with idle dreams. Cf. muzzy.

285. Cf. Tennyson, Lot. Eat., song 5:

"With *half-shut eyes* ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half dream."

And Virg., Ecl. i. 54–6.

287, seq. Cf. Pope, E. on M. 233, 399:

"See, through this air, this ocean and this earth,
All matters quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach, from infinite to thee."

And the old rhyme on the infinity of Nature:

"The little fleas that do us tease have other fleas that bite 'em,
And these again have lesser fleas, and so ad infinitum."

288. *Microscopic eye.*] Cf. Pope, E. on M. i. 193:

"Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason—man is not a fly."

102: "philosophic eye." 329: "universal eye." The word microscopic is generally used for "seen through a microscope." Cf. n. 317.

289. *Swarms.*] Cf. 247.

290. *Atoms.*] Gr. ἄτομος, which admits no further division. Its opposite is tome.

Atoms organised.] Cf. Pope, E. on M. iii. 9–12:

"See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace."

291. *Waiting.*] In sense of awaiting. Cf. Pope, E. on M. i. 9:

"Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore."

It is used, 114, in sense of waiting on.

— *Vital breath.*] Breath which gives life (Lat. *vita*). Cf. Pope, E. on M. ii. 139:

"Each *vital* humour which should feed the whole."

Cf. 1373: "vital lustre."

292. Cf. Ps. xxxiii. 6:

294. "The idea of pestilential diseases arising from insects has been refuted by modern physiology."—A. T. T.

296. *Heaves.*] Cf. Gray, v. 14 n.

301. *Downy orchard.*] I.e. with grass as soft as down.

— *Orchard.*] A. S. *Ort-zeard*, a yard for fruit; cf. A. S. *ort*; Dan. *urt*; Ger. *wurzel*; Eng. wort, root. A place where trees with large roots grow, as opposed to flower garden. Cf. Lat. *hortus*; Gr. χόρτος.

302. *Nameless.*] Cf. Virg., Æn. ix. 343:

"Multam in medio sine nomine plebem."

312. *Forming heaven.*] Cf. 108 n.

315. *Cates.*] Delicate food, dainties. Sh., 1 Henry VI. II. iii.:

"We'll see what *cates* you have."

Cf. 1 Henry IV. III. i.; Tam. Shrew, II. i.; and Milton, Par. R. ii. 348:

"Alas! how simple to these *cates*
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve."

"In a plain country greeting he invited us to drink, and eat with him such *cates* as the house afforded. Rowley, 1609."—Halliwell.

315. *Ambrosial, nectar'd.*] Ambrosia, the food of the gods, as nectar

was their drink. Ambrosia from ἀμβροτος and βροτός. Sans. *amrita* (nectar), from *mri*, to die, the root of Grk. βρο-τός, Lat. *mori*, &c.

317. Cf. Pope, E. on M. 201–204:

> "If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
> And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
> How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
> The whispering zephyr and the purling rill."

"The spectacle afforded by the wonderful energies prisoned within the compass of the *microscopic* hair of a plant, which we commonly regard as a merely passive organism, is not easily forgotten by one who has watched its display, continued hour after hour, without pause or sign of weakening. The possible complexity of many other organic forms, seemingly as simple as the protoplasm of the nettle, dawns upon one; and the comparison of such a protoplasm to a body with an internal circulation, which has been put forward by an eminent physiologist, loses much of its startling character. Currents similar to those of the hairs of the nettle have been observed in a great multitude of very different plants, and weighty authorities have suggested that they probably occur, in more or less perfection, in all young vegetable cells. If such be the case, the wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dullness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned, as with the roar of a great city."—The Physical Basis of Life, by Prof. Huxley, *Fortnightly Review* for February 1869, p. 132.

318. *Tax.*] Find fault with, call in question. Cf. Milton, S. A. 210:

> "*Tax* not divine disposal."

320. *In vain.*] Cf. Sp. 138 n.

323. Cf. Pope, E. on M. iii. 45–48:

> "While man exclaims, 'See all things for my use!'
> 'See man for mine!' replies a pamper'd goose:
> And just as short of reason he must fall,
> Who thinks all made for one, not one for all."

330. *Sweep.*] Cf. 435, and Gray, xi. 17. It is also applied to swift, unexpected motion. Sh., Hamlet, i. v. 31: "that I may sweep to my revenge." Cf. swoop. Mac.: "in one fell swoop."

— *Scheme.*] Cf. Sp. 858 n.

334. *The mighty chain of beings.*] Pope, E. on M. i. 237: "Vast chain of being." Cf. 287 n.

344. *Tempest-wing'd.*] Cf. Ps. xviii. 10: "He did fly upon the wings of the wind." Pope, E. on M. ii. 110:

> "Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
> He mounts the storm and walks upon the wind."

Cf. W. 190; H. 18.

347–9. Cf. Gray, Ode to Spring, 35–7.

347. *Shine.*] Now obsolete as a subst. except in the compound *sunshine.*

351. *The book of life.*] I.e. of this life; not '*the* book of life,' signifying the Bible, a phrase common in Christian writings.

ANALYSIS (352—370).—*Hay-making.*

352. *Jovial.*] Cf. A. 3.

355. *Blown.*] A. S. *blówian*, Ger. *blühen*. The A. S. *blówian*, florere, and *blæwan*, flare, both make the strong preterite *bléór*, Eng. blow and blew. Grimm compares Lat. *florere* (*flos-ere*) and flare, to which may be added, Sans. *phull*, expand, blossom. The fundamental idea is that of expansion or bursting: the breath escaping and expanding from the mouth, and the flower bursting or expanding. The old Eng. blowzy seems to combine both meanings: a blowzy wench.

356. *Swelling.*] Cf. 55.

359. *Trail.*] Pr. *trathar*, Lat. *trah-ere*, *tragula*, trail.

361. *Tedded.*] Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, ix. 460:

"The smell of grain, or *tedded* grass, or kine."

"Palsgrave: 'I teede hey, I turn it afore it is made in cockes, *je fenne.*' The word means (1) to spread hay; (2) to turn flax on the ground (West); (3), to burn wood fires (Lincoln). A tedding-pole—the long stick used for turning flax (West)."—Halliwell. Ogilvie derives it from the Welsh. Dr. Owen Pughe, an eminent Celtic scholar, says, "téd," noun, a stretch, a distended state: *tedu*, verb, to stretch, distend. There seems to be a notion running through all examples of *drying*; and in 4-15 Thomson originally wrote *tedded* for the actual reading *humid*. Cf. Fr. *tiédir*. Phillips (apud Johnson), speaks of the *tepid* wreaths of tedded grass. The word is no doubt connected with tie, tether.

367. *Russet.*] Reddened, bronzed by the sun. Old Fr. *rosset*; Fr. *roux*, fem. *rousse*, a reddish-brown colour; Lat. *russus*. Thomson has, A. 971, "the *russet* mead;" and of a dress, in A. 354, "limbs, in *russet* clad;" and even uses the word as a verb (H. 96):

"The summer ray
Russets the plain."

Shakspeare applies it to the morn, Hamlet I. i. 166:

"The morn in *russet* mantle clad."

Mid. Night's Dream, III. ii. 21: "*russet*-pated choughs." Milton, L'All. 73:

"*Russet* lawns and fallows gray."

And Dryden has:

"Summer such a *russet* livery wears."

The word was also applied (as in A. 354) to a material much worn by country people. Sh., Love's Lab. Lost, v. ii. 413:

"Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
I do forswear them . . . . . .
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In *russet* yeas, and honest kersey noes."

367. *Haycock.*] Cock, to set erect or bolt upright; an application of the word suggested by the strutting of a cock.—Smart (Halliwell). Cf. Milton, L'All. 88, 9:

"Or, if earlier seasons lead,
To the *tann'd haycock* in the mead."

ANALYSIS (371—431).—*Sheep-shearing.*

373. *Compell'd.*] Driven together. (Lat. *com-pell-ere*).

376. *Giddy.*] A. S. *gydian*, to be on a height, troubled. Cf. Eng. gad, Road.

383. *Labour.*] Struggle painfully. Cf. Sh., King Lear, IV. vi. 2:

"When shall I come to the top of that same?
You do climb up it now: look how we *labour*."

386. *Sordid stream.*] Made muddy and disturbed by the sheep-washing. Prov. Eng. sords, dirt, filth. Cf. W. 337 n.

392, 3. Cf. Virg., Georg. iii. 554, 5:

"Balatu pecorum et crebris mugitibus amnes,
Arentesque sonant ripæ, collesque supini."

395. *Wattled.*] A. S. *watel*, a twig, a hurdle made of twigs. Goth. *vidan*, to join. Cf. Eng. withe.

Milton, Com. 345:

"The folded flocks penn'd in their *wattled* cotes."

397. *Shears.*] A. S. *scéran*; Ger. *scheren*; Lat. *cern-ere*; Grk. κείρ-ειν, ξύρ-ειν. Cf. Eng. share, sheer, shire. Sp. 41. Sans. *kshur*, and *chhur*, as in *chhurikâ* (a knife, something to cut with).

401. *Rays.*] Sends forth, dispenses, as rays of light and joy. Johnson says it is an old verb, but this is in the sense to streak, to mark in rays, or long lines. I can find no other use of it in this semi-metaphorical sense.

408. *Cypher.*] From the Arabic, *cafar*, empty; used as a substantive to represent the sign of nullity, and then applied to the other figures. Ger. *ziffer*; Fr. *zéro*, *chiffre*, &c. Here any mark, as a sign of the master's property, usually his initials.

413. *All-depending.*] Depending on so many creatures for food, clothing, &c.

410. *Sturdy.*] Cf. Gray, v. 28 n.

416. *Dumb-complaining.*] Cf. Is. liii. 7.

421. *Fleece.*] Connected with flax, and that again with Lat. *plect-ere*, *flect-ere*, Grk. πλέκ-ειν, Ger. *flechten*. Eng. plight: *flix*, applied to the fur of the hare.

424. *Hence.*] Agriculture a true foundation of prosperity. Cf. Adam Smith. "The ordinary revolutions of war and government easily dry up the sources of that wealth which arises from commerce only. That which arises from the more solid improvements of agriculture is much more durable, and cannot be destroyed but by those more violent convulsions occasioned by the depredations of hostile and barbarous nations continued for a century or two together."—A. Smith, Wealth of Nations, ii. 137.

426. *Sun-rage.*] Cf. Virg., Æn. v. 802: "rabiem cœli." Hor., Ep. I, x. 16. Cf. 985: "all the rage of all the sky." Cf. 963: "furnace of the sky."

427. *Fervent.*] Is explained by "wide *glows* her land." Cf. Sp. 578.

430. It is difficult to say what the poet refers to in this line. "Summer" was published in 1727, at which time England and France were at peace. By the phrase "Gallia's humbled coast," allusion might be understood to the effect on France of Marlborough's victories.

— *Impending hangs.*] A strong and vivid expression: although in *words* tautology.

431. *Circling deep.*] Which circles the world. Cf. Pope, Temple of Fame, 14:

"Where mountains rise, and *circling oceans* flow."

ANALYSIS (432—515).—*Noon and its heat: groups of herds and flocks.*

433. *Direct.*] Used with reference to "vertical" in preceding line.

435. *Deluge.*] As applied to light; compare the analogous phrase *flood* of light (464).

436.] *Undistinguish'd.*] In which nothing can be clearly distinguished.

437. *Dejected.*] Generally in a moral or mental sense. (Lat. *dejicio*, cast down.)

440. *Parch'd.*] Cf. 213 n.

— *Cleaving fields.*] Cf. Virg., Georg. ii. 353: "hiulca siti . . . arva." Cf. Catul. lxvi. 62.

444. *Scythe.*] Lat. *sec-are.* Eng. saw. Cf. 397 n.

450. *Hurl.*] Here intrans. No other instance can be found in the dictionary. Cf. hurry, whirl. See n. on *hurtle*, Gray, viii. 4.

452. *Throbbing.*] Perhaps from the Grk. θορυβεῖν.

456. Cf. Deut. xxviii. 67: "In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even!" and Æsch., P. V. 22–24.

458-460. Cf. Virg., Georg. ii. 488:

"O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra."

459. *Romantic.*] "Full of wild scenery."—Johnson. Cf. L. of L. i. 451 n.

— *Forest-crown'd.*] Cf. 559: "wood-crown'd hill."

460. Pope, Past. Sum. 76:

"Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade."

461. *Gelid caverns.*] Cf. 208: "gelid founts." Cf. Goldsmith, Trav. 121:

"Sea-borne gales their *gelid* wings expand."

465, seq. Cf. Hor., Od. III. iii. 7.

468. *Jarring.*] Cf. L. of L. ii. 787 n.

473. Cf. Ps. xlii. 1. Sallying spring "qui *salit* (leaps) ex humo." Cf. sallyport.

480. *Purls.*] This word, like purr, is onomatopoetic. Wedgewood connects it with pearl (Ger. *perlen*), like the dropping or rolling of pearls. Cf. Milton, Par. R. ii. 345:

"All fish from sea or shore,
Freshet, or *purling* brook, or shell or fin."

Pope, E. on M. i. 204:

"The whispering zephyr and the *purling* rill."

Cf. Thomson, Castle of Indolence, I. iv. 1:

"Join'd to the prattle of the *purling* rills."

481. *Vocal.*] Cf. Sp. 460 n.

— *Fretting.*] Lat. *fric-are.*

487. *Ruminating.*] Lat. *rumen*, the throat; to ruminate, (lit.) to repass the food from the stomach through the gullet, for the purpose of chewing it over again. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 852.

490. *Laborious ox.*] Milton, Com. 290: "the laboured ox."

491. *Incomposed.*] Cf. Milton, P. L. ii. 989:

"With faltering speech and visage *incomposed*."

492. *Troublous.*] "An elegant word, but disused."—Johnson. Not uncommon in Spenser. Thomson, Castle of Indolence, II. lxxix. 4: "*troublous* song."

496. *Scrip.*] A small bag or wallet. From Swed. *skräppa*, Welsh *ysgrefan*, something drawn together. Cf. Eng. gripe, grab. There is another *scrip* from Lat. *scribere* (to write). Sh., Mid. Nt. Dr. I. ii. 3:

"Call them according to the *scrip*."

— *Viands.*] Fr. *viande*, Low Lat. *vivanda*, Lat. *viv-ere*, *vict-us* (victuals), Sans. *jiva*, to live.

497. *Listening.*] Used trans. Cf. L. of L. ii. 455 n. and Sh., Henry VI. i. v. 3:

"Lady, vouchsafe to *listen* what I say."

Sh., Mac. II. ii. 29:

"*Listening* their fear."

Cf. Milton, Com. 168:

"Hearken, if I may, her business here."

Ibid, 560:

"At which I ceased, and *listen'd* them awhile."

498. The gadfly is not a gregarious or social, but a solitary insect, appearing singly and not in a flight or swarm. Thomson probably adopted the error from the passage in Virgil, which he seems to have closely imitated (Georg. iii. 147, 8):

"Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen asilo
Romanum est, œstrum Graii vertere vocantes."

501. *Lavish.*] Cf. 126 n.

503. *Bright severity.*] Cf. 541: "severe delight."

508. Cf. Virg., Georg. iii. 81.

509. *Springs.*] Jumps, or springs over. Quite a solitary instance of the word so used. Johnson calls it "a barbarous use."

514. *Takes the river.*] Generally means to plunge into the river, as a stag hunted. Here it means takes in. Cf. Tennyson, Œnone:

"Gargarus
Stands up and *takes* the morning."

So "catch" is also used. Cf. Goldsmith, Trav. 47:

"Ye lakes whose vessels *catch* the busy gale."

515. *Skims the wave.*] Can hardly be said of a horse swimming. Skim is to glide lightly on the surface of water; properly, to take off the scum. Also used intrans., as, Pope, Temple of Fame, 104:

"And airy spectres *skim* before their eyes."

ANALYSIS (516—563).—*Meditations suggested in a grove. Angels' voices.*

519. *Nods o'er.*] Cf. Sp. 229:

"Fired by the nodding verdure of its brow."

534, 5. Cf. Polonius' advice to Laërtes, Sh., Hamlet, I. iii. 65:

"Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee."

538. Cf. Longfellow, Snowflakes, 1, seq.:

"Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of the garments shaken."

* * * * * *

"Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow."

543. *Than human more.*] Cf. Milton, Com. 296:

"Their port was more than human."

544, 5. *Ear of fancy.*] A very unusual metaphor.

546. *Parent-power.*] Cf. 577, parental nature.

548, 9. Cf. Wesley's hymn:

"Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

554. *Discordant vice.*] Contrary to nature, out of harmony with the creation. Cf. Pope, E. on M. ii. 217:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

555. Cf. Pope, E. on M., iv. 332:

"Looks through nature up to nature's God."

557, 8. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 680, seq.:

"How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices, to the midnight air
(Sole, or responsive to each other's note)
Singing their great Creator."

559. *Wood-crown'd hill.*] Cf. 459: "forest-crown'd."

ANALYSIS (564—584).—*To the memory of Miss Stanley, and in praise of her mother.*

564. *Stanley.*] Miss Elizabeth Stanley, daughter of Mr. George Stanley, a Hampshire gentleman, and of Mrs. Stanley, the oldest daughter of Sir Hans Sloane. She died in 1738, aged 18. For her tomb Thomson wrote an epitaph, which is generally included in his poems. Cf. Bell's edition, vol. i. p. 223. She is described in it as "a mistress not only of the English and French, but in a high degree of the Greek and Roman learning, without vanity or pedantry." "Summer" was published in 1727; this passage must, therefore, have been added in a later edition.

572. *Gay lively sense.*] Cf. 24: "gay social sense."

576. *Best of parents.*] Mrs. Stanley, who was a very learned woman, survived her daughter twenty-six years.

577. Cf. Tennyson, to J. S.:

"Great Nature is more wise than I,
I will not tell you not to weep."

581. Cf. Coleridge's well-known Epitaph:

"Ere sun could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came in friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there."

And Milton, On the Death of a Fair Infant, 1-4.

582. *They spread . . . into higher powers.*] Cf. Tennyson:,

"I know transplanted human worth
Must bloom to profit, other where."—In Mem. 81.

"But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim."—In Mem. 74.

"Until we doubt not that for one so true,
There must be other, nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo."
Ode on Duke of Wellington.

ANALYSIS (585—606).—*A waterfall.*

592. Cf. Southey's Lodore.

590. *Shelving brink.*] Where the water *shoals*, *is shallow*. Cf. Pope, The Fable of Dryope, 15:

"A lake there was, with *shelving* banks around."

591. Cf. Campbell:

"The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

Tennyson, Miller's Daughter:

"The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still."

594. *Sheet.*] Cf. L. of L. i. 262 n.

595. *Prone.*] Lat. *pronus*, leaning forward, headlong. Cf. 655, "prone-rushing." Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, i. 195:

"His other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long," &c.

597. *Aloft.*] Cf. 86 n.

600. *Shaggy.*] A. S. *sceacga*, cæsaries, "a bush of hair." O. Norse *skaga*, to protrude; *skagi*, a promontory; *skegg*, a beard.

602. *Aslant.*] Cf. 86 n.

— *Channel.*] Cf. 13 n.

604. *Infracted.*] Lat. *in-frango, fract-um*, broken and running back into course.

605. *Steals.*] That is, it runs so gently, without making a loud noise, that none thinks that there is a stream there.

ANALYSIS (607—628).—*Birds of the Summer.*

607. *Cliff.*] A. S. *clífan*, to cleave, split; Lat. *glub-ere*; Grk. γλύφ-ειν. Cf. Eng. cleave, cleft, clove, cloven.

608, 9. *The eagle soars with upward pinions through the flood of day.*] An instance of confused metaphor. Cf. Pope, Mess. 98:

"Break upon thee in a *flood of day.*"

611. *Gains on the sun.*] Moves faster than the sun, and so draws nearer to it. The word is now confined in this sense to competition in a race. Dryden:

"And mounting upward with erected flight,
Gain on the skies, and soar above the sight."

615. *Stockdove.*] Cf. Sp. 612 n.

— *Coos.*] Cf. Sp. 786 n.

616. *Plaint.*] Complaint, lament. Plain, simple form of complain. Fr. *plaindre*. Cf. plaintive, plaintiff. Milton, Par. Lost, ix. 98:

"His bursting passion into *plaints* thus pour'd."

618. Cf. Matt. Arnold, Philomela.

619. Cf. Pope:

"With slaughtering guns th' unwearied fowler roves."

— *Guile.*] O. Fr. *guillor*, which is found only in the alliterative proverb: "Tel croit guiller Guillot que Guillot guille." A. S. *vile*, cunning; Eng. wile. G and w are similarly interchanged in guard, ward. Fr. *guerdon*, Eng. reward. Cf. L. of L. ii. 235 n.

622. *Border.*] Fr. *bord*, O. G. *bort*, Eng. board; originally planks of which ships were made; then that which encloses, or limits, and so the extremity of anything. Cf. broider.

624. *Grotesque.*] Fr. *grotte*, It. *grotta*, Lat. *crypta*, Grk. κρύπτη. The ruins of the baths of Titus at Rome were called the "grottoes," and from the fantastic, bizarre paintings discovered there the word grotesque came to be applied to anything strange or fantastic.

626. *Umbrage.*] Lat. *umbra*, shade, here used in its literal sense. To take umbrage is said metaphorically of those who take offence at any supposed slight.

628. Cf. Sp. 515, and Milton, Pens. 303:

"While the bee with honied thigh."

Virg., Georg. iv. 180, 1:

"At fessæ multa referunt se nocte minores,
Crura thymo plenæ."

ANALYSIS (629—1002).—*Summer in the Tropics.*

630. *Noon.*] Lat. *nona*, sc. *hora*, at which time the Romans eat their chief meal, and so came to signify a definite, marked point of time. "The transference of the signification," says Wedgewood, "from mid-afternoon to mid-day seems to have taken place through an alteration in the time of the canonical services. It is probably in memory of the time at which the service of nones was originally performed that 'mid-day' is still announced by nine strokes of the bell." As the sun reaches its greatest altitude at noon, the word is used to express the height of glory or prosperity. Milton, Pens. 218, 9, applies it to the moon:

"To behold the wandering moon
Riding near the highest *noon*."

633. *Climes unrelenting.*] Which never grow cool and calm. Lat. *lentus, levis.* Inf. 641: "to mitigate his fire."

637. *Ardent.*] Cf. 6 and n.

641. *General breeze.*] Which generally blows. "It blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, N.E. and S.E.; caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west."—A. T. T.

644. *Barbarous gold.*] Barbaric is mostly used in this sense; frequent in Milton. Cf. Par. Lost, ii. 4.

645. "In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year vertical, which produces this effect."—A. T. T.

647. *Ridgy.*] Cf. Sp. 1072 n.

648. *Plays.*] Used of anything in graceful, pleasing motion. Cf. 40 n.

649. *Auriferous.*] Lat. *aurum*, gold, *fero*, bear.

650. *Stage.*] Fr. *étage*, It. *staggio*, Lat. *staticus*, from stare; any resting-place; a floor. Cf. station, stay, stand. Cf. L. of L. i. 368 n.

— *Stage above stage.*] Comparison to stage of a theatre. Cf. 720:

"Woods
High-raised in solemn theatre around."

Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 141:

"Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of statcliest view."

652. Cf. Cowper, Task, ii. 1:

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade."

657. *Meridian gloom.*] I.e. gloom cast by the trees when the sun is at his greatest height, consequently intenser and deeper by force of contrast. Meridian, Lat. *medius dies.* Hor., Od. III. xxviii. 5: "inclinare meridiem sentis." Meridian, like noon, is also used of anything at its highest excellence.

— *Prime.*] Cf. Sp. 271 n.

659. *Vital spirit.*] Cf. 291 n. and Pope, 1st Past. (Spr.) 74:

"The sun's mild lustre warms the *vital* air."

660. *Bank.*] Enclose with banks; the only instance quoted by Johnson in this sense.

— *Shrubby.*] Wedgwood derives the word from Provincial Danish *skrub*, a bush. It is, however, as meaning low, stunted trees, connected with shrivel, shrimp.

661. *Rugged coats.*] Sc. of cocoa-nut.

662. Cf. Milton, Comus, 185:

"Bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide."

663. *Pomona.*] Cf. A. 645 n.

— *Citron.*] Lat. *citrus.* Citrus medica is the citron; Citrus Limetta is the lime. "The tree is small, not graceful, but stiff and spiny; the flowers, however, are rosy, and the fruit exhales the most fragrant odour." —A. T. T.

664. *Lemon and lime.*] Are the same words, from the Persian. "In foliage the lime-tree resembles the lemon-tree; but the fruit is smaller and rounder, and has a boss at the apex."—A. T. T.

— *Piercing.*] Refers to acidity of flavour; the lime, however, is less acid than the lemon.

665. *Orange.*] Said to be a Persian word. It may probably be connected with *aur-um*, the golden fruit.

667. *Tamarind.*] From the Arab. *tamar-hindi*, Indian date. "It is a tree 30 or 40 ft. in height, and, as the poet describes it, spreading and branching, with handsome pinnated leaves. It is the pulpy part of the fruit which contains valuable properties, as a cooling medicinal agent."

669. *Massy.*] For massive. Cf. Sh., Ham., III. iii. 17: "a *massy* wheel."

671. *Indian fig.*] "A correct description of that extraordinary tree, the banyan-tree of Hindostan. Its branches extend laterally to so great a distance that they could not be supported, but for a wise provision of Nature, which enables the branches to throw out from their under-surface roots that descend, and striking into the earth enlarge in diameter so as to assume the appearance and to perform the functions of new trunks."—A. T. T.

Milton supposes that it was this tree which furnished leaves for the first garments of Adam and Eve. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, ix. 1102:

"Such, as at this day to Indians known,
In Malabar or Deccan, spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between."

The Hindoos, and especially the Brahmins, pay divine honours to this tree.

672. *Brow.*] Sans. *bhru*, Lat. *supercilium*. Cf. Grk. ὀφρύς.

675. "The term *high* is misapplied to palmettos, which are dwarf palms."—A. T. T.

679. *Frantic.*] Prolep., which makes frantic, if drunk. Cf. frenetic, frenzy. Grk. φρενητικός, from φρήν. Cf. L. of L. ii. 787 n.

680. *Twig.*] That, which parting from the stem, produces *two*; cf. twin.

681. *Pomegranate.*] Technically, Punica granatum; *see* pomum granatum. The Romans named it Punicum malum, Punic apple, from having first procured it from Carthage.

682. *Gelid race of berries.*] Cf. 662, and Sp. 165 n.

683. Cf. Gray, El. 68, &c.:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

And Milton, Comus, 322–326.

685. "The *anana* (now better known as the pine-apple) was introduced into Europe about the middle of the seventeenth century, and was brought to England from Holland by the Earl of Portland in 1690." The original Peruvian word is *nanas*.

687. *Golden age.*] Cf. 273 n.

688. *Tufty.*] "A word of no authority."—Johnson. Milton, L'All. 77, has tuftell:

"Bosom'd high in *tufted* trees."

And Pope, Wind. For. 27:

"Crown'd with *tufted* trees and springing corn."

692. *Savannahs.*] Spa. *sabana*; a low open plain, called, in different parts of America, llanos and prairies.

692. *Flora.*] Properly the goddess of flowers. Hence the botany or various kinds of trees, plants, and flowers peculiar or belonging to a country. Similarly, the term Fauna is applied to the geology or various kinds of animals peculiar to, or found in, a country.

698, 9. Cf. Pope, E. on M. iv. 380:

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

699. *Scorch.*] O. Fr. *escorchier*, Fr. *écorcher*, It. *scorticare*, Lat. *excorticare*, i.e. *cortice exuere*, because the skin, which is as it were the body's rind, drops off parched by heat.

705. *Prodigious.*] Employed in the two-fold sense of large and lavish, prodigious and prodigal.

709. *Mail.*] Fr. *maille*, Lat. *macula*. Term applied from the spotted speckly appearance of plait armour. Cf. Fr. "mailles de perdreau."

710. *Behemoth.*] The poet has here not only confounded the Behemoth of scripture with the Hippopotamus, but he confounds it with the description there given of the leviathan, the whale, by clothing it with plaited mail. The hippopotamus is not covered with scales, or a case of bone, or anything analogous to those substances; the whole of the body of the animal being denuded, except at the end of the tail and ears.

711. *Idle.*] Ineffectual. Milton, Par. Lost, vi. 839:

"Down their *idle* weapons dropp'd."

713. *Fare.*] A. S. *faran*, to go; Ger. *fahren*, to convey; hence (1) going, journeying; (2) the price paid for passage in a vehicle by land or water; (3) the food, provisions necessary for support of life during such journey. For the verb, cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 131:

"So on he *fares*, and to the border comes
Of Eden."

Cf. Sans. *edr*, go; Grk. *πείρ-ειν*, *πόρ-ος*, *πορεύεσθαι*.

716. *Primeval trees.*] Cf. Longfellow, Introd. to Evangeline.

718. *Ganges.*] Virg., Georg. ii. 137; Æn. ix. 31.

— *Sacred.*] Regarded with reverence by the Hindoos, who attribute to it the power to purify from sin.

719. Cf. Milton, Com. 62:

"In thick shelter of black shades imbower'd."

720. Cf. 650.

721. *Wisest of brutes.*] Cf. Pope, E. on M. i. 221, 2:

"How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!"

723. Cf. Sh., Meas. for Meas. II. ii. 107:

"O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

724. *Revolving ages.*] Cf. 14.

728. *Mine.*] Lat. *minare*, Prov. *menar*, to do a thing secretly, covertly. Low Lat. *minare consilium*, to plot. The two notions of extension and depth are found in the Italian *doccia* (Lat. *ducere*), a canal. Cf. Eng. mien, demean.

731. *Fray.*] O. Fr. *froyer*, Prov. *fragar*, It. *fregare*, Lat. *fric-are*, to come to blows. Fray, in the sense of fight, is from Fr. *effrayeur*, Lat. *frigor*. Cf. Sh., 3 Hy. VI. II. i. 107:

"The bloody *fray* at Wakefield fought."

732. The use of elephants in battle is well-known and ancient. The best instance, perhaps, is by the Carthaginians at Zama, where the elephants, on whom they trusted, cost them the battle. *See* Liddell's Rome, p. 290.

736. *Deck'd.*] Cf. L. of L. i. 202

737. *Plumy.*] Cf. Sp. 165 n.

740. This connection is not entirely sustained by facts. *See* Wilson's American Ornithology.

742. *Montezuma's realm.*] Mexico, conquered by the Spaniards under Cortez, in 1520, Montezuma being at that time Emperor of the country. *See* Prescott's Conquest of Mexico. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, xi. 407:

"Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume."

746. *Sober-suited.*] Milton, Il Pens., 122 has "civil-suited morn." Tennyson has "sober-suited Freedom." Sh., Romeo and Juliet, III. ii. 14:

"Come, civil night,
Thou *sober-suited* matron, all in black."

— *Trills.*] Cf. Scott, County Guy:

"The lark his lay who *trill'd* all day."

748. *Lifeless sand.*] Cf. 818: "life-deserted sand."

— *Caravan.*] A Persian word, which, with the addition of another Persian word, *seraj*, *serai* (cf. seraglio) court, gives caravansary.

750. *Sennaar.*] By far the most important and settled of all the states into which Nubia is divided: bounded on N. by Dongola, E. by Red Sea, S. by Abyssinia, W. by Kordofan and the Great Desert.

751. *Nubia.*] A country to the S. of Egypt, through which the Nile flows.

— *Abyssinia.*] Rugged mountainous country to the S.E. of Nubia, in which the Blue River, one of the branches of the Nile, rises. It is a high table land, and has always possessed a sort of romantic interest. Dr. Johnson wrote Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. A new interest has been given to the country by the English expedition against King Theodore in 1868.

756. The allusion is to an attempt on the part of the Portuguese Jesuits to introduce into Abyssinia the Roman Catholic religion.

758. *Purple.*] The royal, imperial colour. In the Byzantine court, the term πορφυρογέννητος, *porphyrogenitus* (born in the purple), was applied to a child born to the reigning Emperor.

761. Cf. Mat. Arnold, Mycerinus:

"There by the river banks he wandered on,
From palm grove on to palm grove, happy trees."

762. *Aromatic.*] Cf. Pope, E. on M. i. 200:

"Die of a rose in *aromatic* pain."

And Wind. For. 244:

"And draws the *aromatic* souls of flowers."

767. *Sun-redoubling valley.*] The sun's rays, being confined and concentrated in the valley, acquire double strength.

769. *Fanes.*] Lat. *fanum.*

770. *Cultured.*] Cultivated. "Without authority."—Johnson.

771. *Gush.*] Ger. *giessen*, a rush of water: Icel. *Geyscer* (?). Cf. Eng. guzzle.

771, 2. *Careless herds securely stray.*] Secure (Lat. *se*, without, *cura*, care), careless. A tautology.

774. *Ethereal.*] Cf. Sp. 124 n.

775. *Spicy groves.*] Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 162:

"Sabæan odours from the *spicy* shore
Of Arnby the Blest."

And Pope, Messiah, 27 and 95:

"See *spicy* clouds . . . . rise,
With products of Sabæan springs
For thee Idumo's *spicy* forests blow."

— *Spicy.*]. Fr. *épicier.* See a very interesting summary of the derivation from the root *spec* in Max Müller, Science of Language, First Series.

779. *Landscape.*] Cf. Gray, v. 6 n. The termination is A. S. *-scipe*, Ger. *-schaft*, Eng. -ship.

791. *Continual.*] Lc. continuous.

792. *Gusty.*] A. S. *gist*, a storm. Cf. gush (771), ghast, ghost. Sh., Jul. Cæs., I. ii. 100:

"Once upon a raw and *gusty* day."

796. *Aërial.*] "High, elevated in situation, in the air."—Johnson. Cf. Pope, E. on M., iii. 182:

"Towns *aërial* on the waving tree."

1st Past. (Spr.) 16:

"And all the *aërial* audience clap their wings."

Milton, Com. 3:

"Bright *aërial* spirits live inspired
In regions mild of calm and serene air."

800. *Elemental war.*] Cf. Sh., Kg. L. iv. vii.: "warring winds." Tim. of Ath. iv. iii.: "conflicting elements." Pope has: "all subsists by *elemental* strife." For a slightly different use of it, cf. ibid., Rape of the Lock, i. 62:

"And sip with nymphs their *elemental* tea."

805. Cf. Virg., Georg. iv. 288:

"Effuso . . . flumine Nilum, . . .
Et viridem Ægyptum nigra fecundat arena."

806. *Two springs.*] The Balu el Azeym, or Blue Nile, and Balu el Abiad, or White Nile.

— *Gojam.*] "Probably a province of Abyssinia."—Boyd.

808. *Dembea.*] A lake in Abyssinia.

809. *Naiads.*] Cf. L. of L. i. 342 n. Cf. Sp. 403 n.

815. *Winds in progressive majesty along.*] Cf. Gray, Prog. of Poes. i. i. 7, 8:

"Now the rich stream of music *winds* along,
Deep, *majestic*, smooth, and strong."

816. *Maze.*] In O. Eng. folly, foolish, maundering; mazed drunk; mazle, to wander as if stupified. Prov. Eng. mazed, mad, insane. Maze, a labyrinth. Cf. amaze.

818. *Life-deserted.*] 748: "Lifeless sand."

820. *He pours his urn.*] In the statues and representation of Gods personifying rivers, urns, whence the waters flow, are generally introduced. Cf. 830.

823. *Full-form'd maids.*] Extreme corpulency is deemed a great beauty in the maids of Africa.

824. *Jelly.*] Cf. L. of L. ii. 1 n.

825. *Gorgeous Ind.*] Milton, Par. Lost, ii. 2:

"The wealth of Ormus and of *Ind*,
Or . . . the *gorgeous* east," &c.

826. *Cor'mandel.*] Usually Coromandel, the eastern coast of the Deccan, or southern peninsula of India.

Malabar.] The western coast. Cf. Milton (quoted at 671).

827. *Menam.*] A large river of Siam, "on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called fire-flies make a beautiful appearance in the night."—T.

829. *Indus.*] Cf. Lucan, iii. 226.

— *Harvest.*] A. S. *hærfest*, Ger. *herbst*, Grk. καρπος, Lat. *carp-ere*.

832. *Thy world.*] America, called Columbus' world because he discovered it. Cf. 1040 n.

834. *Orinoco.*] A river in N. of South America, chiefly in Venezuela.

836. During the inundations of the Orinoco, which like those of the Nile fertilise the land, the natives build their huts in groves of the Mauritia palm, raising them on platforms just above the level of the water, whence came the notion that they lived in trees. Boyd quotes a long passage from St. Pierre's Studies of Nature, which illustrates the text.

839. *Roaring.*] Sc. from the noise of the rivers.

— *Andes.*] The high ridge of mountains along the west of South America.

840. *Orellana.*] Called also Amazon, Solimois, and Maranon. The name Orellana is from Francesco Orellana, the first European who sailed down this river (1540). It has a great many tributaries, and is 3,600 miles long. All these rivers of South America are swollen by heavy periodical rains, like those of the Indian monsoons.

843. *Plata.*] Rio de la Plata. It is not a long river; indeed, properly the name is only given to the very broad estuary, formed by the rivers Parana and Uruguay; but the breadth of this justifies the epithet "sea-like."

847. *Realm.*] O. Fr. *roialme*, realm; Lat. *regalis*.

852. Cf. Hor., Od. I. xiv. 20:

"Interfusa nitentes æquora Cycladas."

Pope:

"Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns."

854. *Blameless Pan.*] Pan was a Greek moral god, whose home was in Arcadia, the most moral part of Greece. He was drawn always with goat's feet, horns, and shaggy hair. These attributes were afterwards transferred by early Christian writers to the devil. Homer (hymn 18) says that he was called Pan, because he delighted *all*; πᾶς, all:

Πᾶνα δέ μιν καλέεσκον, ὅτι φρένα πᾶσιν ἔτερψεν.

Ancient writers made him represent *all*, the whole of nature. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 241: "universal Pan." Others connect his name with *pastor*, *pasco*, and make him the god of shepherds. His name is also connected with sudden fear: hence called *panic*. Herodotus (vi. 105) tells us about the introduction of his worship at Athens, after the battle of Marathon. He is here put for the god of nature, and so the lord of regions as yet untouched by the vices of European civilisation.

856, 8. "The circumstance here alluded to refers to that phenomenon which the Indians call *Porcroca*, caused by the meeting of the liberated waters of the Amazonas, on the ebbing of the tide, with the current of the ocean, which runs along the N. E. coast of Brazil. The river and the current meet at right angles; and during the rainy season the former rushes out with such force and velocity as to raise the sea considerably at the point of contact."—A. T. T.

860. *Waste of wealth.*] Cf. Tennyson, In Mem. 54.

863. *Ceres void of pain.*] Cf. 831.

864. To the products of the vegetable world dispersed by vagrant birds in their passage from one region to another, the luxuriant growth of palm and other trees, in the oriental isles, owe their origin. The seed of the fruit which the birds have swallowed, having passed with their faces in their migrations, when they fall on land become in the course of time the beginnings of the stately forest.

870. *Pitying earth.*] In pity hiding them from man.

871. *Golconda.*] Formerly the capital of a kingdom of the same name, now in Hyderabad, a province of the Deccan, the name Golconda being confined to a fortress near the town of Hyderabad, the capital of the Nizam's dominions. Both Golconda and Hyderabad are famous for their extensive traffic in diamonds.

Potosi.] A department in Bolivia or Upper Peru, South America, where there are silver mines so rich that they furnished an abundant supply, from their discovery in 1546 until the present century. It is said that they are now almost exhausted. They are said to have been discovered by an Indian, who, while pursuing a lama, laid hold of a shrub to save himself from falling, which being torn up from the soil, displayed at its roots a mass of solid silver. *Sad*, because of the great destruction of human life which they have caused. At one time 16,000 Indians were constantly forced to work in them.

873. Cf. Heber's celebrated hymn:

"Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand."

876. *Humanising.*] The softening influence of education. Cf. Ovid:

"Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

"Litere humaniores" is a received name for the classics; and in Scotland a Professor of Humanity means a Professor of Latin. *Humanitas* in Latin, too, meant a study of literature, e.g. Cic. De Senec. i. 1.

879. *Progressive.*] Cf. Tennyson, Locksley Hall:

"For I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

880. *The light that leads to heaven.*] Cf. Homer, Il. xvii. 647: ἐν δὲ φάος καὶ ὄλεσσον. And Bode's Ballads:

"O Queen of Jove, whom Argives love, wherever thou mayest be;
In yonder heaven I strive to trace the path that leads to thee."

888. *Ruthless.*] Cf. L. of L. ii. 630 n. Milton, Lyc. 163, has "ruth" in the sense of pity:

"Look homeward angel now, and melt with *ruth*."

Cf. Gray, Bard, I. i. 1:

"Ruin seize thee, *ruthless* king."

889. *Fell.*] Cf. Sp. 283 n.

892. *Ineffable.*] Lat. *in-fari*, unspeakable.

898. *Green serpent.*] Python, or Boa Constrictor.

905. *Orbs immense.*] Lit. endless coils; a mere translation from Virg., Georg. ii. 153: "nec rapit *immensos orbes* . . . angnis." Æn. ii. 204: "*immensis orbibus* angues."

905. *Thirst.*] Personified.

908. *Small close-lurking minister.*] The asp.—A. T. T. The viper.—Boyd. Perhaps the puff-adder, supposed to be the most venomous of reptiles.

910. *Concocted.*] Cf. A. 7 n.

912. *Vengeful Nature.*] Cf. Rom. viii. 22: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

— *Sublimed.*] Cf. 110 n. Sp. 827, n. 900.

914. *The shading hour of guilt.*] Cf. John iii. 19: "Men loved darkness better than light, because their days were evil."

915, 6. *Eye.*] Cf. Milton, Il. Pens. 141: "*day's* garish *eye*."

918. *Leopard.*] So called from being a cross between the panther (πάρδος) and the lion.

919. *With many a spot.*] Cf. Jer. xiii. 23.

923. *Mauritania.*] Called by the Romans Maurusia. Virg., Æn. iv. 206. Cf. Hor., Od. III. x. 18; I. xxii. 2. The modern name is Morocco. Cf. 935. The inhabitants are called Mauri, Moors.

— *Tufted isles, verdant.*] The oases in the desert.

926. *Printed sand.*] Cf. Longfellow, Psalm of Life:

"Footprints on the sand of time."

931. *Ruminating.*] Used literally, chewing over again (Lat. *rumino*). It is also used metaphorically, to meditate. Cf. Sh., As you Like it, IV. ii. 102:

"Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy."

934. *Thoughtless.*] Not yet able to think.

938. *Atlas.*] Cf. Virg., Æn. iv. 247; viii. 136; Pind., Pyth. iv. 515.

942. *Jutting.*] Fr. *jeter*, Lat. *jactare*. Cf. a jet of water; jetty, a pier thrown forward into the water; jetsam, goods thrown overboard. Cf. Tennyson, Enoch Arden, p. 32:

"A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail."

943. *Main.*] Cf. L. of L. i. 150; ii. 87 n.

943. *Toils below.*] Cf. James i. 6: "a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed."

945. A poetical description of the horizon. Cf. 169; Sp. 151 n.

954. *Cato.*] Cf. 1491; W. 523. M. Porcius Cato, great-grandson of Cato the Censor, the last specimen of the old type of Romans, supporter of Cicero in the conspiracy of Catiline, and afterwards opponent of Cæsar. He committed suicide at Utica, whence he has the name Uticensis, to distinguish him from his ancestor Cato the Censor, the enemy and destroyer of Carthage. "Marcus Porcius Cato was a man of the best intentions, and of rare devotedness, and yet one of the most Quixotic, and one of the most melancholy phenomena in an age abounding in political caricatures. Honourable and steadfast, earnest in purpose and in action, full of attachment to his country and to its hereditary constitution, but dull in intellect, and sensually as well as morally destitute of passion. . . . In an utterly wretched and cowardly age his courage and his negative virtues told powerfully on the multitude. For the rest, he wanted simply every ingredient of a statesman."—Mommsen, Hist. of Rome, vol. iv. p. 156.

953. *Guilty.*] Of what? Cf. 958.

954. "The eulogium of the poet is somewhat hyperbolical, since the furthest part to which Cato retired in Numidia was Utica, situated on the sea coast."—A. T. T.

955. *Campania.*] Cf. Macaulay, Prophecy of Capys:

> "Leave to the soft Campanian
> His baths and his perfumes." (20.)
>
> "Soft Capua's curled revellers." (22.)

The effect of a winter in Campania on Hannibal's army is well known.

956. *Ausonia.*] One of the poetical names of Italy. Virg., vii. 55.

963. *Furnace of the sky.*] Cf. 426.

965. *Patient of thirst.*] A Latinism. Cf. "patiens laboris."

968. *Black-red ether.*] Cf. Sp. 148 n.

974. *Noonday fount.*] The fount by which the travellers rest at noon. Cf. John iv. 6.

977. "Bones are found in the desert; but the travellers were probably not killed by the sand covering them. Mr. Browne, the Abyssinian traveller, asserts that these are the remains of victims of fatigue and want who have perished, and that the sand gradually collects over them."—A. T. T.

— *Cairo.*] Capital of Egypt, on the Nile.

979. *Mecca.*] Famous city in Arabia, birth-place of the great Mohammed, and the religious city of the Mussulmen. Many thousand pilgrims flock thither every year. Cf. Gibbon, vol. vi. p. 201.

980. *Flexile.*] Lat. *flexilis*, pliant, easily bent.

981. *Aërial tumult.*] Atmospheric disturbance.

983. Cf. 115: "the bright ecliptic road."

984. *Typhon.*] Grk. τυφώς, a furious whirlwind that rushes upwards from the earth, whirling aloft clouds of dust. It is here used for a tropical hurricane, a storm at sea, not uncommon in the tropics at the time of the equinoxes. The name is said to be derived from Τυφώς, Typhos, the name of a giant who was supposed to have been buried by Jupiter, and afterwards to have been regarded as the type of volcanic agency. There is, however, a Greek verb τύφω, to raise a smoke, which, has its parallel in Sans. *dhûp*, *dhûpayâmi*, smoke, and *dhûpikâ*, a cloud.

985. Cf. 426, 963.

986. *Ecnephias.*] Grk. ἐκνεφίας, a hurricane caused by clouds meeting and bursting. (ἐκ, out of, and νέφος, cloud.) Sans. *nabhas*, both sky and cloud.

987. *Falsely serene.*] Cf. Dibdin, Ugly Scud:

"But see! on *rosy* pinions borne
O'er the mad deep,
Reluctant beams the sorrowing morn,
With us to weep."

— *Cloudy speck.*] Cf. 1 Kings xviii. 44, 5. The sailors call it the "ox-eye."

988. *Brooding.*] A. S. *bród*, Ger. *brüten*. Cf. breed, broth.

990. *Prognostic.*] Grk. προγνωστικός, knowing beforehand. The word here means a sign by which anything may be known.

991. Cf. Dibdin, Ugly Scud:

"Avert yon omen, gracious heaven!
The ugly scud,
By rising winds tempestuous driven,
Kisses the flood."

992. *Musters.*] Cf. L. of L. i. 138 n.

1000. *Abyss.*] Cf. Gray, vi. 97 n.

1003. *Stormy Cape.*] "This cape was first visited by a Portuguese squadron, under the command of Bartholomew Diaz, in 1487, and was then named *Cabo Tormentoso*, from the tempestuous nature of the sea which is generally rolling off it, and which deterred its first discoverers from proceeding further. The enterprising King of Portugal, however, entertaining no doubt of his having found the long-desired route to India, discarded the name of the Cape of Tempests for one of better omen, and gave it the appellation by which it is at present known. He likewise equipped another squadron, confided it to the care of *Vasco di Gama* who, in the year 1497 surmounted all the difficulties which had deterred his predecessor, doubled the Cape, and had the glory of being the first who, in a *European* vessel, sailed on the Indian seas."—Eton Geography.

1004. Cf. Virg., Æn. iii. 57: "auri sacra fames."

1010. *The Lusitanian Prince.*] Don Henry, third son to John the First, King of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation. He died 1463. Lusitania, ancient name of Portugal, or rather of a portion of Hispania, almost the same as the modern Portugal.

1014. *Threefold fate.*] "The mouth is wide, and furnished on the margin of each jaw with from three to six rows of sharp teeth."—A. T. T.

1015. "When the dreadful traffic in slaves was carried on, the shark was the constant companion of the slave ships from the coast of Africa to the West Indies."—A. T. T.

1020. *Guinea.*] A tract of country on the west coast of Africa. It is also called the slave coast.

1024. *Purple.*] Proloptic. Cf. Sh., Mac. II. ii. 61:

> "This my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
> Making the green—one red."

And Pope, Wind. For. 323:

> "She saw her sons with *purple* death expire."

1025. *Gore.*] Cf. Gray, iii. 35 n.

1035. Cf. Ps. xci. 6: "The pestilence that walketh in darkness."

1040. *Cartagena.*] Colombia was the name given to the most northern of the territories of South America, because first discovered by Columbus. It belonged to Spain until the early part of this century; but when Colombia revolted from Spain, it was separated into three independent states, Venezuela, New Granada, and Ecuador. Cartagena is now a port of the central division of these three.

1047. *Agonizing ships.*] Ships in pain, because their crews are in pain. Cf. Pope, E. on M. i. 198:

> "To smart and *agonize* at every pore."

And Sp. 389: "*agonizing* folds."

1048. This passage is much praised: "the *frequent* corse" heard by the admiral, as each was thrown overboard, suggests a picture which a less skilful hand would have painted in detail.

1050. *Blank assistants.*] Pale, crushed, dispirited. Milton, Par. Lost, x. 656:

> "Adam astonied stood and *blank.*"

Pope:

> "'Tis all *blank* sadness or continual fears."

Cf. Sh., Mac. III. iv.: "Blanched with fears." Fr. *blanc*, Sp. *blanco*,

It. inanco. See n. L. of L. ii. 683. It is used as a verb too. Cf. Milton, S. A. 471:

"Such a discomfit as shall . . .
. . . . . .
With confusion *blank* his worshippers."

1051. Cf. Virg., Æn. ii. 120, 1:

"Obstupuere animi, gelidusque per ima cucurrit
Ossa tremor, cui fata parent, quem poscat Apollo."

1052. *What need, &c.*] Cf. Milton, Com. 362:

"*What need* a man forestall his date of grief?"

Ibid, 767:

"*What need* a vermeil-tinctured lip?"

1054. *Nemesis.*] The goddess Nemesis was the impersonation of divine wrath and jealousy. It was her duty to check the presumption which attended immoderate good fortune. Cf. 912, "vengeful Nature." Cf. Æsch., Sep. c. Th. 235:

τίς τάδε Νέμεσις στυγεῖ;
"What divine displeasure is disgusted at this?"

1063. *Wholesome.*] Ger. *heilsam*; A. S. *hál.* Cf. Eng. heal, hail, healthy.

1068. *Sword and balance.*] Emblems of justice; the balance judges between right and wrong, the sword enforces the judgment.

1070. *Uncouth.*] Strange, unusual; A. S. *uncúd.* Cf. Sh., T. An. II. iv.:

"I am surpriséd, with *uncouth* fear."

Cf. L. of L. i. 558 n.

1073. *Doom'd.*] Cf. Gray, iii. 51 n.

1074, seq. The poet refers to the great plague of 1665, of which Defoe gives a graphic and startling description. *See* also Popys' Diary. "Every infected house, at that time, owing to the excommunication of the miserable sick, became a depository of accumulated poison."—A. T. T.

1076. *Arraign.*] Fr. *arraisoner*, Low Lat. *arrationare*, to bring to reason, to demand a reason.

1081. *Savaged.*] The only instance of this word found in Johnson, and apparently coined by Thomson.

1086. Imitated from Sh., Hamlet, I. v. 77:

"Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd."

Cf. also Milton, Par. Lost, ii. 185:

"Unrespited, unpitied, unreproved."

1093. Cf. Deut. xxviii. 23.

ANALYSIS (1103—1222).—*Thunder-storm. Episode of Celadon and Amelia: the innocent struck by lightning.*

1104. *Darkness broods.*] Cf. Milton, L'All. 6:

"*Brooding darkness* spreads his jealous wings."

1105, seq. The poet "draws forth lightning from 'the secret beds where sleep the animal generations'; he collects it as vapour arising from 'nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume of fat bitumen,' and leaves to ferment in a cloud, 'a magazine of fate.' But the poem of "Summer" was published twenty-five years, and the poet died four years, before Dr. Franklin made his immortal discovery of the identity of common electricity and atmospheric influence."

1108. *Nitre.*] Cf. A. 6 n.

1111. *Baleful cloud.*] Cf. Sp. 117 n. The subst. *bale* in the sense of misery, ruin, is occasionally found, e.g. Thomson, Castle of Indolence, i. 8:

"Withouten that would come a heavier *bale*."

1113. *Magazine.*] From the Arab. *machsan*, which is composed of the locative *ma*, and *chasana*, collect together: *dépôt*. Cf. Hebr. *chasans*.

1114. Cf. Æsch., P. V. 1087, seq.; Virg., Georg. i. 318; Dan. vii. 2. Cf. L. of L. ii. 164 n.

1121. *Aërial tribes.*] Cf. Lucret. i. 12: "aërias volucres." Cf. Sp. 165 n.

1123. *Wing the dubious dusk.*] Fly through; a very uncommon use of the word. Sh., W. Tale, v. iii. 132:

"I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough."

— *Dusk.*] Cf. 56 n.

1124. *Cattle.*] The same word as chattel, Fr. *catel, cheptel*; Lat. *capitalis*. See Trench, "Fec."

— *Scowling heaven.*] Cf. Campbell, Ld. Ullin's Daughter:

"And in the *scowl of heaven* each face
Grew dark as they were speaking."

Cf. inf. 1206–7.

1127. *Downward cave.*] Which runs down into the earth.

1142. *Peal.*] Cf. E. of E. i. 60 n.

1144. *Sonorous.*] Lat. *crepitans*.

1150, et seq. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, i. 612–15:

"As when *Heaven's fire*
Hath *scathed* the forest oaks or mountain *pines*
With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath."

1152. *Blasted.*] Cf. Gray, vi. 101 n. A very good instance of the use occurs in Milton, On the Death, &c., i. 1:

"O fairest flower, no sooner *blown* but *blasted*," &c.

1153. *Harmless look.*] Cf. 388: "harmless race."

— *Syt.*] Cf. 378: "the *soft* fearful people."

1157. *Spiry.*] Cf. Gray, iii. 1 n.

1161. *Caernarvon.*] The county on the north-east of Wales.

1162. *Repercussive.*] Fr. *repercussif*, from Lat. *repercutio*. (1) Having the power of driving back. Johnson quotes:

"And *repercussive* rocks renew the sound."—Pattison.

(2) An improper use as here, driven back, rebounding.

1164. *Penmaen Mawr.*] A large rocky promontory rising nearly 1550 feet perpendicular above the sea. (*Pen*, head; *maen*, stone; *mawr*, great.) Johnson visited it: see Boswell's Life, vol. v. p. 207. Both Penmaen Mawr and Snowdon are in Caernarvonshire.

1167. *Cheviot.*] Border hills between England and Scotland.

1168. *Thule.*] Utmost. Ultima Thule, Virg., Georg. i. 30. Variously identified by the moderns with Zetland, Iceland, and Jutland. The poet doubtless means the Shetland Isles, or perhaps "the stormy Hebrides" of Milton, Lyc. 156.

1169. *Appall'd.*] Cf. L. of L. ii. 139 n.

1170. Cf. Tuke, xiii. 1–5. Pope wrote two epitaphs on a pair of lovers struck dead by lightning at Stanton Harcourt. We may also compare with this episode Gay's description of the same two lovers.

1174. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 295, seq.:

"Though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:
For contemplation he and valour form'd;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace."

1180. "Idem velle, idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia est."—Sall.

1184. *Sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.*] Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, xi. 6:

"Sighs now breathed *unutterable*."

1185. Cf. Acts xxi. 35: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

1198. *Creative love.*] Cf. Lucr. i. 20. Bérangor:

"Et vous, amours, qui créez après lui."

George Macdonald speaks of "God who loved us into being."

1195. *Instant.*] Lat. *instans*, threatening, (lit.) standing over. Cf. A. 1220.

1204. *High.*] From on high.

1204. *Illumined.*] Cf. "illum.ed," 84.

1206, 7. Cf. 1124: "the scowling heavens."

1208, 1212. Cf. Ps. xci. 5–6: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

1220. The allusion is to the well-known statue of Niobe, weeping for her children. Cf. Sh., Hamlet, I. ii. 149: "Like Niobe, all tears."

1222. *Well-dissembled.*] Cunningly imitated. Cf. Pope, Wind. Forest, 206:

"For ever murmurs and for ever weeps."

ANALYSIS (1223—1243).—*Calm after Storm.*

1229. *Tremble.*] This word well expresses the vibratory motion of light. Cf. 1699:

"As there the effulgence *tremulous* I drink."

1234. *Kine.*] Old plur. of cow: A. S. *cŷ*, pl. of *cū*. Cf. sow, swine; but swine is also used as a sing. Cf. Prov. xi. 22. Sans. *gaus*; Grk. *βοῦς*, and Lat. *bos*.

— *Bleat.*] A. S. *blætan*; Grk. *βληχή*; cf. Eng. blatant, from the Lat. *balare*.

1236. *Mourn'd.*] Cf. L. of L. ii. 38 n.

1240. *Serenes.*] Used activ. Cf. Sp. 870: "*serene* his soul."

Speeds.] A. S. *spédan*, prosper, succeed; Grk. *σπεύδ-ειν*.

ANALYSIS (1244—1370).—*Bathing. Episode of Damon and Musidora; a young lady bathing.*

"The solemnly ridiculous bathing."—Campbell. Thomson had originally introduced three damsels answering to the three goddesses who appeared before Paris. This is very different in the later editions from its form in the earlier.

1247. *Gazing.*] Used trans. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, viii. 268:

"*Gazed* awhile the ample sky."

— *Inverted landscape.*] Cf. Pope, Wind. Forest, 211, seq.:

"Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The watery landscape of the pendent woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods."

Cf. Lucr. iv. 412, seq.

— *Ebon.*] Fr. *ébène*; Lat. *ebenus*; Grk. *ἔβενος*, which from Heb. *hobnim* (Ezek. xxvii. 15), the plur. of *hebnî*, which from *ében, ében*, a

hone; hence ebony, wood as hard as stone. Gay: "night's *ebon* throne." Cf. Sh., 2 Hy. VIII. v. v.

1253. *According well.*] Moving in harmony. Cf. Tennyson, Introd. to In Mem.:

"That mind and soul *according well*,
May make the music as before."

1259. *Keens.*] Trans.: "An unauthorised word."—Johnson. Deriv. of keen, cf. Gray, iii. 78 n. Cf. Thomson, Castle of Indolence, ii. lxxviii. 3:

"By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour *keen'd*."

1262. *Illapse.*] Lat. *illapsus*, sudden attack; a very uncommon word.

1264. *Knit.*] A. S. *cnyttan*, to bind; Lat. *nect-ere*; Ger. *knoten*; Eng. knot; Sans. *naha*, *naddha* (bound).

1266, 7. Mens sana in corpore sano. Cf. Heb. x. 22.

1273, 4. Cf. Virg., Georg. i. 109, seq.:

"Illa cadens raucum per levia murmur
Saxa ciet."

1278. *Bashful.*] Cf. L. of L. ii. 516 n.

— *Coyness.*] O. Fr. *coit*; It. *chieto*; Sp. Por. *quedo*; Lat. *quiet-us*.

1283. *Melting lay.*] Dryden, Al. F. 96:

"Pity *melts* the mind to love."

Cf. Pope, Chor. of Youths and Virgins, 35–6:

"His heart now *melts*, now leaps, now burns,
With reverence, hope, and *love*."

1286–90. Cf. Kalid., Sakun. A. iii., where the King and Sakuntalá, feeling the excessive heat of summer, go to the same bower for shade accidentally.

1294. *Awhile.*] Cf. 86 n.

1298. *Prudes.*] Fr. *preude femme*. Cf. *prud'homme*; probably from Lat. *prudens* or *probus*; O. Fr. *prou*; Fr. *preux*; Eng. prowess. A name ironically given to a woman who sets up for preciseness of conduct. Tennyson, Princess:

"With *prudes* for proctors, dowagers for deans."

1301. *Arcadian.*] Arcadia was the central province of the Peloponnesus or South Greece (now Morea). It was famed for its wild romantic scenery, and always selected as the typical place for the perfect country life.

1304, 5. *Piny top of Ida.*] Cf. Tennyson, Œnone:

"One silvery cloud
Hast lost his way between the *piny* sides
Of this long glen."

"My dark tall pines that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge."

For the story of Paris read the whole of Œnone.

1310. Cf. Hor., Od. ii. 245.

— *Zone.*] Lat. *zona*, belt. Cf. Pope, Wind. For. 176: "the golden zone."

1312. *Fainter lawn.*] Not so white as the bather's limbs.

1324. *Mellow.*] Probably the Fr. *mol*, from Lat. *mollis*. Cf. Eng. mild, melt.

1326. Cf. Milton, L'All. 22:

"Fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew."

Cf. 1585.

1333. *Raptured.*] Cf. Sp. 111 n.

1347. The allusion is to the statue called the Venus de' Medici, at Florence, supposed to be the work of Praxiteles, an Athenian sculptor, dug up from ruins at Tivoli, and brought to Florence by the Medici. Thomson has another description of the statue in Liberty, iv. 175:

"The Queen of Love arose, as from the deep
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
Bashful she bends, her well taught look aside
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love:
The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles."

Contrast this with Byron, Childe Harold, iv. 49–52:

"There, too, the Goddess lives in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty."

And see Byron's note.

1350, 1. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 739, 740.

1351. *Array'd.*] Cf. L. of L. i. 419 n.

1356. *Shame void of guilt.*] Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 313:

"Then was not guilty shame."

1363. *The spreading beech.*] Cf. Virg., Ecl. 1. 1:

"Tityre, tu, *patulæ* recubans sub tegmine fagi."

In both cases the beech is mentioned as a tree beneath whose shade lovers used to spend their hours.

ANALYSIS (1371—1400).—*Hour of walking.*

1373. *Vital lustre.*] Cf. 291: "vital breath."

1374. *Robes of heaven.*] Cf. Milton, L'All. 62:

"The clouds in thousand liveries dight."

1374–6. Cf. A. 36: "mantle of the sky." Cf. Sh., Ant. & Cleop., IV. xiv. 2–6:

> "Sometimes we see a cloud that 's dragonish;
> A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
> A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
> A forked mountain, or the promontory
> With trees upon 't," &c.

And Kâlid., Megha-Dûta, (6), where the epithet kâma-rûpa, "assuming various shapes at will;" and (2) where the epithet vapra-krîdâ-parinata-gaja-preksbaniya, "like an elephant stooping down to butt," are used of a cloud.

1375. Cf. Sh., Hamlet, III. ii. end.

1378. *Perfect year.*] Cf. Sp. 52.

1385. Unison is not harmony.

1386. *Exalting.*] Used trans.; cf. 20. Cf. Pope, Wind. For. 243:

> "With chymic art *exalts* the mineral powers."

1388. *Fraught.*] Cf. L. of L. ii. 151 n.

1390. *Enthusiastic.*] Cf. L. of L. ii. 533 n.

1391. Virtue burns, which the sons of interest, men who make self-interest their guide in life, think to be romantic.

— *Sons of interest.*] Cf. Sp. 125 n.

1393. *Portico.*] ἡ ποικίλη στοά, the Pœcile, a great hall at Athens adorned with fresco paintings of the battle of Marathon. As Zeno and his successors taught in this piazza, this school of philosophers was called οἱ ἐκ τῆς στοᾶς, or Stoics.

1394. *Lyceum.*] τὸ Λύκειον, a gymnasium or public palæstra with covered walks, on the eastern suburbs of Athens, named after the neighbouring temple of Apollo, Λύκειος. (Cf. Ar. Pax, 357). It was ornamented with fountains, plantations and buildings. It was the favourite walk of Aristotle and his followers, who because they taught walking in a περίπατος of the Lyceum, were called Peripatetics. (Cf. Ar. Pax, 942.) "But according to the testimony of Theophrastus and Lycon, the lecture-place itself was named ὁ περίπατος; the locality probably gave the title to the school. This suggestion is countenanced by the practice in other cases, for we find the schools designated by the places where they were founded; unless some peculiarity in doctrine gave the title. Thus, the Academy, the Porch, the Garden, Megara, and Cyrene, severally gave names to schools; but never was a name borrowed from some casual peculiarity in the mode of lecturing. Moreover, Aristotle was by no means singular in this practice of promenading while he taught."—Lewes' Aristotle, p. 16.

1395. *School.*] In allusion to the Stoics and the Peripatetics.

— *Proud master.*] Aristotle.

1398. *Sacred.*] Perhaps in the sense of *saeer*, unpropitious to sweet retirement; or more probably "sacred" agrees with "lovers."

1399. *Sire of love.*] God. Cf. Gen. i. 31: "God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good."

— *Pour their souls.*] Cf. Sp. 576–7.

ANALYSIS (1401—1520).—*Praises of England.*

1401. *Amanda.*] Miss Young. Cf. Sp. 483, and Life, p. xv.

1408. *Sheen.*] The old name of Richmond. *See* Walpole's Letters. It means shining, splendour. Henry VII. was very fond of his palace at Richmond, where he died. Edward III. and Queen Elizabeth also died in it. This passage in praise of Richmond was not inserted until the later editions, after Thomson went to live there. *See* Life. Richmond Hill is very famous for the view to be seen from it.

— *Sweep.*] Cf. Gray xi. 17 n. Cf. swipe, swoop, swift.

1410. *Augusta.*] London. Cf. Sp. 108 n. Cf. Pope, Wind. For. 335, 6:

"The figured streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on their banks Augusta rose in gold."

Ibid, 377, seq.:

"Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase," &c.

1411. *Sister hills.*] Highgate and Hampstead hills. Cf. Sp. 108 n.

1412. *Harrow.*] A village about ten miles N.W. of London, in which is situated one of the great English Public Schools, founded by William Lyon, yeoman of Harrow.

1413. *Majestic Windsor.*] Cf. Pope, Wind. For. 229, seq.:

"As thine, which visits Windsor's famed abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods;
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;
When Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill."

Cf. Gray, iii. 5:

"From the stately brow of Windsor heights."

1416. *Silver Thames.*] *Silver* appears to be as much the recognised epithet of the Thames as *yellow* of the Tiber. Cf. Pope, Wind. For. 219, seq.; 329, seq; and 2nd Past. (Sum.) 2: "along the *silver* Thames." Rape of the Lock, ii. 4:

"Launch'd on the bosom of the *silver* Thames."

Spenser, F. Q. IV. ii. 24. Cf. Gray, iii. 10: "his *silver* winding way." Sh., Henry IV. III. i. 102: "the smug and *silver* Trent."

1418. *Pendent woods.*] Cf. Pope, Wind. For. 213:

"The watery landscape of the *pendent woods*."

Cf. Sp. 424 n.

1419. William Stanhope, Earl of *Harrington*, sometime Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Secretary of State. *See* H. Walpole's Letters.

1420. *Ham.*] A village just below Richmond Hill.

1423. "When Gay failed in attaining Court favour, his warm-hearted patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury (the 'Kitty, beautiful and young,' of Prior) pleaded his cause with indignation, and quitted the Court in a huff, carrying off with them into their retirement their kind, gentle protégé. . . . Everybody loved him; and the raging old Dean of St. Patrick's, chafing in his banishment, was afraid to open the letter which Pope wrote him, announcing the sad news of Gay's death."—Thackeray. See Pope's Epitoph on Gay:

> "Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
> In wit a man; simplicity, a child," &c.

"Mr. Gay's 'Fables,' which were written to benefit that amiable prince the Duke of Cumberland, the warrior of Dettingen and Culloden, I have not, I own, been able to peruse since a period of very early youth; and it must be confessed that they did not effect much benefit upon the illustrious young prince whose manners they were intended to mollify. But the six pastorals called the 'Shepherd's Walk,' and the burlesque poem of 'Trivia,' any man fond of lazy literature will find delightful at the present day, and must read from beginning to end with pleasure."—Thackeray.

1425. *Cornbury.*] Henry, Lord Cornbury, son of the Earl of Clarendon. He wrote some plays.

1427. *Twickenham.*] Twickenham, not far from London, rather more than a mile from Richmond. Pope's famous villa at Twickenham was purchased from the proceeds of the Iliad. He brought his old parents to live and die there, entertained his friends there, making occasional visits to London in his little chariot, in which Atterbury compared him to "Homer in a nutshell."

1428. *The healing God.*] Pope was "in his last sickness."—T.

1428. *Pope.*] A.D. 1688—1744. See Shaw's English Literature, chap. xv. "Spence describes Pope in his last days, looking up and with a rapt gaze, as if something had suddenly passed before him. He said to me, 'What's that?' pointing into the air with a very steady regard, and then looked down, and said, with a smile of the greatest softness, 'twas a vision.'"—Thackeray. *Vide* W. 550, seq.

1428. *Hampton's pile.*] Hampton Court Palace, thirteen miles S.W. of London, built by Cardinal Wolsey, and given by him to Henry VIII.

1431. *Mole.*] A small river in Surrey, a tributary of the Thames. Cf. Pope, Wind. For. 347:

> "And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood."

1432. *Pelham.*] Henry Pelham, First Lord of the Treasury (Prime

Minister) 1742-3, succeeding Sir R. Walpole. He entered Parliament in 1719, as a Whig.

1434. *Achaia.*] Greece; one province being put for the whole country. Cf. W. 490.

— *Hesperia.*] Italy. Cf. 956, "Ausonia."

1438. This passage seems to be an imitation of Virg., Georg. ii. 136, seq: "the praises of Italy."

1439, seq. Pope, Wind. For. 11, 12:

"Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again."

1444. *Cots.*] This old word is found in most of the Teutonic languages in the sense of hut, covering, standing-place: hence cottage; cote, in dovecote; coat, as a covering of the body: cot, a small bed. Low Lat. *cota, cotta*—Ducange.

1446. *Clime.*] A short, poetic form of climate: Fr. *climat*; Grk. κλίμα, from κλίνειν; Sans. *kala*, slope, incline, bend: applied to indicate the inclination of the earth from the equator to the poles and the spaces comprised between the parallels of latitude.

1447. *Drought.*] O. Eng. drouth, from A. S. *drúgad, drýgean*; cf. dry, drug. Perhaps from Lat. *torr-ere*. Cf. Chaucer, Prol. C. T. 2: "the *drought* of Marche."

— *Thy streams unfailing.*] Cf. Goldsmith, Des. Vill. 11: "the *never-failing* brook."

1451. *Bellow.*] Cf. L. of L. i. 60 n.

1452. *Quell.*] A. S. *cwelian*, to kill. Cf. quail, kill.

1454. *Teems.*] O. Eng. *temen*; A. S. *tedm-ian*, to produce, propagate. Cf. 849.

1456. *Guarded.*] Protected by law. Cf. inf. 1765.

1457. *The sons of art.*] Cf. 1391 n.

1459. *Drudgery.*] O. Eng. druggo, to draw, to do heavy work. "To drugge and draw," Chaucer. Cf. drag, dredge. Manx *drug*, a drag, a timber waggon.

1463. *With labour burn.*] Cf. Virg., Georg. iv. 169: "fervet opus." Æn. vii. 623.

1465. *Sheet.*] Cf. L. of L. i. 262 n.

1466. Cf. the Latin expression "dare vela ventis."

1468. *Sinew'd.*] Cf. Sh., K. John, v. vii, 92:

"Ourselves well *sinew'd* to our defence."

Sinew, Grk. ἶς, ἰνός.

1470. *Listed.*] Cf. Scott, Marmion, I. xii. 13: "the *listed* field." Lay of Last Minstrel, v. xxvii. 1: "*listed* plain." List means, firstly, the edge of cloth or flannel; then a catalogue of names written on a strip; then a line forming the extremity of a field of combat. Hence lists (plural) = long enclosed space in which tournaments were fought. Cf. Gloss. s. voc. Spenser, F. Q. Clar. Series, ii. p. 273.

1479. *Alfred.*] See Student's Hume.

1480. Cf. Sh., Oth. III. iii. 354:

"Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

1481. *More heroic peace.*] Cf. Latin proverb, "Cedant arma togæ."

1484. *Thy Edwards and thy Henries.*] The student may be safely referred to a history of England for the six Edwards and eight Henries, kings of England. Cf. Gray, xii. 39-47. Cf. Pope, Wind. For. 303, seq.:

"With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age;
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield."

1486. Alluding to the French wars of Edward III.

1487. Cf. sup. 430. "The succeeding passage, in which the names of many celebrated Englishmen are collected into a gallery of portraits," is imitated from Pope, E. on M. iv. 94, seq.

1488. Sir Thomas More, the great friend of Erasmus, who has left a pleasing picture of his happy "intérieur." Created Chancellor on the downfall of Wolsey, in 1529. He fell, conscientiously, a victim to the law which Henry caused to be passed, declaring it high treason to deny the king's supremacy. On his way to the block his pleasant humour did not forsake him. Cf. note on Marmion, VI. xxxviii. 22.

1490. *Brutal tyrant.*] Henry VIII. The popular view of that king, not Mr. Froude's. Compare these two accounts of him:

"King Henry the Eighth, whom it has been too much the fashion to call 'Bluff King Hal,' and 'Burly King Harry,' and other fine names; but whom I shall take the liberty to call, plainly, one of the most detestable villains that ever drew breath."—Dickens' Child's History of England, p. 264.

"With all his faults about him, he was still perhaps the greatest of his contemporaries; and the man best able of all living Englishmen to govern England, had been set to do it by the circumstances of his birth."—Froude's Hist. vol. i. p. 178.

1491. *Cato.*] Cf. 954 n.

— *Aristides.*] Cf. W. 459 n.

1492. *Cincinnatus.*] Cf. W. 512 n.

1494. *Frugal and wise.*] Walsingham, the great minister of Elizabeth, understood well, none better, the full meaning of the proverb, "a time to keep and a time to cast away." In his own personal expenses frugal, he was immoderately lavish of money spent in bribery and espionage. He was a firm Protestant, and to a great extent to his precautions England owed the defeat of the Armada. He employed chicanery and espionage (under the name of diplomacy), but to meet greater deceit. Cf. Motley's defence of similar conduct in William the Silent; Dutch Republic (near the end).

—In the earlier edition there were fewer names; but two lines, which in that edition followed 1494, are left out, "for some reason which it would now be idle to conjecture":

> "And for the strength and elegance of truth,
> A Barrow and a Tillotson are thine."

1495. *Drake.*] The son of a poor Devonshire yeoman, was the first who actually sailed round the world. He died 1596.

1498. *Maiden.*] Elizabeth. Cf. Sh., Hy. VIII. v. iv. 38:

> "And those about her
> From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
> And by those claim their greatness, not by blood."

Cf. Gray, Bard, vii. 111.

1499. *Ralegh.*] Sir Walter Ralegh, another Devonshire worthy: born 1552, executed 1618.

1500. *Scourge of Spain.*] In taking part in the defeat of the Armada, and in carrying out his expedition into South America.

1502. *Coward reign.*] James the First, who determined, at the request of Spain, in return for the plundering of St. Thomas, to carry into effect the sentence passed upon Ralegh sixteen years before.

1507. During his confinement in the Tower Ralegh completed his famous "History of the World."

1511. *Sidney.*] Sir Philip, author of "Arcadia," and "A Defence of Poesie," 1554–1586. Pope, E. on M. 101:

> "See *Sidney* bleeds amid the martial strife."

Every one knows how, when wounded, and about to raise a bottle of water to his lips, Sidney passed it to one still more needing it.

1512. *The plume of war.*] The chief pride and ornament. Cf. Macaulay, Ivry:

> "Press where ye see my white plume shine amid the ranks of war,
> And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

1514. *Hampden.*] Cf. Gray, v. 57 n.

1519. *Effulged.*] Lat. *effulgeo*, shine forth. Johnson, condemning the word, quotes from Savage:

"The topaz charms the sight,
Like these *effulging* yellow streams of light."

1523. Lord William *Russell*, accused of being concerned in the Rye House Plot, and executed in 1683. His wife's conduct during the trial has passed into an act of heroism.

1525, 6. See Macaulay's History.

1528. Algernon Sidney, son of the Earl of Leicester, was implicated in the Rye House Plot, and executed in 1683. "The name 'British Cassius,' which one author bestows upon Sidney, is not altogether appropriate. Cassius owed obligations to Cæsar, but Sidney shared none of the favours of either of the monarchs under whose reign he lived. Like Cassius, however, he was an able and brave military leader, and a steady supporter of the cause of political freedom."—A. T. T.

1534. *Orient ray.*] Cf. Cowper, Ode to Mary Unwin:

"Golden beams of *orient* light."

Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, i. 546:

"Ten thousand banners rising into the air,
With *orient* colours waving."

And Comus, 65:

"His *orient* liquor in a crystal glass."

1535. Cf. Pope, E. on M. iv. 282:

"The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind."

1542. *Plato.*] Athenian philosopher, whose writings are marvellously beautiful.

— *Stagyrite.*] Aristotle, born at Stagyra, a sea-port on the eastern coast of Macedonia. Thomson intended the word to be read with the middle syllable short. It should be long.

Tully.] M. Tullius Cicero, whom we now call Cicero, but called Tully by the writers of Queen Anne's time, as they called Virgil Maro. The line means that Bacon combined the poetic charm of Plato's prose, the sound wisdom of Aristotle, with the eloquence of the Roman orator.

1543. "The Novum Organum confines itself to no system, teaches no peculiar opinions, but merely points out the way of arriving at truth."—A. T. T.

"Aristotle may be truly styled the father of the Inductive Philosophy, since he first announced its leading principles, and announced them with a completeness and precision not surpassed by Bacon himself. There is, indeed, a radical defect in his conception of method, but it is a defect not less visible in the Novum Organum." "Grandly as Bacon traces the various streams of error to their sources, he is himself borne along by those very streams whenever he quits the position of a critic,

and attempts to investigate the order of nature for himself."—Lewes' Arist.

1544. *Jargon.*] A word of doubtful etymology. Some derive it from the Romance root "*gary*," which is found in *gargouilla*, &c.; others from the Scandinavian *jarg*, loquacity. Littré thinks it is from *jars*, and instances the phrase "*le jars jargonne*," to imitate the cry of the bird.

1548. *Daughter of heaven.*] Cf. Juv. xi. 27: E cœlo descendit, γνῶθι σεαυτόν.

1559. *The chain of things.*] Cf. Pope, E. on M. iii. 7, seq.:

"Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above."

1551. *Ashley.*] Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, author of the "Characteristics," grandson of the Achitophel of Dryden, 1671–1713.

1556. *Boyle.*] Hon. Robert Boyle, son of the Earl of Cork; devoted himself to chemical and philosophical pursuits. 1626–1691.

1558. *Locke.*] The author of the Essay on the Human Understanding; born 1632, died 1704.

1560. *Newton.*] Cf. Sp. 208 n. Pope, E. on M. ii. 31, seq.:

"Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton as we show an ape."

And Cowper, Task, iii. 252:

"Thy wisdom, Newton, childlike sage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in His Word sagacious."

1566. *Wild Shakspeare.*] Cf. Milton, L'All. 132, 3:

"Or sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild."

The reference is to Shakspeare's imaginative powers as well as to his freedom from the trammels of art. Cf. Milton, Epitaph on Shakspeare:

"Whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow."

1568. *In thy Milton met.*] Cf. Dryden's verses, written "under Mr. Milton's Picture, before his Paradise Lost":

"Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third she joined the other two."

And Cowper, Task, iii. 255 :

"Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna."

On Milton, cf. W. 536 n.

1571. *Eden.*] Cf. Gray, vii. 131 n.

1573. Edmund Spenser, author of the Faerie Queen, 1553–1598.

1574. *Like a copious riven.*] Cf. Hor., Od. IV. ii. 5 :

"Monte decurrens velut amnis."

1577. *Manner-painting.*] "After a brief introduction, the poet commences his Canterbury Tales with a description of the person and character of each member of the party. This description affords space for a very spirited and graphic portrayal of the physical aspect, and an outline of the moral features of each. All the great classes of English humanity are thus represented, and opportunity is given for the display of the harmonies and the jealousies which now united, now divided, the interests of the different orders and different vocations in the commonwealth."—R. Morris, Introd. to Chaucer. Cf. Tennyson, Palace of Art :

"Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still."

Compare also some very beautiful lines, in W. Morris' Earthly Paradise, in praise of Chaucer.

1578. *Well-moralised.*] The moral of which is read aright by "pure eyes and loving hearts."

1579. Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth and others, have endeavoured to remove this "cloud" by rendering portions of the Canterbury Tales into modern English.

1582, 3. Cf. Hor., Od. I. v. 5 : "simplex munditiis."

1588. Cf. 1326 n.

1592. Cf. Æsch., Ag. 240, φίλοικτον βέλος.

1594. Cf. Milton, P. Pens. 191 :

"Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes."

1595. Cf. Tennyson, Ode on the Duke of Wellington :

"Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Saxon 'mid blown seas and stormy showers."

1601. Cf. Sh., Kg. John, II. i. 23 :

"That pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tide."

Cf. Gray, vi. 82 n.

1601. *Baffled.*] O. Fr. *baffe, beffe*; It. *beffa.* The root, as in *babiné*, is *bap* or *baf*, a lip. A motion of the lips can easily express mockery.

1601. *Hoar.*] Cf. Gray, iii. 9 n.

1600. *Shook.*] Old and strong form of past participle.

ANALYSIS (1602—1629).—*Prayer for a blessing on England.*

1602. *Nod.*] Cf. Lat. *nutu, numine.*

1605. *Patrol.*] Fr. *patrouille, patouille*; It. *pattuglia*, night-watch. "The fundamental image is dabbling in the water: Sp. *patullar*; Ger. *patschen.* The German cavalry contemptuously call the foot soldiers *lacken-patsche*, puddle-steppers."—Wedgewood.

— *White peace.*] Tib. I. x. 45: "pax candida." *White* is the colour ascribed by poets generally to good qualities. Cf. Sp. 272:

> "Those *white* unblemish'd minutes, whence
> The fabling poets took their golden age."

Cf. also Kâlidâsa Raghu-Vañi, ii. 69: "subhram yashas," *white glory.*

1610. Cf. Latin Proverb, "Mens sana in corpore sano."

1615. *Front.*] Forehead. Lat. *frons, front-is.* Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 300: "his fair large *front*;" and Sp. 880. The verb is used in modern English transitively; for its use as a neuter verb, cf. Sp. 209: "*fronting* on the sun." Compare also the expression, "*front* to the right."

1616. Contrast this with Milton, Lycidas, 71:

> "Fame . . . that last infirmity of noble mind."

1618. *Weal.*] Cf. L. of L. ii. 870 n.

ANALYSIS (1620—1646).—*Sunset, and reflections which it suggests.*

1621. *Verge of day.*] Cf. 1133: "verge of heaven."

1622. Cf. Milton, L'All. 59–61:

> "Right against the eastern gate,
> Where the great sun begins his state,
> Robed in flames and amber light,
> The clouds in thousand liveries dight."

1626. *Amphitritè.*] Wife of Poseidon and goddess of the sea.

— *Tending nymphs.*] The Oceanids.

1629. *Total.*] Lat. *omnis.*

1630. Cf. Browning, Paracelsus:

> "The eternal circle life pursues."

1632. *Formful brain.*] Teeming with many forms and fancies. Cf. Hamlet's expression, I. v. 97: "this distracted globe." *Formful* is not found in any other writer.

1638. *Load.*] Cf. the common phrases: "He is a burden to himself;" "To make one's life a burden." Cf. Sall., Catil., 2: "Multi mortales, dediti ventri atque somno, vitam transiere, quibus *corpus voluptati*, anima *oneri* fuit."

— *Squander.*] "A nasalised form of squatter, signifying in the first place to splash or spill liquids, then to disperse, scatter, waste."—W.

1639. *Scoundrel.*] Possibly originally *scumberel*, from *scumber*, *scummer*, to dung. "With filth bescumbered."—Marston. Cf. Dan. *skarn*, dung, dirt; met. "a good-for-nothing fellow."—Wedgewood. It may be connected with O. Fr. *esconder*; Lat. *abscondere*.

1642. Cf. Job. xxix. 13: "I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

1644. The *descending* dew is a favourite expression of the poets. In reality dew *ascends* from the ground.

1645, 6. Contrast with this Macbeth's review of his past life (v. iii.):

> "That which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must not look to have."

ANALYSIS (1647—1681).—*Evening.*

1647. *Confess'd.*] Disclosed. To confess, Lat. *confiteor*, means first to acknowledge or show a fault, then (but this is a rarer use) to show generally.

1648. *Sober evening.*] Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 598–9:

> "Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
> Had in her *sober* livery all things clad."

1651. *Beck.*] A. S. *bedcon*; Eng. beckon, beacon. Cf. Milton, L'All. 28: "nods and becks," and Comus, 207:

> "Calling shapes, and *beckoning shadows* dire."

1654. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, v. 42:

> "Now reigns
> Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
> Shadowy sets off the face of things."

And infr. 1688: "The imperfect surfaces of things."

1659. *Down.*] Ger. *daune*; Icel. *dún*, the lightest and softest kind of feather. Cf. Ger. *dunst*, exhalation, vapour, mist, which is probably the primary signification, the down being compared for lightness to vapour floating in the air.

1660. *Amusive.*] Cf. Sp. 216, 769; A. 757.

1663. Cf. Mat. vi. 30.

1664. *His folded flock secure.*] Nom. abs.

1666. *Pail.*] O. Fr. *paisle*; Fr. *poile*; Grk. πέλλα, which is found in Hom., Il. xvi. 642.

1666. *Ruddy milk-maid.*] On account of hard labour. Cf. Sh., Ry. VIII. I. i. 22–25:

"The madams, too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting."

1667. *Witless.*] Not knowing. A. S. *witan* (Sans. *vid*), to know. Hence our *wot*, *wit*, &c. Witanagemote, assembly of wise men.

1674, 5. Cf. Milton, *L'All.* 100–110; and Par. Lost, i. 781–3:

"*Fairy* elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees."

ANALYSIS (1682—1729).—*Night. Meteors. Sunset.*

1683. Cf. Sh., Hamlet, I. v. 89:

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire."

— *His.*] The glow-worm is the *female* of a winged beetle.

— *Gem.*] Cf. Gray, App. ii. 7 n.

1684, 5. Cf. Gray, El. 4:

"And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

1686. *Stygian.*] An adj. from the Στύξ (στυγεῖν), "the hateful," the fabled river of the nether world. A local habitation in the upper world was found at Nonacris (Naukria), where ran a rivulet and fountain whose waters were considered deadly. Cf. Herod. vi., 74.

— *Woof.*] Sub. from verb to weave, part. woven, wove. The warp crossed by the woof from the web. Cf. Gray, vii. 49, and note:

"Weave the warp and weave the *woof*."

1687. *Mantle dun.*] Cf. Sh., 2 Hy. VI. IV. ii.: "Night's black mantle."

— *Erroneous.*] Wandering, straggling. Lat. *err-are.* Pope: "erroneous and forlorn." Sh., Hamlet, I. i. 164: "Th' extravagant and erring spirit." Milton, Par. Lost, vii. 20:

"*Erroneous* there to *wander* and forlorn."

1692. *Ascending gleam.*] Apparently, but not really so; the withdrawal of the light below causes sunshine to appear to ascend, while in fact it is the shadow that is creeping up the mountain.

1693. *Uncertain if beheld.*] Seen vaguely, and in outline.

1694. *Weary.*] What *wears* one away.

1696. *Venus.*] This, the brightest and most beautiful of all the planets, is also called Lucifer, Phosphorus, and the Morning Star, when she goes

before the sun, and Hesperus, or the Evening Star, when she follows him. She is not only remarkable for her bright and white light, but for her phases varying just like those of the moon, her illumined part being constantly turned towards the sun, viz. towards the east when she is a morning star, and towards the west when she is an evening star. Cf. Virg., Æn. viii. 589:

> "Qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer unda,
> Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes."

Milton, Par. Lost, v. 166:

> "Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
> If better thou belong not to the dawn,
> Sure pledge of day."

And Tennyson, In Mem. 120:

> "Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double-named."

1699. *Effulgence tremulous.*] Cf. 1229 n.; and Sp. 194.

1703. *Portentous.*] Foretokening ill. Cf. Sh., Hamlet, i. 4. 44:

> "A little ere the mightiest Julius fell," &c.

1704. *Deck.*] Cf. L. of L. i. 202 n.

1708. *Comet.*] "When a comet moves from the sun, or to the east of it, it is said to be *bearded*, because the light precedes it in the manner of a beard; when it is to the west of the sun, and sets after it, it is said to be *tailed*, because the light follows it in the form of a tail or train; but when it and the sun are diametrically opposite (the earth being between), the train is hid behind the body of the comet, excepting a small portion, which appears round it like a body of *hair* (κόμη), and then it is called *hairy*, and from this last appearance the name of *comet* is derived."—Eton Geography. Cf. Tibull. ii. 6, 72; Virg., Georg. i. 488; Milton, Par. Lost, ii. 708.

1710. Cf. Sh., J. C. II. ii. 130:

> "When beggars die there are no comets seen;
> The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

1713. *Fond sequacious herd.*] I.e. mobile vulgus. Dryden, Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, 50, has "*sequacious* of the lyre."

1721. *Barren ether.*] Barren, as opposed to the fruitful earth. Homer, Il. xvii. 425: δ' αἰθέρος ἀτρυγέτοιο. It is the usual epithet in Homer of the sea.

1732. "Astronomers calculate the orbits in which comets move. Halley's comet has returned at intervals of 75 or 76 years from its first recorded appearance, which was at the birth of Mithridates, B.C. 120."—A. T. T.

1723. *In seeming terror clad.*] Cf. Keble: "in kind austereness clad." And Gray, To Adversity, 35:

"Not in thy Gorgon *terrors clad.*"

1726. "It has been discovered that the positions of the orbits of several of the late comets, and the meteor-rings, are almost identical, leading us to conclude that space, so far from being 'empty space,' is crowded with matter."—Whittaker.

— *Fuel.*] Low Lat. *focale*, from *focus*; It. *fuoco*; Sp. *fuego*; Prov. *fuec*; Fr. *feu*.

ANALYSIS (1730—1805).—*Conclusion. Praises of Philosophy.*

1735. *Parted soul.*] We now say departed soul. Cf. Gray, El. i.:

"The knell of *parting* day."

1739, 40. Cf. "Though we be tied and bound with the chain of our sins;" Prayer in C. P. Bk.

1741. *Gains.*] Reaches, attains. Cf. Sh., Mac. III. iii. 6:

"Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To *gain* the timely inn."

1744. Cf. Pope, E. on M. 225, 6:

"Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!"

1745. *The dreary void.*] Cf. Pope, E. on M. i. 240:

"From infinite to thee, from thee to nothing."

1746. Cf. Pope, E. on M. i. 33, 4:

"Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?"

And ib. 233, seq.; iii. 295, seq.

1747. *Essence.*] (*Esse*, to be), formal existence, that which makes anything to be what it is (τὸ τί ἦν εἶναι). "The very nature of any being, whether it be actually existing or no; a rose in winter has an *essence*; in summer it has existence also."—Watts.

— *World-producing essence.*] Cf. 179, seq.

1747, 8. *Alone possesses being.*] Cf. the name which God gives Himself, Ex. iii. 14: "I AM;" and Rev. iv. 8: "Which was, and is, and is to come."

1748. *The last.*] I.e. what the poet terms fancy (1744), but which would be more correctly termed imagination, one of the most important of intellectual qualifications. Aristotle (De Anima) defines imagination as the motion produced by our sensibility *in act*. Sensible things produce sensations, and the motions thus produced continue after the

existing cause has vanished. Imagination "sublimes" these motions, and with "livelier sense" fills up the outlines, still true to reality, and paints "the whole magnificence of heaven and earth." "Our view of any transaction, especially one that is remote in time and place, will necessarily be imperfect, generally incorrect, unless it embrace something more than the bare outline of the occurrences: unless we have before the mind a lively idea of the scenes in which the events took place, the habits of thought and feeling of the actors, and all the circumstances connected with the transactions."—Whately. Bearing in mind Aristotle's definition, it is evident that the more the imagination is cultivated, the more correct and true it will be; and in fact we find that where this faculty is feeble or neglected the impressions produced are erroneous. What we have witnessed is a guide to what we have not witnessed. Fancy is rather the result of culture and association. Cf. 1794:

"The fair forms of fancy's fleeting train."

1751. *Obvious.*] What lies in our way, Lat. *ob-viam.*

1752. *Rapid mind.*] Cf. Sh., Hamlet, I. iv:

"Wings as swift as *meditation.*"

1753. *Tutor'd by thee, hence poetry, &c.*] This is the passage written on Thomson's monument, *vide* Life. Those who do not commit themselves to the heresy that the poet as such must concern himself with beauty of form alone, and not at all with depth of thought, will probably think Thomson right in seeing a very close bond between poetry and philosophy. Whether we look at the inner nature of the two, or read their past history, the connection is evident. Poetry and philosophy alike endeavour to pierce beyond the world of sense into the world of mind. But while the poet, by his inspiration, catches isolated glimpses into this, the philosopher, by an ordered process of conscious thought, would picture it to himself as a connected whole. Thus though it falls to both to analyse human character and intellect, the philosopher deals with the type, the poet with the individual. Thus though analogies, those "first chords of the harmony of the universe," as they have been called, are to the poet valuable in and for themselves, their importance to the philosopher lies more in their being clues to the system underlying the whole of phenomena, which he is endeavouring to trace. But the greatest poet, he who is gifted with the imagination and not merely with fancy (to use Mr. Ruskin's distinction), will light upon analogies that are of this kind, and not mere chance resemblances. Still the first aim of the poet must be beauty, that of the philosopher truth, and hence there must always be a more or less broad difference between the two: and we know from Plato (Republic) that there has at times even been a feud. To see the reason of this feud, we must review the early history of the two. We see then that religion was the bridge which led men, in early days, from their every-day life in external things to philosophy. The poets regarded gods as intervening to produce all the ordinary phenomena of nature; dissatisfied with this theory in many of its

points, the thinking minds of the civilised world (especially of Greece) began to analyse nature and to search for other causes—in a word, to philosophise. But the earlier philosophers were poets as well, many of them (at first all) writing in verse. Heracleitus, Plato, and Lucretius, are eminent instances of the union of the poetic and philosophic temperament. In modern English poetry we see philosophic thought everywhere more or less evident. Spenser was a Platonist; Pope wrote the "Essay on Man;" Tennyson and Browning, and indeed most of the poets of to-day, are embalming in their verse the grand theory of the development of the soul of the world, which appears in different forms in the German and French philosophy of later times; and materialism is not without its representatives. Both in kind and in degree the current philosophy will ever stamp itself upon contemporary poetry.

1754. *Inform.*] Cf. 104 n.

1755. Cf. Ben Jonson, Ode on Poetry.

— *Music.*] Cf. Dryden, Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, 13-15:

"From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man."

— *Sentiment and thought.*] The one proceeding from the heart, the other from the mind.

1756. *Never to die.*] Κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, Thuc.: "ære perennius," Hor.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."—Keats.

1760. *Quest.*] Search. Lat. *quæro, quæsitum, quæst-ūm*, quest.

— *Fur.*] Fr. *fourreau*; O. Fr. *fuere*; O. Ger. *fôdr*, case or external covering. A. S. *fôder*, shell, covering; and so connected with fodder, food: that which is protected by an external husk or shell.

1765. *Guardian law.*] The law which guards and protects his property. Cf. 1456: "in his guarded toil."

1766. Cf. the celebrated "Apology" of Prometheus, Æsch., P. V. 445, seq.

1769. *Burning line.*] Cf. 788.

1770. This line of course refers to Philosophy, not, as might at first sight appear, to the expedition to the arctic region.

1770. *Than non-existence worse.*] Cf. Sh., Mac. III. ii. 19:

"Better be with the dead . . .
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy."

Soph., Œd. Col. 1225: μὴ φῦναι τὸν ἅπαντα νικᾷ λόγον.

1776. And so fulfil the programme of the Republicans: "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité."

1778, 9. Cf. 779, seq.:

"Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world."

Cf. Pope, E. on M. ii. 108:

"Reason the card, but passion is the gale."

The ideal in Plato's Republic is, that kings should be philosophers, and philosophers kings.

1780. Cf. Sh., Rom. and Jul., I. iv. 112:

"He that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail."

1782. *Radiant tracts on high.*] Cf. 1: "brightening fields of ether."

1785. *Complex.*] Adj. used as subst.; complication.

1787. Cf. Ps. xxxiii. 9; and cxlviii. 5: "Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he spake the word, and they were made; he commanded, and they were created."

1791. Cf. Sh., Mac. IV. i. 111:

"Come like shadows, so depart."

1795. *Deducing* truth from truth. Reasoning from the whole to the parts, is Deductive reasoning: from the parts to the whole is Inductive reasoning: both require Observation and Verification. Before each new step can be safely taken, the facts must be verified, the induction verified, and the deduction verified.

1796. "All the first attempts to comprehend nature led to the introduction of abstract conceptions, often vague indeed, but not therefore unmeaning, such as *motion* and *velocity*, *force* and *pressure*, *impetus* and *momentum*. And the next step in philosophising necessarily was to endeavour to make these vague abstractions more clear and fixed. There were two ways of making this attempt: the one by examining the words only and the thoughts which they call up; the other by attending to the facts and things which bring these abstract terms into use. The latter, the method of *real* inquiry, was the way to success; but the Greeks followed the former, the *verbal* or *notional* course, and failed."—Whewell.

1798, 9. Cf. Keble, 2nd Sunday after Epiphany:

"But there sight fails, no heart may know
The bliss when life is done."

1803. *Issue.*] Result, end. The doctrine of indefinite perfectibility, of which Thomson is very fond.

INDEX TO NOTES.

Abyssinia, S. 751
According well, S. 1253
Achæan League, W. 490
Achaia, S. 1434; W. 490
Aërial, S. 796
Æschylus, W. 537
Aghast, A. 60
Agis IV., W. 488
Agonizing, S. 1047
Agriculture, S. 424
Aiery, Sp. 454
Airs, Sp. 32
Alcæus, W. 540
Alfred, S. 1479
All (ballad style), Sp. 723
Alps, W. 390, 910
Amanda, Sp. 433; S. 1401
Amazon, S. 840
Ambrosial, S. 315
Amethyst, S. 151
Amphitrite, S. 1626
Anacreon, W. 540
Anans, S. 683
Andes, S. 839; A. 804
Anemones, Sp. 546
Anger, Sp. 282
Ausonia, S. 956
Apace, S. 52
Apennines, W. 390
Applied, Sp. 270
Approvance, Sp. 625
Arabia, Sp. 500
Aratus, W. 491
Arcadian, A. 220
Arctic ocean, W. 805; 997
Ardent, S. 6
Aries, Sp. 26
Aristides, S. 1491; W. 459
Aristotle, S. 1394; 1542
Argyle (Duke of), A. 929
Aromatic, S. 762
Arraign, S. 1076
[illegible]s, W. 450
Assant, S. 86
Aspen, Sp. 159
Assiduous, Sp. 661; W. 143
Athwart, Sp. 459; A. 1032
Atlantic surge, A. 804
Atlas, A. 798
Atoms, S. 290
Alternate, S. 43
Attic land, A. 1056
Augusta, Sp. 108; S. 1410
Auriculus, Sp. 536
Auriferous, S. 649
Aurora Borealis, W. 859
Aurora, W. 867
Autumn, A. 2
Avalanches, W. 417
Awful, Sp. 208
Awkward, S. 58
Azure, S. 83

Babbling, Sp. 646
Bacon, Lord, S. 1543
Baffled, A. 716
Baleful, Sp. 117
Balmy, Sp. 1049
Baltic, W. 169
Banyan tree, S. 67
Barren bare, A. 90
Bask, A. 367
Batavia, W. 768
Batavian fleet, A. 921
Bay (at), A. 482
Bay (twine the), A. 667
Bear (the), W. 828
Bear (the Great), W. 835
Bears, polar, W. 1019
Beck, S. 1651
Bees, Sp. 508
Beetling, Sp. 454
Behemoth, S. 710
Belgian, A. 850
Bellowing war, Sp. 803
Bellying, A. 123
Belvidera, W. 648
Benighted, A. 1145
Berubium, A. 893
Bevil, W. 655
Bibulous, A. 813
Bickering, W. 725
Birds, W. 80
Birth, second, W. 1042
Bittern, Sp. 22

Blackbird, Sp. 604
Blank, S. 1050; W. 124
Blooms, Sp. 131
Blossom, A. 6
Blown, S. 355
Blush, S. 205
Blushful, S. 7
Base, H. 86
Book of life, S. 351
Boötes, W. 835
Border, S. 622
Boreal morn, A. 909
Bourn, S. 99
Boyle, Hon. R., S. 155¢
Brake, Sp. 94
Branching, A. 427
Bray, W. 824
Breathe, seem'd to, A. 138
Bring, S. 167
Britain disunited, Sp. 843
Brown (night), S. 52
Brush'd, Sp. 114
Brutus, L. J., W. 524
Brutus, M. J., W. 507
Bull, Sp. 27
Bullfinch, Sp. 605
Burgundy, A. 705
Burnish'd, S. 88, 136
Buxom, A. 1227

Cabal, A. 1296
Caernarvon, S. 1161
Callow, Sp. 670
Cambrian, Sp. 961
Camillus, W. 509
Campania, S. 955
Cape, stormy, S. 1003
Capricorn, W. 42
Caravan, S. 748: W. 807
Carcass, S. 271
Careless, Sp. 799
Cartagena, S. 1040
Cascade, W. 748
Cates, S. 315
Cathay, W. 808
Cato, S. 954, 1491; W. 523
Cattle, S. 1124
Caucasus, A. 790
Caurus, W. 836
Cerulean, W. 894
Champagne, A. 706
Change (of weather), Sp. 832
Channel, S. 13
Chaos, S. 184
Chapp'd, A. 404
Charles XII., W. 980
Chastised, S. 25
Chaucer, S. 1577
Chequer'd, Sp. 777; A. 40, 457
Chesterfield, Lord, W. 664
Chimerns, A. 1147
China, W. 808
Chip, A. 82
Cicero, S. 1542
Cimon, W. 466
Cincinnatus, S. 1492; W.
Cincture, W. 54
Circling, S. 14
Citron, S. 663
Civil, A. 46
Clamant, A. 350
Claret, A. 208
Cliff, S. 607
Clime, S. 1446
Clio, W. 587
Clouds, Sp. 2, 261
Clown, Sp. 719
Cobham, Lord, A. 1072
Cock, W. 86
Collatinus, W. 507
Commixing, Sp. 268
Comet, S. 1708
Concoctive, A. 408
Condensed, A. 707
Consign, Sp. 178
Consonance, Sp. 271
Convene, S. 230
Convolution, A. 840
Cope, A. 25
Copse, A. 975
Cor'mandel, S. 826
Cornbury, Lord, S. 1425
Corn laws, Sp. 67
Corrosive, Sp. 126
Cot, S. 1444
Cottage-hind, W. 890
Covey, A. 367
Coward, Sp. 304
Cowslip, Sp. 448
Crane, A. 120
Cranny, Sp. 130
Creative, S. 1193
Crested, W. 86
Crown, Sp. 530
Crude, Sp. 142
Cuckoo, Sp. 579
Cull, A. 697
Cultured, S. 770
Culver, Sp. 453
Cumbrous, S. 105
Cynicism, Sp. 301
Cypher, S. 408

Dairy, S. 262
Daisy, Sp. 531
Damask-rose, Sp. 552
Dance, Sp. 569
Dappled, S. 48
Daw, Sp. 610
Day, dubious, W. 53

Death, Sp. 430
Deduce, Sp. 578
Deductive reasoning, S. 1795
Deform, Sp. 21
Dejected, S. 437
Deluge, Sp. 309
Descending year, A. 988
Destiny, W. 351
Deucalion, A. 772
Dew, S. 1644
Diamond, S. 142
Dictate, A. 1320
Dimply, W. 83
Directive, A. 1148
Disaster, W. 279
Discordant vice, S. 554
Disclosed, S. 1
Dispart, Sp. 310
Dispreading, S. 209
Distemper'd, S. 76
Distent, Sp. 146
Divine, A. 1019
Dodington (Lord Melcombe), S. 29; A. 655
Dofrine hills, A. 788
Dole, A. 174
Domain, S. 114
Dome, A. 134, 1182
Don Henry, S. 1010
Doric dialect, A. 3
Doric reed, A. 890
Dove, Sp. 786
Down, S. 1659
Downs, A. 657
Drake, Admiral, S. 1495
Drear, A. 1145
Dregs, Sp. 275
Drought, S. 1447
Drudgery, S. 1459
Dusk, S. 56; A. 718
Dusk and dun, A. 952
Dusky, Sp. 309
Dying fall (of music), Sp. 725; A. 973

Eagle (royal), Sp. 759
Ebon, S. 1247
Ecliptic, Sp. 26; S. 115
Ecnephias, S. 986
Eddy, A. 329
Eden, S. 1571
Edward III., S. 1484
Effusive, Sp. 145
Elate, A. 1337
Elders, Sp. 446
Elemental, S. 800
Elephant, S. 721, 732
Elizabeth (Queen), S. 1498
Embattled, A. 1075
Embosom'd, Sp. 954
Embryo, Sp. 100
Emergent, Sp. 264
England (granary), Sp. 67
Enthusiastic, A. 1036
Envy, Sp. 284
Epaminondas, W. 476
Ephemera, Sp. 60
Erect, Sp. 355
Ermine, W. 812
Erroneous, S. 1687
Essence, S. 1747
Ether, Sp. 148; S. 1
Ethereal arch, A. 1214
Etna, A. 1205
Euripides, W. 537
Euxine, A. 791
Eve, Sp. 19
Evening, S. 1647
Exanimate, Sp. 1052
Eye, speaking, A. 294
Eyry, Sp. 454

Fabricius, W. 511
Face, A. 1255
Fare, S. 743
Fates, W. 351
Fathers, Sp. 50
Fearful, S. 57
Fell, Sp. 283
Fervent, Sp. 508
Field, S. 1
Files, A. 1072
Film, A. 693
Finland, W. 865
Fits, A. 38
Fleece, S. 421
Fleeces, A. 958
Fleet Prison, W. 359
Flight (figured), A. 860
Floods, W. 77
Flora, S. 692
Florist, Sp. 541
Flounce, Sp. 435
Flowing, A. 171
Flush, S. 129
Flute, H. 91
Flux, S. 35
Fogs, A. 1087; S. 201
Fop, W. 645
Forbes (Judge), A. 944
Foreign, A. 205
Forest, S. 58
Formal, S. 1632
Fount, Sp. 399
Frantic, S. 679
Fray, S. 731
Frenzy, A. 1124
Fret, A. 1348
Friskful, Sp. 837
Frolic, W. 91

Front, Sp. 880 ; S. 1615
Frith, A. 923
Fry, W. 877
Fuel, S. 1728
Fumed, Sp. 245
Fur, S. 1760

Gain on, S. 611
Gallia, S. 430
Gamboi, W. 622
Game, A. 362 ; W. 793
Game of death, A. 384
Ganges, S. 718
Gaul, insulting, A. 1077
Gaunt, W. 394
Gay, S. 1423
Gazing, S. 1247
Gelid, Sp. 823 ; A. 830
Genius, A. 1160
Gen'rous, Sp. 67
Georgics, Sp. 55
Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," W. 589
Giddy, A. 188
Gives, A. 35
Glade, S. 58
Glanced, A. 373
Gleaners, A. 165
Glebe, Sp. 43
Gloom, S. 10
Glowworm, S. 1688
Golconda, S. 871
Golden age, Sp. 273
Gossamer, A. 1210
Grace, Sp. 484
Greatly, Sp. 65
Green (to), Sp. 321 ; A. 664
Greenland, W. 889
Grisons, W. 415
Grotesque, S. 624
Groves (passion of), Sp. 581
Groves (worship in), H. 90
Guile, S. 619
Guinea, S. 1020
Gush, S. 771

Hæmus, A. 785, 1318
Hagley, Sp. 908
Hall, Sp. 957
Hamlet, W. 646
Hammond, W. 556
Hampden, S. 1514
Hampton Court, S. 1428
Harrington (Earl), S. 1419
Harrow, Sp. 47
Harrow (the place), S. 1412
Harvest, S. 829 ; A. 81
Harvest rejoicings, A. 1232
Haunted, S. 12
Hawthorn, Sp. 90
Haycock, S. 367
Head (of mountain), Sp. 17
Heath-hen, Sp. 700
Heaves, A. 928
Hebrides, A. 865
Hecla, W. 888
Helm of state, A. 104
Henry VIII., S. 1490
Hermit, S. 15
Hern, W. 146
Hertford (Lady), Sp. 5
Hesperia, S. 1434
Hew, A. 82
Higher powers (after death)
Homer, W. 533
Honey, A. 107
Horizon, Sp. 151
Horrid, A. 400
Horror, S. 164
Hours, S. 4
Hum of bees, A. 1268
Humanised, W. 435
Humanising, S. 876
Hurl, S. 450
Hurricanes, Sp. 826
Hyacinth, Sp. 547

Ice (floating), W. 1005
Ice-bergs, W. 997, 1005
Idle, S. 711
Illapse, S. 1262
Illumed, S. 84
Imagination, S. 1748
Impregn'd, S. 140
Incontinent, A. 1124
Inclining (soft-), A. 315
Incomposed, S. 491
Incult, A. 884
Incumbent, Sp. 4
Incurious, Sp. 227
Ind (gorgeous), S. 825
Indecent, A. 241
Indian fig, S. 661
Ineffable, S. 892
Inexhaustive, Sp. 479
Infinity, S. 287
Inform, S. 104
Inform'd, A. 948
Informing, Sp. 860
Infract, S. 604
Innumerous, Sp. 608
Insects, Sp. 121
Inspect, A. 1134
Instant, S. 1195
Interminable, Sp. 195
In vain, Sp. 138
Inverted year, W. 43
Iron, Sp. 274 ; A. 1294
Irriguous, Sp. 496

[illegible], A. 748
[illegible]mittee, W. 359
[illegible], W. 367
[illegible], S. 1502
[illegible], S. 1544
[illegible], Sp. 610
[illegible] (river), A. 891
[illegible], W. 311
[illegible], Sp. 548
[illegible], A. 2

[illegible] (verb), S. 1259
[illegible], S. 178
[illegible], Sp. 756
[illegible], A. 172
[illegible], S. 1334
[illegible], Sp. 59

[illegible], S. 383
[illegible], S. 37
[illegible], Sp. 1038
[illegible] (of heaven), S. 180
[illegible], S. 270
[illegible], Nature's, Sp. 182
[illegible], W. 343
[illegible], W. 246
[illegible], Sp. 590
[illegible], A. 744
[illegible], Sp. 129
[illegible], S. 33
[illegible], A. 177
[illegible], S. 125; A. 292
[illegible], W. 385
[illegible], A. 86
[illegible], S. 53
[illegible], S. 664
[illegible], W. 457
[illegible], S. 42
Leviathan, W. 1014
Liberal, Sp. 98
[illegible]ation, Sp. 743
Life, A. 1247
Light (first), S. 91
Lily of the valley, Sp. 447
Limpid, S. 200
Linnet, Sp. 606
Liquid, Sp. 452
Listed, S. 1470
[illegible]ng, S. 497
[illegible] life, W. 64
[illegible] (John), S. 1558
[illegible], Sp. 108
[illegible], Sp. 172
[illegible], A. 654
[illegible], W. 85
[illegible], Sp. 936
[illegible]t, W. 710
[illegible], Sp. 361
[illegible], S. 1010
Lust, A. 157
Lusty, Sp. 35
Lyceum, S. 1334
Lycurgus, W. 453
Lyttleton (Lord), Sp. 906

M

Mail, S. 709
Main, W. 155
Malabar, S. 826
Many-twinkling, Sp. 158
Maro, Sp. 55
Mash, A. 700
Massy, S. 669
Master, A. 162
Mauritania, S. 923
Maze, Sp. 105; S. 816
Mazy-running, Sp. 577
Mead, S. 163
Mecca, S. 979
Meditate, A. 670
Mecken'd, Sp. 266
Meek-eyed, S. 47
Mellifluous, Sp. 613
Menam, S. 827
Meridian, S. 657
Meteors, A. 1103
Mexico, S. 742
Microscopic, S. 288
Mildew, Sp. 116
Milk nutriment, Sp. 184
Milton (John), S. 1568; W. 535
Mimic, Sp. 1056
Mineral, S. 134
Mind-illumed, Sp. 1142
Mind's eye, A. 1016
Mine, S. 728
Miny, A. 800
Mole, S. 1431
Monimia, W. 647
Montezuma, S. 742
Moon (halo round), W. 125
Moorish (marshy), W. 66
More (Sir T.), S. 1488
Mother of dews, S. 47
Mould (to), A. 1066
Moulds, A. 815
Mountains of the moon, A. 802
Murder'd, A. 1172
Muses, S. 283
Music, S. 1755
Myriad, Sp. 121

Naiads, Sp. 408
Narcissus, Sp. 549
Narrow, A. 167
Nations, Sp. 465
Native, S. 61
Nature's volume, S. 192
Nectar, S. 317

Neglected, Sp. 336
Nemesis, S. 1054
Newton (Sir Isaac), Sp. 208; S. 1560
Niemi (lake of), W. 875
Night, S. 1682
Nile, S. 806
Niobe, S. 1120
Nitre, A. 4; W. 694
Nod, S. 1602
Nodding, Sp. 229; A. 408
Nominative absolute Sp. 631, 641, 679
Nonacris, S. 1636
Noon, S. 630
North-east passage. W. 925, 927
Numa Pompilius, W. 502
Nurse, A. 894

Oary, A. 129
Oby (river), W. 937
Oceanids, S. 1626
O'er and o'er, A. 259
Officious, W. 311
Oglethorpe, General, W. 359
Olympus, A. 786
Onslow (Mr.), A. 9
Ooze, Sp. 433
Opal, S. 156
Opening (in hunting), A. 421
Opponent, Sp. 666
Orange, S. 665
Orbs immense, S. 905
Orcas, A. 893
Orchard, S. 301
Orellana, S. 840
Organ, H. 84
Orinoco, S. 834
Osmanlis, W. 981
Ostinks, W. 937
Othello, W. 646
Own, A. 235

Pacific Isles, H. 104
Pail, S. 1666
Painful, A. 343
Pale, A. 1147
Palermo, A. 1204
Palmettos, S. 675
Pan, S. 854
Paradise, Sp. 1080
Parching, S. 213
Partner, A. 172
Patrol, S. 1605
Peacock, Sp. 783
Pelham, S. 1432
Pelopidas, W. 476
Penates, W. 246
Pendent, Sp. 424; S. 1418
Pennaon Mawr, S. 1164
Pensive, W. 135
People, Sp. 165; S. 250
Perfectibility, Sp. 376; S. 1803
Period, Sp. 1019
Periods, A. 17
Peripatetics, S. 1391
Peter the Great, W. 955, 969
Petersburg, St., W. 973
Petrifies, Sp. 207
Philomela, Sp. 601
Philopœmen, W. 494
Philosophy (inductive), S. 1543
Philosophy and poetry, S. 1530 *et seq.*
Phocion, W. 481
Phœbus, W. 532
Pinch, A. 1195
Pindar, W. 540
Pine-apple, S. 685
Pious fraud, Sp. 700
Pitt (William), A. 1043
Pittance, A. 288
Plaint, S. 616
Planet, S. 33
Plastic tubes, Sp. 220
Plata, S. 843
Plato, S. 1542
Play, S. 163
Plough, Sp. 58
Plover, Sp. 24, 695
Plumy, Sp. 465, 746; W. 754
Poetry and philosophy, S. 1730 *et seq.*
Point, W. 348
Poise, Sp. 278; A. 30
Poised, S. 42
Polish'd, A. 67
Polity, Sp. 771
Polyanthus, Sp. 532
Pomegranate, S. 681
Pomp, Sp. 73
Poor, A. 1178
Pope, S. 1428
Pope's Homer, W. 563
Porcroca, S. 856
Portico, S. 1393
Potent, Sp. 394
Potosi, S. 871
Pounce, Sp. 760
Pouring on, S. 856
Prelusive, Sp. 175
Presageful, W. 79
Present Deity, Sp. 902
Preventing, Sp. 1123
Prime, Sp. 271
Primrose, Sp. 531
Prism, Sp. 209
Prodigious, S. 705
Profuse, Sp. 607
Prognostic, S. 990

Prolific, Sp. 233.
Prone, S. 595
Protective, Sp. 782
Protuberant, A. 136
Pultowa (battle of), W. 980
Purl, S. 480
Purple, S. 758
Pyrenees, W. 390
Pyrrhus, W. 511
Pythagoras, Sp. 373
Python, S. 898

Quell, S. 1462
Quick, A. 705
Quickening, S. 405
Quire, Sp. 270; S. 190

Race, Sp. 165
Rainbow, Sp. 204
Raised, A. 412
Raleigh, Sir W., S. 1499, 1506
Range, A. 388
Rank, Sp. 228
Rannoulus, Sp. 578
Raptured, Sp, 191; S. 17
Ravening, A. 396
Ravin, Sp. 340
Rays, S. 401
Reason's eye, W. 1049
Recluse, A. 208
Redressive, W. 360
Refracted, Sp. 208
Regulus, Sp. 58; W. 512
Relenting, Sp. 36
Reluctant, S. 162
Remains, A. 265
Repercussive, S. 1162
Repleto, Sp. 253
Republicanism, S. 1776
Resentment, Sp. 282
Rhine (the), A. 849; W. 765
Rhipæan rocks, A. 792
Richmond, S. 1408
Ridgy, Sp. 1072
Rift, W. 1002
Rigid, A. 1169
Rill, H. 48
Robin Redbreast, W. 246
Romans, W. 498
Rook, Sp. 110
Rosy, Sp. 251
Rosy-bosom'd, Sp. 1010
Rosy-finger'd, S. 122
Rosy-footed, Sp. 489
Rotation, Sp. 629
Ruffian, S. 274
Ruffled, A. 34
Ruminate, W. 86
Ruminating, S. 487
Rush (of rain), Sp. 310
Russell (Lord W.), S. 1420
Russet, S. 367; H. 96
Russia, Russians, W. 950, 952
Rustling, A. 321
Ruthless, S. 888

Sable, W. 54, 813
Snored, Sp. 125
Sallow, A. 1128
Salmon, Sp. 424
Samian, Sp. 373
Sappho, W. 540
Saturn, S. 100
Savaged, S. 1061
Savannah, S. 692
Scale (of empire), Sp. 62
Scan, A. 1122
Scandinavia, W. 777
Scipio (P. C.), W. 517
Scorch, S. 699
Scoundrel, S. 1639
Scrip, S. 496
Searchless, Sp. 992
Seasons, S. 46
Sconte, A. 1067
Sennnar, S. 750
Sequacious, S. 1713
Sequester'd, A. 273
Serene (verb), Sp. 870
Several, S. 157
Servius Tullius, W. 504
Shadows, S. 1692
Shaftesbury (Earl of), S. 1551
Shagg'd, Sp. 910
Shaggy, S. 600
Shakes (of light), Sp. 194
Shakspeare, S. 1566
Share, Sp. 41
Sheaf, A. 157
Shears, S. 397
Shed, S. 88
Sheen, S. 1408
Shelving, S. 590
Shift, A. 440
Shock, A. 162
Shoot (young idea), Sp. 1153
Shoots, Sp. 205
Shoreless, Sp. 316
Shrouded, W. 412
Shrubby, S. 660
Siberia, A. 795; W. 799
Sidney (Algernon), S. 1528
Sidney (Sir P.), 1541
Simonides, W. 540
Siphon, A. 820
Site, Sp. 1023; S. 159
Skates, W. 769
Skied, A. 1099
Skies, W. 74

Skim, S. 515
Skimming, A. 129
Skirt, A. 904; W. 49
Sky, A. 1099
Sky (red), W. 721
Sleds, W. 773
Sliding, W. 34
Sloth, S. 67
Smiling, A. 1196
Smooth, A. 136
Snowdrop, Sp. 530
Soar, S. 198
Sober-suited, S. 746
Society (origin of), A. 90
Socrates, W. 439
Solon, W. 446
Soot, A. 126
Sophocles, W. 537
Sordid, S. 386; W. 337
Spangle, A. 65
Spaniel, Sp. 701
Spartans, W. 453
Spenser (Edmund), S. 1573
Spicy, S. 775
Spider, S. 269
Sprightly, A. 429
Spring, Sp. 2, 320
Springs, S. 509
Squander, S. 1638
Stage, S. 650
Stanley (Miss), S. 564
Stay, A. 180
Stealing, S. 40
Steer'd, A. 127
Stock, Sp. 534
Stock-dove, Sp. 612
Stole, Sp. 250
Stoop, A. 1096
Stork assembly, A. 853
Stowe, A. 1042
Strain'd, A. 320
Stratum, A. 745
Stygian, S. 1686
Sublimed, Sp. 827
Suicide, Sp. 295
Suicides, W. 61
Sulphurous, Sp. 327
Sultry, S. 4
Summer, S. 2
Sunflower, S. 216
Sunset, S. 1621
Surcharged, Sp. 139
Sure, A. 1257
Surfeit, Sp. 238
Surging, Sp. 747
Surly, Sp. 10; S. 125
Surprised, A. 256
Swain, Sp. 137
Swallow, Sp. 652
Swallow-people, A. 838
Swan, Sp. 778; W. 83
Swarming, S. 247
Swarming (of bees), A. 978
Sweats, A. 843
Sweep, S. 380
Swells, S. 55
Symphony, Sp. 500
Syren, Sp. 904

Tainted, A. 364
Taisniere, A. 938
Takes, Sp. 815; S. 514
Taleful, W. 90
Tamarind, S. 667
Tarquins (the), W. 507
Taste smell, Sp. 107
Taurus, A. 783
Tawny, A. 975
Tax, S. 318
Tedded, S. 361
Teems, S. 1454
Tempè, Sp. 909; A. 1317
Temper, Sp. 51, 346
Tempest, W. 1016
Tendrils, A. 680
Tenglis, the, W. 87
Tinct, S. 150
Thames (silver), S. 1416
Themistocles, W. 464
Thermopylæ, W. 456
Thought = mind, A. 13
Thrill'd, A. 200
Throat, A. 937
Thrush, Sp. 598
Thulè, S. 1168; A. 871
Timoleon, W. 474
Toast, A. 1226
Toils, W. 384
Toil-strung, A. 1223
Torneå river, W. 887
Tragedy, W. 645
Tresses, S. 132
Tribes, Sp. 165
Trooping, Sp. 136
Tropic, Sp. 26
Tropics, W. 593
Troublous, S. 492
Tufty, S. 688
Tulip, Sp. 539
Tumbled, W. 341
Twig, S. 680
Turkey, Sp. 782
Turn, A. 935
Tweed, A. 889
Twickenham, S. 1427
Typhon, S. 984

Udder, S. 222
Umbrage, S. 626; A. 9
Umbrageous, Sp. 179

Unbinding, Sp. 33
Unbosoms, Sp. 529
Unconfined, Sp. 32
Uncouth, S. 1070
Undulation, Sp. 314
Unessential, S. 94
Unflesh'd, Sp. 238
Utmost, S. 100

Vacant, A. 329
Vale, Sp. 251 ; S. 1111
Various, Sp. 416
Vary, Sp. 780
Vegetable kingdom, Sp. 224
Vegetarianism, Sp. 370
Vernal gulph, Sp. 930
Venus de' Medici, S. 1347
Venus (the planet), S. 1696
Verge, S. 169
Vernant, Sp. 82
Vesting, S. 93
Viands, S. 496
Violets, Sp. 449
Virgil, Sp. 57 ; W. 532
Virgin, A. 20
Vista, Sp. 517
Vital, Sp. 420 ; S. 291
Vocal, Sp. 400

Waft, Sp. 121
Wailing, W. 144
Wain, W. 853
Wait, S. 114, 291
Wakes, Sp. 2
Wallace (Sir W.), 910
Wallflower, Sp. 533
Walsingham (Sir F.), S. 1494
Wan, A. 953
Wan, W. 849
Warp, Sp. 121
Washington, Sp. 58
Waste (Nature's), Sp. 230
Waste, A. 329
Wattled, S. 395
Waving woods, W. 76
Welling, A. 826
White, Sp. 44 ; S. 1605
White-empurpled, Sp. 440
Wholesome, S. 1063
Wide o'er the brim, W. 94
Wilder'd, S. 76
Wild-fire, A. 1152
Willing earth, Sp. 247
Wilmington (Lord), W. 17
Winded, A. 361
Winding wiles, Sp. 303
Winding woe, Sp. 727
Windsor, S. 1413
Winds, Sp. 43
Wing, S. 1123
Wing (to), A. 924
Winter, W. 704
Wit, W. 613
Wit (Attic), W. 675
Witless, S. 1667
Wont, A. 444
Woo, A. 969
World-revolving, S. 32
Wrapt, Sp. 800
Wreath, A. 1206

Yellow, Sp. 515
Yellow pinin, A. 2
Yonder, S. 81
Young (Dr. Edward), A. 667

Zephyr, Sp. 202
Zodiac, Sp. 26
Zone, Sp. 26

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